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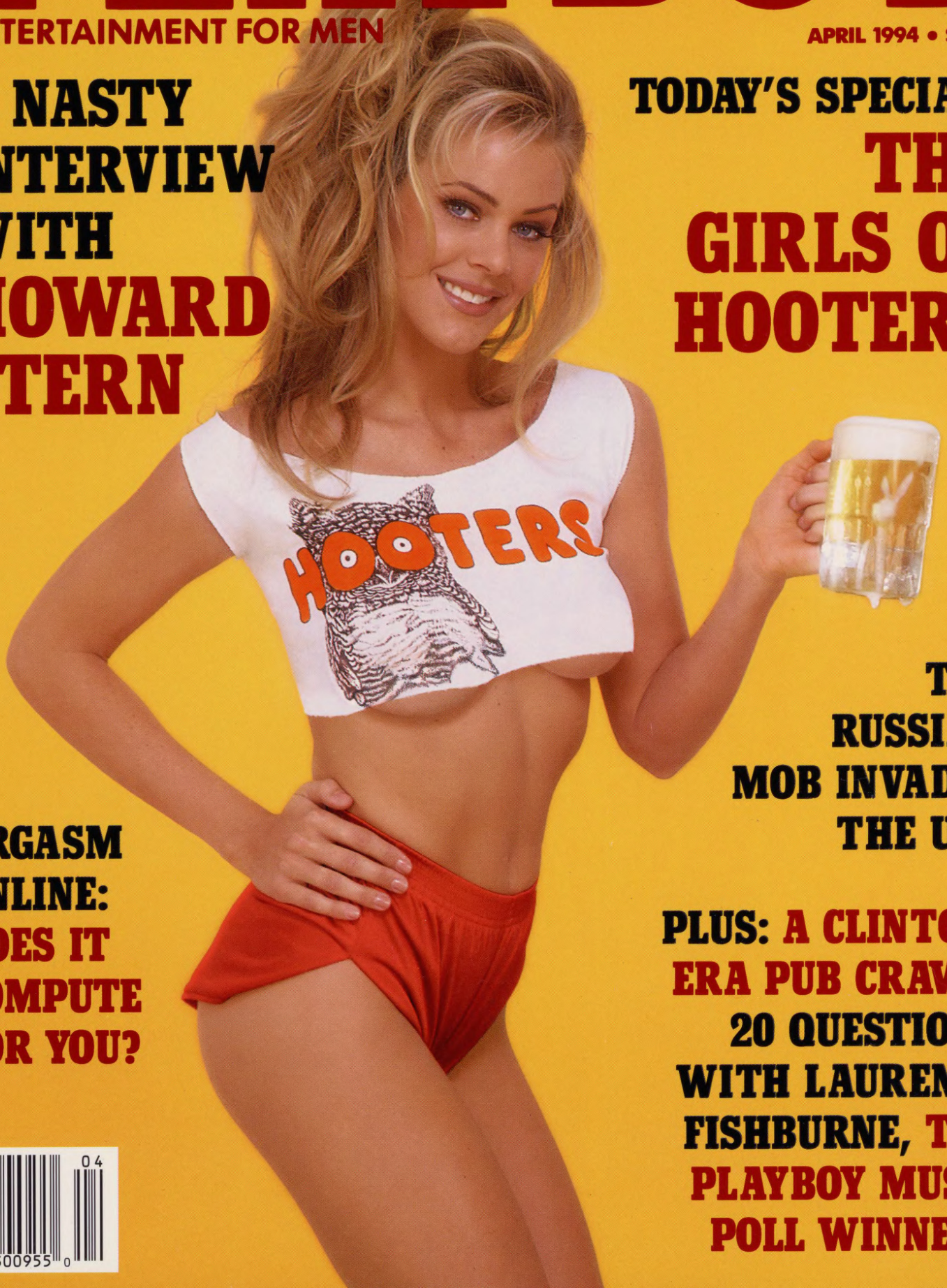

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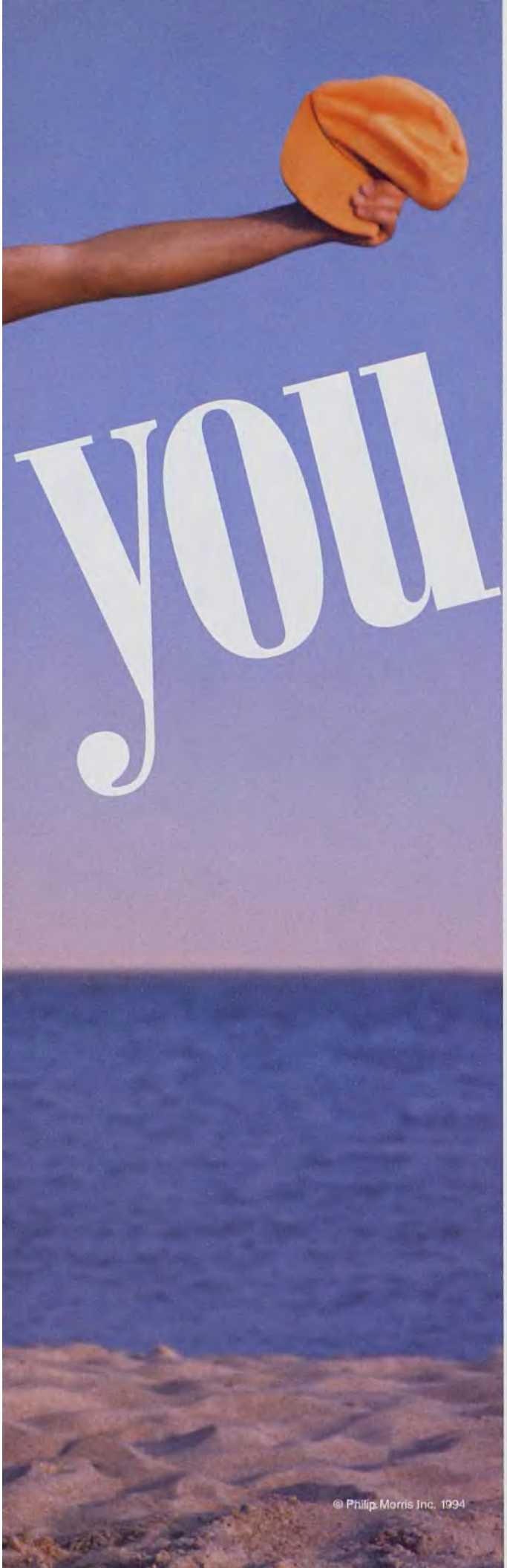

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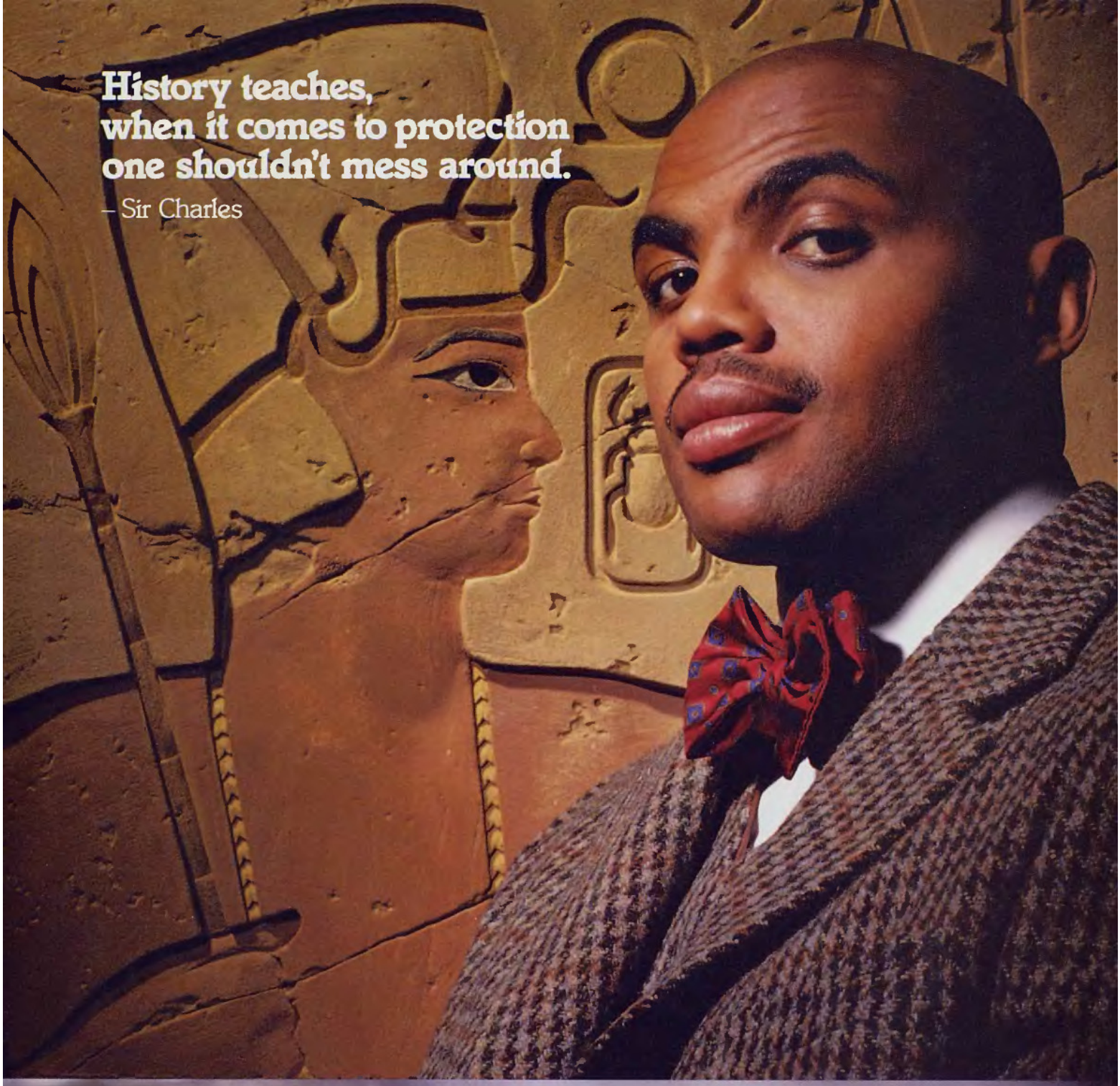

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AT ONE TIME, the radio waves were clogged with traffic reports, news updates and tired jokes by guys with odd voices. It would have stayed that way had **Howard Stern** not turned his program into a real dog and pony show with such call-in fare as Bestiality Dial-a-Date. You might think he's bad on radio, but at least he's restrained. Here, in an interview with the unflappable **Marshall Fine** of Gannett newspapers, Stern chats without a dental dam about penises, porn and the lure of lesbians. Meanwhile, in the more private medium of personal computer networks, keyboards are becoming kinky sex toys that you don't have to hide. For his piece on modem sex, *Lust Online*, fast-fingered Associate Editor **Matthew Childs** goes under the electronic blanket and tells how pushing the right buttons will melt hearts and hard drives alike. If you're not e-mailing these days, you're missing out: PLAYBOY's address on the Internet is Playboy@class.org.

The strange thing about oddball auteurs **Joel** and **Ethan Coen** is that they seem more like quirky subjects of a movie than moviemakers. That's because their obscure jokes, detached style and peculiar brand of motion-picture sickness bewilder even the critics. This time, according to *The Coen Brothers Made Easy*, by their old friend **William Preston Robertson,** they're turning box-office friendly with *The Hudsucker Proxy*. Actor **Laurence Fishburne** is always accessible—he even used to be called Larry. **David Rensin's** *20 Questions* talks him through a film career that took off with *Apocalypse Now* and recently led to *The Tool Shed*.

They scammed us in Potsdam; could they do it here? In post-Soviet Russia, fraud translates to survival. In Los Angeles, it's a ticket to the good life. *Comrades in Crime*, by suspense novelist **Robert Cullen,** threads a criminal career into the larger backdrop of America's loan-sharking, gas-swindling Russian Mob (**Marshall Arisman** did the art). Russian gangs here don't yet have a godfather—and may not want one if they read **T. Coraghessan Boyle's** fiction, *Respect*. Leadership takes its toll as a feud between two Mafia capos escalates over escargot (the denouement is depicted by artist **Pat Andrea**).

Their scowls, gritty intonations and chart-busting CDs made **Eddie Vedder** and **Snoop Doggy Dogg** the chief anti-heroes of 1993's pop scene. In *The Sound and the Furies*, music critic **Dave Marsh** explains how they achieved their angry young status. Then see what you, the reader, had to say in our interactive favorite, the *Playboy Music 1994* awards.

It's showtime. Read *Washington Post* reporter **Eve Zibart** in *Nightlife*, and see how clubbing in the age of Clinton is loosening the Beltway a notch. In pictorials: *The Girls of Hooters* reveal just why the restaurant got its good name, and billboard queen **Elizabeth Nottoli** is living, leggy proof that her spontaneous decision to pose nude deserves anything but a quick look. It has taken designers a while to warm up to linen, but according to our *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** (photos by **Beth Bischoff**), they've added a new wrinkle to men's apparel. And Volkswagen's finally stepping out of a long decline. In our *Automotive Report*, gearhead and Contributing Automotive Editor **Ken Gross** urges you to join the Jetta set. Then, some bad news. Watchdog **Fredric Hayward** illustrates the bias against men in paternity suits in his *Mantrack* essay, "Don't Men Deserve a Choice?" Our happier choices are never-ending. This month you can swoon over *Playmates Revisited* or current Playmate **Becky DelosSantos** (photos by **Arny Freytag**). A competitive spirit, Becky can't help but win you over.

FINE

CHILDS

ZIBART

ROBERTSON

CULLEN

ARISMAN

BOYLE

ANDREA

RENSIN

MARSH

BISCHOFF

HAYWARD

WAYNE

FREYTAG

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), April 1994, volume 41, number 4. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 41, no. 4—april 1994

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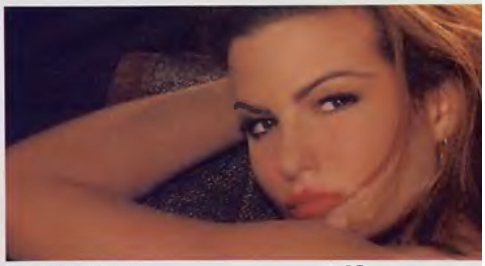

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COVER STORY

The beer's cold, the food's good ond the waitresses are an eyeful at Hooters restauronts. Here's to cover girl Heidi Mork, who joins the Girls of Hooters as they flount their oronge-ond-whites and their smiles. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Morilyn Grabowski; it was styled by Mori Deno and shot by Contributing Photogropher Stephen Woyda. Alexis Vogel styled Heidi's hoir and makeup. Yikes, our excitable Rabbit is foaming at the mouth.

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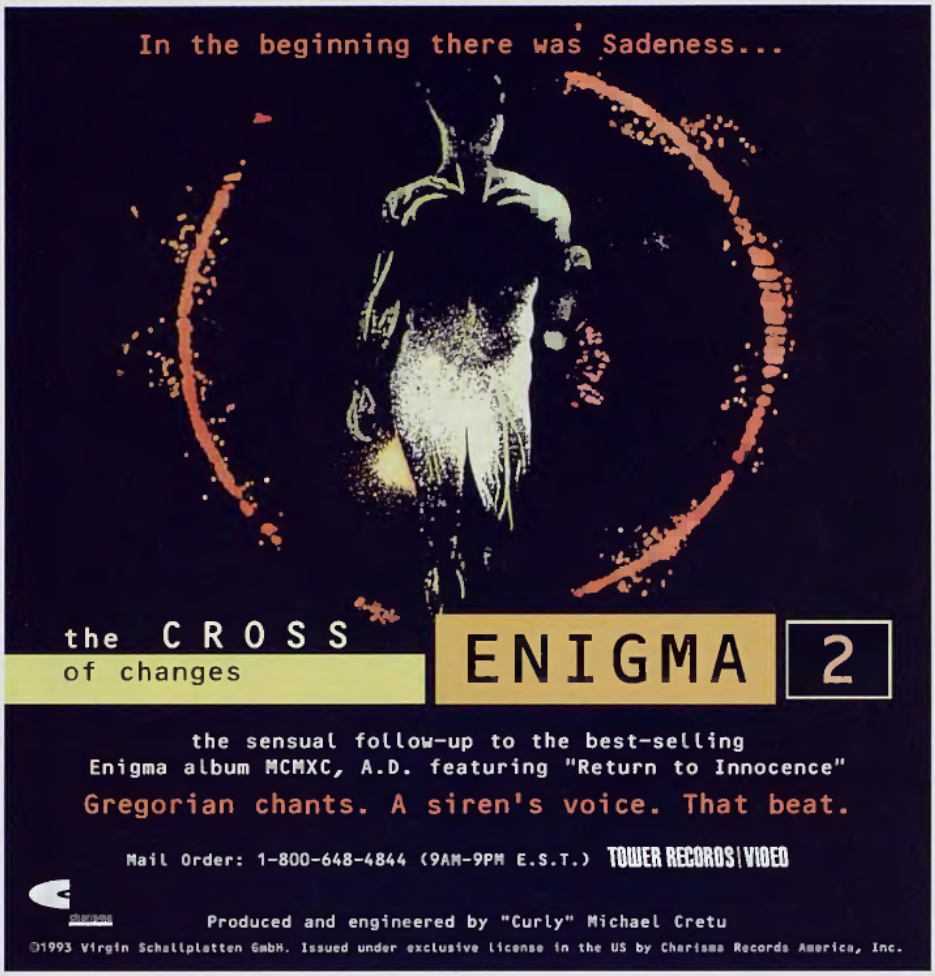
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40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

I just read the 40th Anniversary Issue of PLAYBOY and I must tell you you've done a wonderful job. I especially enjoyed your pictorial of past Playmates (*40 Memorable Years*) and the *Remember* pictorials sprinkled through the issue. Thanks for the memories.

Karl Hedke
Lincoln Park, Michigan

Everyone is going to write to you about 40 years of pictures, but I want to congratulate you on 40 years of words. At every dark hour, when some moron gets a public platform to decry the breakdown in morals and ethics, you're there: steady, calm, humorous, reminding everyone of his rights. Keep tweaking the self-righteous for 40 more years.

Edward Potter
Indianapolis, Indiana

I saw my first PLAYBOY in my college dorm in the early Sixties. I thought of it then as an important part of my higher education. I really started to read it in the Seventies. I was the first on my block to have Woodward and Bernstein's take on Nixon and Watergate. You guys have been there when I needed you. Thanks for the last 30 of your 40 years.

James Miller
Hartford, Connecticut

END THE VIETNAM WAR

Robert Scheer, in his January *Reporter's Notebook*, "End the Vietnam War," argues for establishing diplomatic relations with and lifting trade barriers against Vietnam. Fifteen years ago a similar argument was made in regard to the People's Republic of China. We did not hold a grudge against the PRC for its participation in the Korean War. By opening diplomatic and trade relations with the PRC, we believed that human rights abuses would cease, the genocide against the Tibetans would stop and the PRC would no longer support criminal regimes. Furthermore, export trade with the PRC would be a tremendous boost for U.S. businesses.

None of this has happened. We support China because U.S. companies have found there an endless supply of cheap labor. The U.S. should not have diplomatic or trade relations with any country that abuses the rights of its people. Vietnam should be denied diplomatic recognition and trade not because we lost a war to them but because of their abuse of human rights.

Harry McNicholas
Portland, Oregon

THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING HILLARY

It would be difficult to find any better proof of the excellence of PLAYBOY articles than the profile of Hillary Rodham Clinton (*The Difficulties of Being Hillary*) by Shana Alexander in your 40th Anniversary Issue. In these days when the term journalism seemingly encompasses everything from innuendo to total irresponsibility, Alexander's profile is fascinating, refreshing and as fair and unbiased as anything that I've seen in print. Incidentally, I didn't vote for Bill Clinton nor could I currently be considered a fan of either the president or the first lady, but the Alexander article has at least modified my thinking.

Bill Coleman
Cambria, California

MY LITTLE ROCK

In Bruce Jay Friedman's insightful article *My Little Rock* (PLAYBOY, January), he presumes that Vincent Foster wrote the grievance list found days after Bernard Nussbaum "thoroughly" searched Foster's office. Friedman asks, "Who tore up Foster's note?" There were no fingerprints anywhere on the torn-up grievance list. There is, therefore, no particular reason to believe Foster wrote it.

So far as *The Wall Street Journal* is

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THE PLAYMATE AS FINE ART

BY SALVADOR DALI

The painting reproduced in this poster was commissioned from Salvador Dali by Playboy in 1966. The original hangs in the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles. It is one of several commissions given to major international artists to create artwork entitled "The Playmate as Fine Art."

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concerned, Vincent Foster did not suffer a fraction of the press pummeling that Dan Quayle did or even, for that matter, Vanessa Williams.

Georgia Makiver
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

DAVID LETTERMAN

I've watched David Letterman since the beginning of *Late Night* and—thanks to his *Playboy Interview* with Tom Shales (January)—my suspicions have been confirmed: Dave's a class act! Letterman's interview makes your 40th Anniversary Issue that much more special—and another reason I subscribe.

Frank Maguire
Gig Harbor, Washington

THE GREAT 40TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE SEARCH

For your 40th Anniversary Playmate Search in the January issue, you certainly picked a winner! Anna-Marie Goddard is the most beautiful woman this side of heaven. But during your Playmate search you also managed to discover several other beautiful young ladies who, in my opinion, deserve their own centerfolds—Maria Checa, Traci Sikkink, Cherilyn Shea, Cynthia Brown and Sofia Mayo are winners, too!

Perry McNaughton
Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey

Anna-Marie Goddard is a gorgeous woman, but I hope we can also see the pictorials of Maria Checa, Beckie Mullen, Katherine McKinley and Marybeth DelosSantos. I also want to thank Denise Evans. As a native Texan serving in the military in Washington, D.C., I don't get home that often. Miss Evans reminded me of what I miss most about my home state.

Ron Hopkins
Fort Belvoir, Virginia

PLAYBOY's 40th Anniversary Playmate Search introduced us to a number of gorgeous women. However, I find Traci Sikkink to have the most incredible eyes. To find that allure, one must remember back to Patti McGuire. Their two sets of eyes stand out in my mind. (And so many women think men are only interested in one thing.)

Larry Eich
Port Carbon, Pennsylvania

REQUIEM FOR THE COLD WAR

David Halberstam, in his article *Requiem for the Cold War* (PLAYBOY, January), states: "Its [the Cold War's] end came so quickly that most of us were surprised."

He should not be surprised. Unfortunately, there has been the absurd belief that most Russians supported the Soviet regime. More informed observers estimate that only about five percent of Russians supported communism. Terror prevented them from comparing notes with one another. They felt isolated in their opinions.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn and other dissidents helped break that isolation. A friend told Solzhenitsyn after the publication in the Sixties of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, "There are three atom bombs in the world. Kennedy has one, Khrushchev has another, and you have the third."

Solzhenitsyn's literary bombs were more powerful than those of either the Kremlin or the Pentagon. His works helped to motivate people behind the iron curtain to rise up in what has been called "one of the strangest revolutions in history."

Robert E. Walters
Winter Park, Florida

ANNA-MARIE GODDARD

Now there are two great things from Holland: Heineken beer and the incredible Anna-Marie Goddard! PLAYBOY has outdone itself this time. I couldn't agree

more on PLAYBOY's pick for its 40th Anniversary Playmate. She is, without question, the ideal Playmate.

Michael V. Ernest, Jr.
West Lafayette, Indiana

Anna-Marie has to be the most beautiful woman on the planet. I can't wait to see who you select for your 50th Anniversary Playmate!

Zack Smith
Melvin Village, New Hampshire

FIXING IT

Lester Thurow's comments on education in his article *Fixing It* (PLAYBOY, January) are interesting but miss some essential points. Local school boards are far from perfect. They are just better than anything else. Like most people who venture outside their field of expertise, Thurow has been confused by the professional educators' smoke screen. The call for more money is dear to their hearts. Likewise, the exit exam. Ditto, more centralized control. But almost any program advocated by educators is an avoidance of the problem. To solve a problem one must identify it correctly.

The shambles of modern American education is a direct result of educational professionalism. Education without content is impossible. Teachers major in method, not substance.

My prescription to solve the problem is simple. Every teacher should have a full 30-hour major in his or her field, not a minor as is now the case for junior and senior high school teachers. Elementary education is a legitimate specialty.

The idea of exit exams is crazy. If valid, then anyone who passes should not have to go to school below that level. That kind of gimmick won't fix what's wrong, anyway. If after 12 years a system can't be trusted to certify results, then its effectiveness is questionable.

Are these suggestions workable? Yes! Will they be accepted by the education establishment? Not likely. Only by a revolt of parents and taxpayers is there a possibility of meaningful change in a failed system.

Steve Nealson
Port Allen, Louisiana

Lester Thurow looks at the declining rate of American workers' savings—from 7.8 percent of disposable income in the early Seventies to 4.4 percent in the past five years—as a "mystery," which he attributes to Americans seeming to "care less about their future." Here is a case of not seeing the forest for the trees. American workers save less these days because they have less disposable income to save.

David Anderson
Scottsdale, Arizona

Lester Thurow's *Fixing It* is one of the best articles on economics I have read. It should be read in high schools and colleges. I would like to add two points.

First, it will continue to be difficult for young people to find jobs despite advancing educational standards. Why? The baby boomers (I'm one, age 39 and single) all competed for college and professional admissions. Now they fight tooth and nail for the better paying, more challenging positions. This, while technology has decreased the number of positions needed.

Second, reducing the administrative bureaucracy to "levels found in the rest of the world" may be impossible. The legal profession and unions in the United States are unique, massive and viciously self-protective.

Charles Patterson
Canton, Michigan

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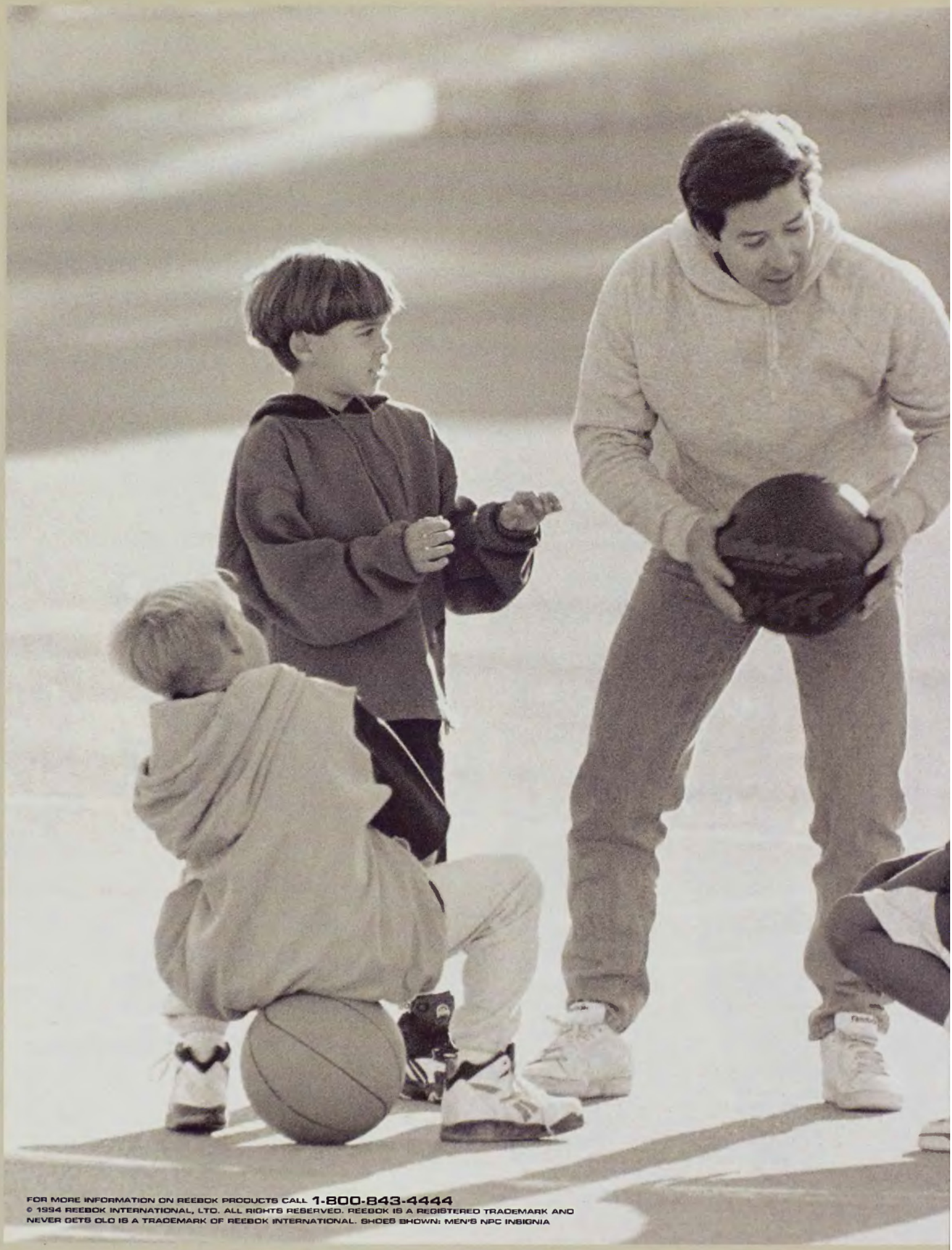

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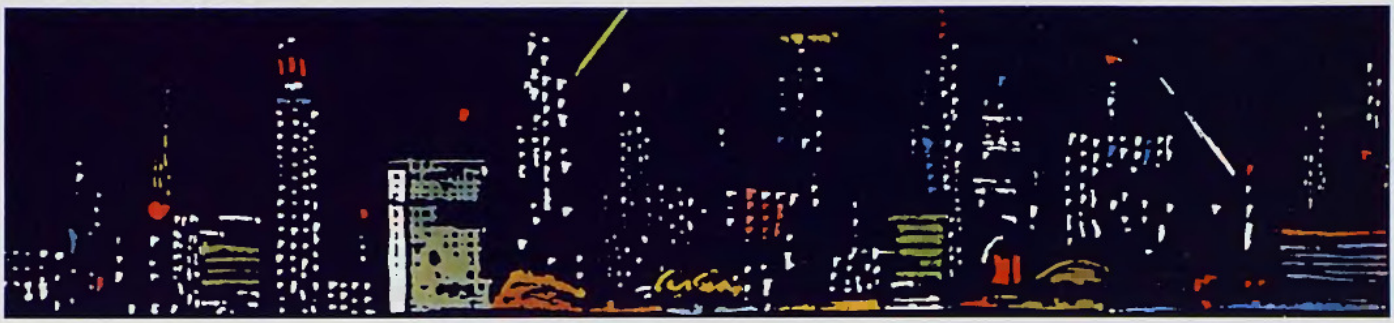
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ROLLING STONERS

With a mouthy blend of adolescent angst and empowerment, *Thrasher*—a hot-selling San Francisco–based monthly for skateboarders—is a field guide to the live-hard, fall-hard world of skater culture. Amid ads for FUCK PARENTAL ADVICE and I ♥ COPS T-shirts and reviews of such bands as Pungent Stench, Optimum Wound Profile and Fudge Tunnel, the magazine's photo spreads celebrate flying skateboarders who leap metal trash bins, sail over concrete embankments and sometimes crash onto the pavement. One skateboard company even advertises its executives' "business experience" with a list that begins, "two broken ankles, broken collarbone, six broken fingers, 52 stitches, six screws, two pins." As for romance—or in *Thrasher*-ese, "trolling for skank"—a recent How to Get Laid column advises: "Be a vegetarian, show cash and sport a funky name: Osgood, Trent or Chad are cool." Those who don't can still get Fuct—a popular brand of skater-style XXXL pants.

DEATH FOR THE SALESMEN

Los Angeles County is facing the most severe budget cuts in its history. But that doesn't mean its Coroner's Department takes things lying down: It offers to the public an array of novelty items based on its normal course of business. For example, you can get a morgue-authentic toe tag stamped with your name or that of a friend, or an art-crowd-correct black T-shirt with the Department of Coroner's logo along with Sherlock Bones—the department's mascot. Our favorite item is a beach towel sporting a chalk body outline—just like the ones police draw at murder scenes. The hotline for the coroner's store is 213-343-0760.

TRASH TALES

Researchers at the University of Arizona working on Project Garbage, an archaeological exploration of landfills, have documented trends in the use of condoms based on the trash they've uncovered. In what may be a more reliable survey than opinion polls, they found that the number of condom wrappers per 100 pickups remained stable from 1976 to 1984 but increased 45 percent from 1985 to 1987. And in an unusual ancillary finding, the same researchers found that two magazines rarely show up in landfills: *National Geographic* and PLAYBOY. We could have told them that before they got their hands dirty.

•

What the hell, let's all have the soup. One of the top sellers in American Airlines' in-flight gift catalog is the Tie Shade—a device that looks like a tie clip but is equipped with a clear vinyl pull-down shade that protects your cravat from spills.

MUSEUM PIECE

It's not as if she had to polish it: San Francisco *Examiner* columnist Rob Morse reports that a male employee of a local museum has been charged with sexual harassment by a female security guard because he keeps a two-inch Japanese phallic symbol on his desk. However, given that the man is gay, the bauble seems more expressive of heterosexual indifference than harassment—which may be the real sore point. If anyone should take offense at a two-inch Japanese phallus, it should be Japanese men.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

WOOLLY BULLY

Times We Were Thankful We Had a Previous Engagement Department: We noticed in the literature for the annual meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex a lecture titled, "What Can We Learn About Human Sexuality from Sheep?"

DOMESTICATED DUMMIES

A University of Tennessee neurobiologist reported that over the course of generations, brains of house cats have gotten progressively smaller—attributable to their association with humans.

THE RAP ON SCAT

Recycling news: New York City artist Todd Alden recently asked 400 art collectors to send him stool samples so that he could sell them in personalized tins. Alden contends that "scatology is emerging as an increasingly significant part of artistic inquiry in the Nineties." The canned feces of Italian artist Piero Manzoni recently sold for $75,000. An unrelated but available item, PooPets—animal figures made from cow manure supposedly by the Amish of Lancaster, Pennsylvania—are meant to be placed in flowerpots to provide a flourish to the otherwise drab business of fertilization. Finally, Stella Downing, 81, sold her 167-piece collection of bedpans and urinals—one dating back to the 18th century. The collection is bound for a museum in Missouri.

SOLE MAN

Gary Richards started a Florida company that sells lifelike models of human feet for $75 a pair. He sells about 150 pairs a month to the 4000 foot fetishists who subscribe to his newsletter, *Fantasy Foot News*. He also sells the shoes of the

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

The big picture: From approximately 175 films made in 1980, Hollywood's movie production rate has more than tripled to the current average of 575 new releases each year.

QUOTE

"There are some addictions that are better than others. I'm addicted to music and I'm addicted to women. Whenever I see a pretty girl, I'm always intrigued."—DURABLE COUNTRY MUSICIAN WILLIE NELSON

TOP TEN JOB CUTS OF 1994

Number of job cuts planned for the immediate future announced last year by General Motors: 50,000; by Sears Roebuck: 50,000; by Boeing: 31,000; by Philip Morris: 14,000; by Procter & Gamble: 13,000; Martin Marietta: 11,000; Xerox: 10,000; IBM: 9500; US West: 9000; Pratt & Whitney: 7600.

LEAN OR MEAN?

In a national survey of 870 companies by American Management Association, percentage that laid off an average of ten percent of their work force from July 1992 to June 1993: 47. Of those that downsized, percentage that experienced an increase in productivity: 33; in profitability: 50.

WHIPLASH BACKLASH

According to a study by Dr. Marilyn R. Kassirer at Boston University's School of Medicine, percentage of eighth grade girls who suffered severe neck pain after head-banging during a dance marathon: 81; percentage of head-banging boys who felt pain: 16.

GOING, GOING, GONESKI

At a recent Sotheby's auction of items from the Soviet space program, price paid for a used U.S.S.R. space capsule: $1.7 million; price of three moon rocks: $442,500; price of lunar research vehicle currently stranded on the moon's surface (with no promise of delivery): $68,500; price of first eating utensils used in space: $6900.

SLEEPING BEAUTIES

Duration of each of the four to five erections most men experience every night during sleep: 45 minutes.

CARE TAKERS

During a recent six-month period, amount contributed by health insurers to campaign chests of the 38 members of the House Ways and Means Committee: $2.3 million. Amount contributed by entire medical industry to these committee members, who have a key role in health-care reform: $5.9 million.

BEYOND THE BEDROOM WALL

In a survey of 1000 heterosexual women by *Complete Woman*, percentage who say penis size is not important: 60; percentage who complain that they do not get enough sex: 43.

•

Percentage who have participated in group sex: 17; who have swapped partners: 12. Percentage who fantasize about having sex in a public place: 32; who fantasize about making love to a woman: 21; who fantasize about sex with two or more men: 17.

WHEN DO WE START?

Production cost per copy of the first two printings of Vice President Gore's glossy report, *Creating a Government That Works Better and Costs Less*: $2.62; cost if government's standard style of printing had been used: 84 cents. —BETTY SCHAAL

models who work for him. "Most guys are into the odor," he explains, "so we wrap them in plastic. The odor lasts a long time in plastic. Then you can steam it when you want to use it."

THE BIRDS, THE BEES AND BULL BUTTS

Authorities of the Texas Katy Independent School District sent parents a letter of apology. It seems they distributed a sexual-conduct manual to all students—from the first grade on up. The booklet listed behavior that would cause expulsion, including sexual contact with the genitals or anuses of animals—presumably something that had not occurred to the first graders before.

•

What's worse than a computer virus? Paying money to see an ad on your monitor. PC Dyanamics is now marketing an Energizer Bunny screen saver, which features the obnoxious pink rabbit parading across the screen of your Macintosh. It's enough to make you boot up a real program and start working.

CRAFTY CHRISTENINGS

When *Boating* magazine held a contest for the funniest names of boats, readers sent in puns that will make you groan. Among the winners: *Nauti by Nature*, *Pier Pressure*, *Berth Control* and *Harvey Wharfbanger*. Our take? To quote the final winning entry: *Ahoy-Vey*.

MAGNA CUM DUM

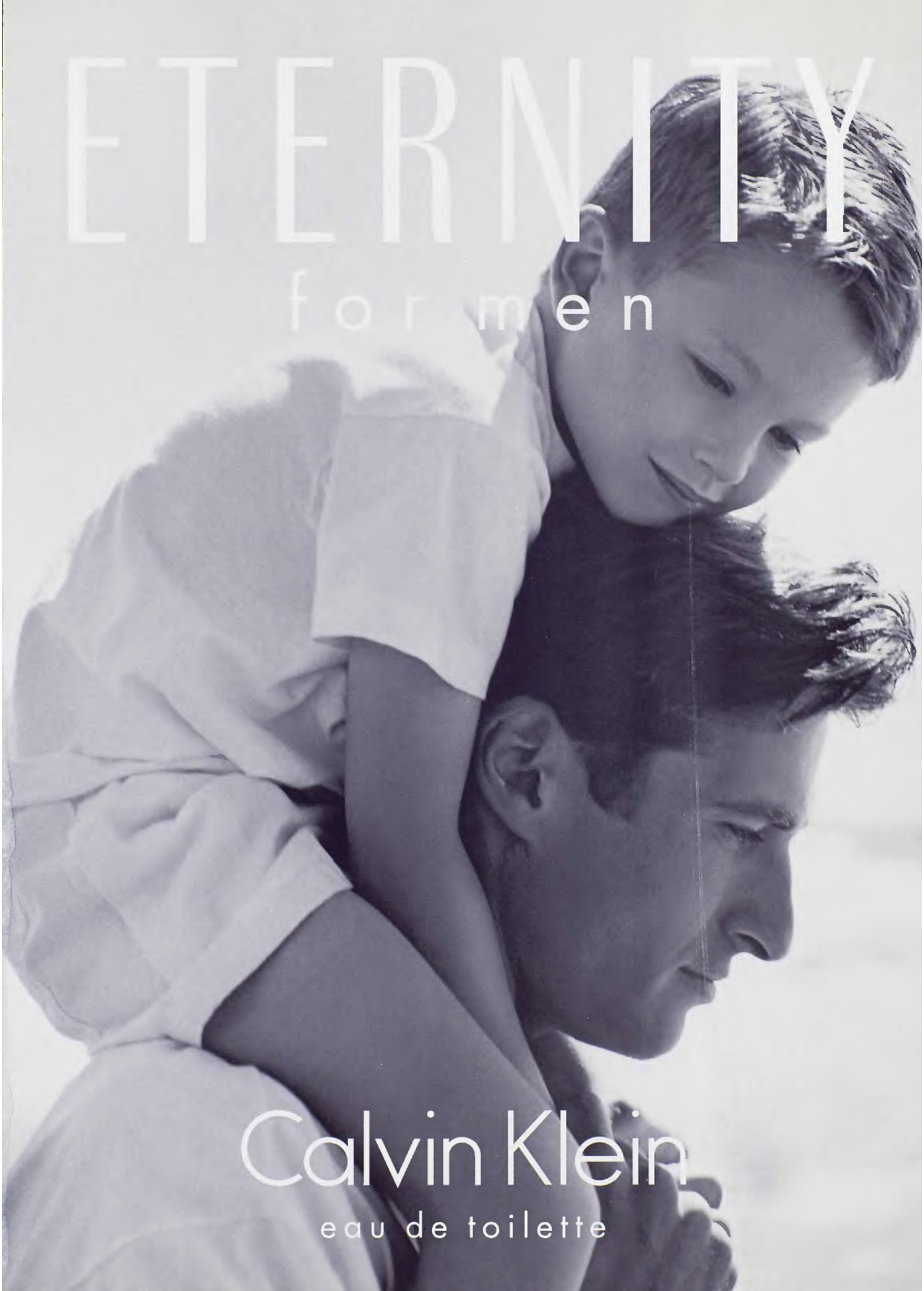
Last September five freshmen at Harvard, unnerved by the Mensa members and future Einsteins surrounding them, decided to form a new club: Stupid People at Harvard. Although a similar club had been started at MIT and talk of one circulated at Dartmouth, the SPAH group, led by freshman Won Hee Park, struck a cord when it started to sell its now-popular SPAH T-shirt, which lists the club's ten requirements for membership. Among them: AFFILIATED WITH THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, MOTHER WROTE HARVARD APPLICATION, WITHDREW FROM PASS/FAIL COURSE. And, of course, number 11: BOUGHT THIS SHIRT.

•

A cutting remark for the age of Lorena Bobbitt: In summing up her personal philosophy on the Comedy Central special *Out There*, lesbian comic Lea Delaria said, "It's not that I don't like penises—I just don't like them on men."

MEAT THE PRESS

A Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel* TV listing for a Sophia Loren movie, *Lady Liberty*, read: "Reporter exploits Italian bride with big sausage."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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

CLASS STRUGGLE and union organizing in a French coal-mining town at the turn of the century are the heavy business of ***Germinal*** (Sony Classics). Directed by France's Claude Berri, co-author of this adaptation from the Emile Zola classic, the grueling saga stars Gerard Depardieu, Miou-Miou and Judith Henry, with French folk singer Renaud in a pivotal role as Etienne. It's the itinerant Etienne who spells trouble, stirring the local miners to strike and prompting the rebellious mine owners to strike back. The destruction that results is graphic, especially when the enraged townsfolk murder and mutilate a grocery-store owner who has been gouging his impoverished customers for years. With all of its most appealing characters either suffocated, shot or spiritually wasted by the end, *Germinal* is beautifully played but deadly. ¥¥¥

•

An expectant mother in the heavily Italian Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, circa 1972, is the titular ***Angie*** (Hollywood Pictures). She won't marry the live-in neighborhood beau (James Gandolfini) who's the father of her child. She prefers an Irish-born lawyer (Stephen Rea) who can't cope with the prospect of fatherhood. When her son is born with a minor physical defect, Angie begins to crack and runs off to find her long-lost mother, whom she hasn't seen since childhood. Once begun, the tear-jerking swells to flood stage. The heroine is portrayed with buoyancy by Geena Davis—along with excellent support from a company that is directed by Martha Coolidge—who makes a little schmaltz and a lot of personal charisma go a long way. Until the waterworks start erupting about halfway through the movie, Angie looks like a woman you would want to know. ¥¥½

•

A 12th century knight and his serf sidekick (played by Jean Reno and Christian Clavier, respectively) swallow a mucked-up magic potion that transports them to modern France. Once there, they tangle with their own befuddled descendants, mainly Valérie Lemercier, first seen in an earlier incarnation as the maiden the knight meant to marry before he accidentally skewered her old papa. So goes ***Les Visiteurs*** (Miramax), which will no doubt be called *The Visitors* in the inevitable English-language remake. A huge hit in its native France, this Pythonesque comedy about time travelers reeling from culture shock in the 20th century is bawdy, silly, unabashed slapstick. Clavier (co-author of the screenplay with director Jean-Marie Poiré) is often identified in the fractured-French subtitles as Jacquasse. Get it? If the humor seems obvious, remember that the French also idolize Jerry Lewis. Have fun. ¥¥½

Davis, Rea: Lovelorn in Brooklyn.

Unwed moms and coal miners take their lumps, and killers take the low road.

•

As the unhappily married heroine of ***China Moon*** (Orion), willowy Madeleine Stowe is up to her lovely neck in intrigue. She is also irresistible to Ed Harris as the detective who meets her in a waterfront bar and goes for the bait without looking back. Doing away with Stowe's husband (Charles Dance) is essential, of course, to this brand of who's-doing-what-to-whom thriller. In the end, it's mostly a reminder of far better movies like *Double Indemnity* or *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, which were crafty, ingenious classics of the same kind. ¥¥

•

English playwright David Hare (author of *Plenty*) wrote ***The Secret Rapture*** (Castle Hill) for both stage and screen. The movie turns out to be a bitter little family drama of two sisters (Juliet Stevenson, Penelope Wilton) and the hard-drinking young stepmother (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer) who seems to be their late father's final bequest. Stevenson has another problem with her womanizing lover (Neil Pearson), who won't let go after she dumps him and who finally brings *Secret Rapture* to a hairy climax. While all three actresses are accomplished to a high degree, the one to watch is Whalley-Kilmer. Bad girls tend to excite more interest, in any case, and Joanne is a devious, impulsive, alcoholic vixen; she has also signed to be the next Scarlett O'Hara in a TV version of that much-maligned *GWTW* sequel. ¥¥½

•

Remember Craig Sheffer? The well-behaved brother of *A River Runs Through It* is all but unrecognizable as a shaggy-haired psychopath in ***Roadflower*** (Miramax). Sheffer plays Cliff, the malicious killer whose ruthless gang of four terrorizes two carloads of innocent travelers headed by Christopher Lambert, Michelle Forbes and Christopher McDonald. One is burned alive in his overturned vehicle and the others are abducted, beaten to a pulp or sexually abused. Lay all of *Roadflower*'s gratuitous violence end to end, and you get precisely what you have here: a polished, rather pointless exercise in sheer brutality. ¥¥

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Already celebrated by the media and the subject of a TV docudrama called *Overkill*, a Florida prostitute who has been on death row since 1992 is the subject of ***Aileen Wuornos: The Selling of a Serial Killer*** (Strand Releasing). British filmmaker Nick Broomfield's chilling documentary is actually a bizarre slice of hell steeped in gallows humor. Authorities seeking to profit from the convicted murderess' sad tale of sexual abuse and savagery are merely minor players. Major roles are assigned to Steven Glazer, the pot-puffing, guitar-strumming lawyer who composes folk songs about his defense of Wuornos, and Arlene Pralle, a zealous woman who, claiming it was God's will that she adopt Wuornos, teams up with Glazer to demand cash for all interviews with Aileen. While the case inches along on appeal, *Serial Killer* scores as the compelling portrait of a psycho besieged from every angle by hordes of opportunists. ¥¥¥

•

Meet the Beatles all over again in ***BackBeat*** (Gramercy), an intriguing feature-film debut for British co-author and director Iain Softley. Ian Hart as the young John Lennon and Gary Bakewell as Paul McCartney are two amazing look-alikes. They play the Beatles in their larval state in Hamburg back in 1960. The music (voices dubbed by another group) isn't the point of *BackBeat*, though, which turns out to be a true-life

Thompson, Branagh: Very *Much Ado*.

BRUCE'S TEN BEST LIST

Oscar is at it again, and so are we, hailing our favorites and nailing some losers, in alphabetical order.

Farewell My Concubine: Elegant Chinese blend of art, sex and history.

In the Name of the Father: As an Irishman wrongly convicted of terrorism, Daniel Day-Lewis is explosive.

Much Ado About Nothing: Shakespeare abrim with style and spirit.

Naked: Director Mike Leigh's social diatribe stars David Thewlis.

Philadelphia: The AIDS crisis met head-on, with Tom Hanks.

The Piano: Holly Hunter soft-pedals an erotic romance.

The Remains of the Day: Acting coup by Anthony Hopkins as a British butler who lives only to serve.

Schindler's List: The Holocaust, in Spielberg's wrenching re-creation.

Short Cuts: Blue-collar life in L.A., deftly sliced and diced by Robert Altman.

Six Degrees of Separation: Brilliant urban comedy about a shrewd impostor.

AND THE TEN WORST

Grumpy Old Men: Lemmon and Matthau paired in a crude geriatric comedy.

House of Cards: It comes tumbling down around Kathleen Turner.

Last Action Hero: Arnold lacks muscle playing it tongue in cheek.

Made in America: It made money—but still another fiasco for Whoopi and Ted.

M. Butterfly: Jeremy Irons bombs as Frenchman with a male "mistress."

Mr. Jones: The shrink (Olin) loves the patient (Gere). Object: apathy.

My Life: Cancer victim Michael Keaton meets death while smiling through tears.

The Pickle: Paul Mazursky's bad movie about a worse movie.

The Real McCoy: Basinger's a cat burglar in a comedy without claws.

Robocop 3: One more sequel suffers terminal mettle fatigue.

love triangle involving Lennon and his mate, band member Stuart Sutcliffe (finely acted by Stephen Dorff), who was a second-rate bass player but a first-rate painter. Both Beatles fall in love with Astrid Kirchherr, a blonde German photographer (Sheryl Lee, best known as Laura Palmer of TV's *Twin Peaks*). After leaving the group for art and Astrid, Sutcliffe dies unexpectedly. Set in the early days before Ringo replaced Pete Best on drums, Softley presents these personalities as nascent geniuses zooming toward fame on a fast track greased by sex, drugs, romance and rock and roll. Familiar stuff, but still fascinating. ¥¥¥

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Made in Italy by the Taviani brothers, Paolo and Vittorio, ***Fiorile*** (Fine Line) follows a family legend through two centuries of greed, guilt and ill-fated love. Related in flashbacks by a young father driving through Tuscany with his wife and children, the tale begins with a handsome 18th century soldier (American actor Michael Vartan) whose regiment's cache of gold is stolen from him while he dallies with a beautiful peasant (Galatea Ranzi in the title role). The pilfered treasure brings down a curse on her clan, and subsequent generations of the Benedetti family suffer the bad luck of lost love, unwed pregnancy, murder, deception and greed. Through all the trauma, Vartan and Ranzi reappear as their own descendants along with an attractive company of troupers preserving the Tavianis' reputation for stylish cinematic storytelling. ¥¥¥

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The main attraction of ***Mother's Boys*** (Miramax) is Jamie Lee Curtis, cast against type as a psycho who abandons her husband (Peter Gallagher) and children but returns with a vengeance to sabotage his new life with another woman. Here, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer is the new love targeted for destruction one way or another. Curtis opts for some mad stratagems that strain credulity in a rather trumped-up thriller, but she still struts her stuff effectively as a chic and deadly woman scorned. ¥¥

•

Moviegoers who think young are sure to pay heed to ***Reality Bites*** (Universal). Director Ben Stiller (Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara's son) has cast Winona Ryder, Ethan Hawke, Janeane Garofalo and Steve Zahn as a Texas foursome of college grads who give the finger to the future. Ryder is a would-be moviemaker catching her pals' disaffection on tape. Luckily, Helen Childress' edgy, observant screenplay makes all their romantic and topical anguish ring true. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Aileen Wuornos: The Selling of a Serial Killer (See review) True tale far kinkier than fiction. ¥¥¥

Angie (See review) Geena Davis as a high-spirited unwed mother. ¥¥½

BackBeat (See review) Early Beatles play love games in Hamburg. ¥¥¥

Belle Epoque (Reviewed 3/94) Four sisters tempt Spanish seducer. ¥¥¥

Bitter Moon (3/94) Polanski's captive couple hears sex games. ¥¥

Blink (2/94) Quinn and Stowe meet eye to eye on a case of murder. ¥¥¥

China Moon (See review) Stowe again, getting Ed Harris into trouble. ¥¥

Dream Lover (3/94) Spader takes a wife who is full of nasty surprises. ¥¥

8 Seconds (3/94) As rodeo star Lane Frost, Luke Perry wins big. ¥¥¥

Fiorile (See review) The Taviani boys view an Italian family's curse. ¥¥¥

Germinal (See review) From a Zola tale of coal-miner slaughter. ¥¥¥

Heaven and Earth (3/94) Vietnamese girl meets ugly American in another overwrought Oliver Stone epic. ¥¥½

The House of the Spirits (3/94) Stars shine, but the book was better. ¥¥½

In the Name of the Father (3/94) Day-Lewis is smashing as an Irish innocent convicted of terrorism. ¥¥¥¥

Mother's Boys (See review) Revenge of the ex-wife, starring Jamie Lee. ¥¥

Naked (1/94) The Brits take hits from social renegade David Thewlis. ¥¥¥½

Philadelphia (3/94) AIDS drama co-stars Hanks and Washington. ¥¥¥¥

The Piano (12/93) Erotic drama with perfect pitch. Play it again. ¥¥¥¥

Reality Bites (See review) On being young and disaffected in Texas. ¥¥¥

The Remains of the Day (12/93) Hopkins is a class act all the way. ¥¥¥¥

Roadflower (See review) Psychos meet sexpots in rapid transit. ¥¥

Savage Nights (2/94) A Frenchman with AIDS doing the town. ¥¥½

Schindler's List (3/94) Harrowing Holocaust drama from Spielberg. ¥¥¥¥

The Secret Rapture (See review) A steely British sister act. ¥¥½

Shadowlands (3/94) Winger and Hopkins turn a bookish friendship into terminal bliss. ¥¥¥

Six Degrees of Separation (2/94) New York socialites meet a con man. ¥¥¥¥

Twogether (2/94) Having a baby after the divorce—they're two much. ¥¥

Les Visiteurs (See review) A knight of old turns up in modern France. ¥¥½

Wrestling Ernest Hemingway (2/94) A romantic comedy for rest homes. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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—Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear

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What can I say? My mother's always right. Or else.

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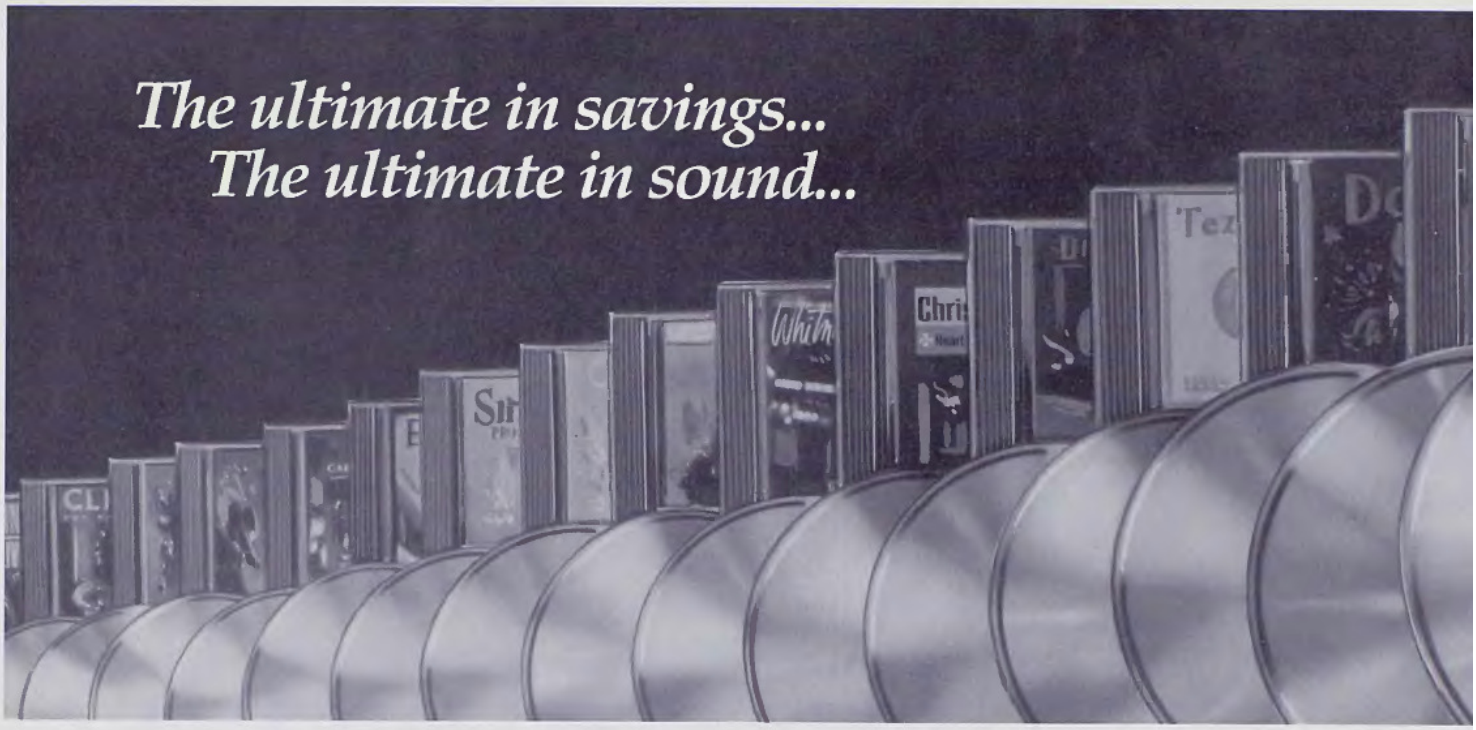

Toni Braxton (La Face) 00420

R.E.M.: Automatic For The People (Warner Bros.) 00121

Garth Brooks: The Chase (Liberty) 00141

Red Hot Chili Peppers: What Hits!? (EMI) 00144 ♭

SWV: It's About Time (RCA) 00151

Erasure: Pop! The First 20 Hits (Reprise) 00328

Silk: Lose Control (Keia/Elektra) 00353

Steely Dan: Aja (MCA) 00409

Aladdin/Sdtrk. (Walt Disney) 00411

Reba McEntire: It's Your Call (MCA) 00422

Jackyl (Geffen) 00654 ♭

Brooks & Dunn: Hsrd Workin' Man (Arista) 00857

Richard Elliot: Soul Embrace (Manhattan) 00871

Madonna: Erotica (Sire/Maverick) 00879 ♭

Dr. Dre: The Chronic (Interscope) 01241 ♭

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Depeche Mode: Songs Of Faith And Devotion (Reprise/Sire) 01362

Perlmen: Encores (EMI Classics) 01387 ℄

2Pac: Strictly For My N——z (Interscope) 01411 ♭

Talking Heads: Speaking In Tongues (Sire) 01421

Michael Frenks: Dragonfly Summer (Reprise) 01427

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The Juliana Hatfield Three: Become What You Are (Atlantic) 01599

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Trisha Yearwood: The Song Remembers When (MCA) 01507

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Shai: Right Back At Cha (Remix) (Gasoline Alley/MCA) 01610

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Bryan Adams: Waking Up The Neighbours (A&M) 35175

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Johnny Gill: Provocative (Motown) 35214

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Melissa Etheridge: Yes I Am (Island) 35501

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Common Thread: Songs Of The Eagles (Giant) 25071

k.d. lang: Ingénue (Warner Bros./Sire) 44370

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Cecilia Bartoli: The Impatient Lover (London) 44664

Kathleen Battle: Bel Canto (DG) 44673

TLC: Ooooooohhh... On The TLC Tip (LaFace) 50167

New Order: Republic (Qwest/Warner Bros.) 52039

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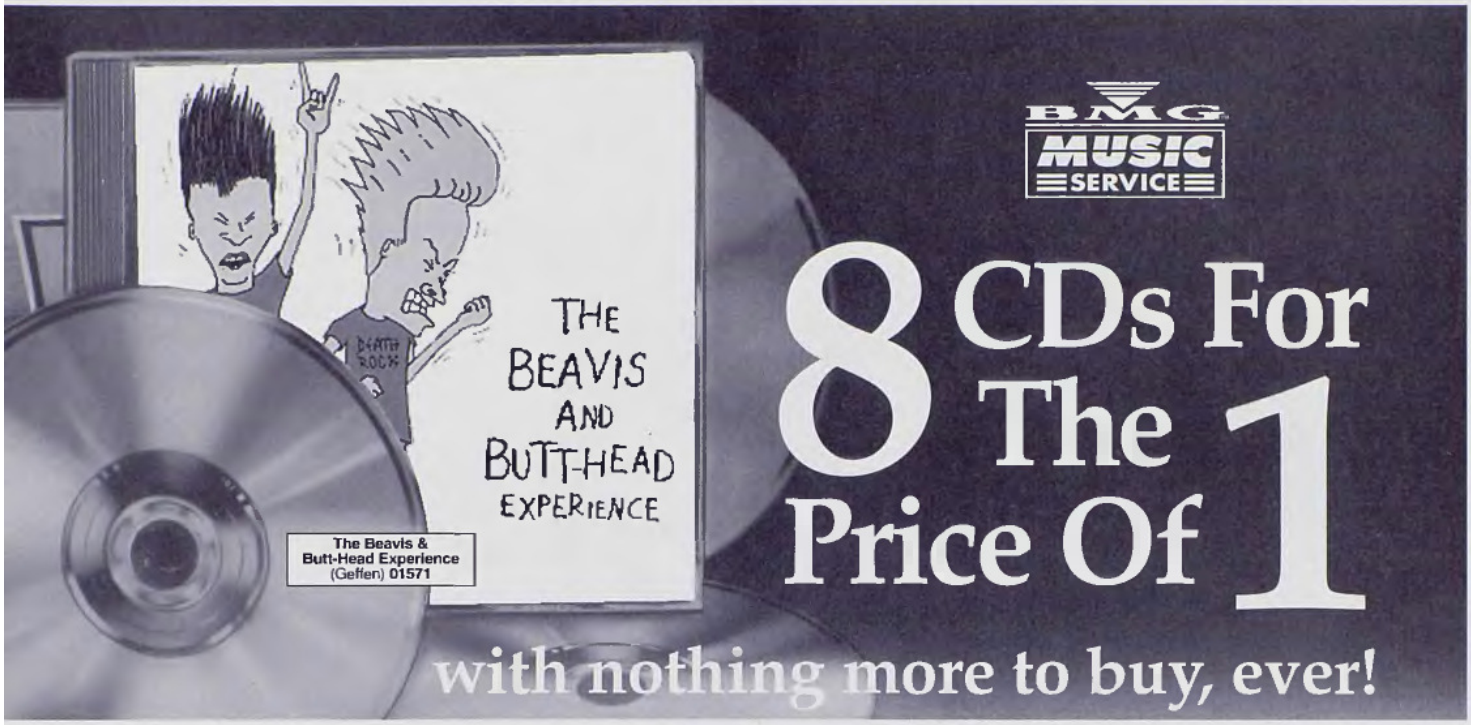

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GUEST SHOT

Look who turned into couch potatoes just like the rest of us. When not watching reruns to check out how they looked a quarter-century ago, the real-life **Brady Bunch** likes to veg out at the VCR. "*Howards End* is one of my all-time favorites," says Brady mom Florence Henderson. "I also love *It's a Wonderful Life* and *Gone With the Wind*." And sweet little Cindy? Grown-up Susan Olsen's vid tastes are anything but Brady-like: "*Aliens, Evil Dead 2* and any movie directed by David Lynch." Chris Knight—Peter to fans—looks for laughs from across the sea. "I'd have to go with *A Fish Called Wenda* or *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*," he says. Then there's Mike Lookinland, who watches at home with his three-year-old son. (Bobby Brady has a kid?) "My favorite videos are *101 Dalmetians* and *The Brave Little Toaster*. And I've seen *Bambi* about 4000 times." Which is just about as many times as we've seen *The Brady Bunch*. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO SIX-PACK
this month: madcap adventures

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963): The granddaddy of blockbuster comedies, with more than a dozen superstar comics on a feverish hunt for stolen bank loot. Spencer Tracy stars.

Around the World in 80 Days (1956): David Niven circles the globe to win a bet in this star-dappled, Oscar-winning adaptation of Jules Verne's classic.

The Russians Are Coming! The Russians Are Coming! (1966): Commie submarine runs aground off Nantucket, and the locals—led by Jonathan Winters—go berserk.

The Great Race (1965): *Some Like It Hot*'s Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon reteam in 1900s New York–to–Paris auto race. Early Blake Edwards effort.

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970): Gene Wilder and Donald Sutherland play two sets of twins in a fall-down-funny swashbuckler parody set in 18th century France.

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (1965): London-to-Paris airplane race sets stage for slapstick aerial vignettes. Now available in spiffy laser disc package from Fox. —TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

And you thought football season was over. Polygram has teamed with NFL Films to produce ***A Woman's View of Pro Football,*** a 45-minute homage to the gridiron by the likes of Ivana Trump, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Teri Garr and presidential press secretary Dee Dee Myers. The ladies weigh in on such topics as the huddle (Joan Rivers swears the players are talking about her; Judy Tenuta says they're making out), being a football hostage in a house full of men (from Howard Stern sidekick Robin Quivers) and their near-unanimous fondness for watching the players' behinds. And we thought they liked Madden's chalkboard.

VIDEO FLASHBACK

She was the ultimate screen siren, whose gender-bending sexuality was far ahead of her time. Our love affair with Marlene Dietrich continues with six exotic classics from MCA/Universal ($15 each).

Morocco (1930): In her first Hollywood film, Dietrich rocks the casbah as cabaret singer Amy Jolly, with Gary Cooper as the foreign legionnaire to whom she slips her boudoir key.

Dishonored (1931): Dietrich's a streetwalker/spy in World War One Vienna. Facing a firing squad, she asks to die in "the uniform in which I served—not my country but my countrymen."

Shanghai Express (1932): "It took more than one man to change my name to Shanghai Lily," boasts Dietrich, an adventuress with a first-class railroad ticket and a one-track mind. Another winning collaboration with her *Blue Angel* director, Josef von Sternberg.

The Scarlett Empress (1934): Royal costume epic features Dietrich as pampered Catherine the Great, enjoying affairs of state while her lunatic husband plays with toy soldiers and his mistress.

Pittsburgh (1942): Coal miner's daughter Dietrich falls for brawling barroom buddies John Wayne and Randolph Scott. Terrific star turns by all—plus newsreel footage of bustling Pittsburgh.

Golden Earrings (1947): Ray Milland went from his Oscar-winning *Lost Weekend* to this lustfest, with Dietrich as a Gypsy shielding him from the Nazis. Devouring fish-head stew and Milland with equal relish, Marlene earned the film a condemnation from the Catholic Legion of Decency. —DONALD LIEBENSON

LASER FARE

Spooky spring for disc fans: Paul Schrader's ***Cat People*** (the 1982 remake of the Forties classic with Simone Simon) gets the full litterbox treatment from MCA. And while it may lack the original's eerie black-and-white cinematography, Nastassja Kinski's kinky turn as the film's feline fatale makes the update worth it.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
TEARJERKER	***The Joy Luck Club*** (rich spin on hit Amy Ton novel; mother-doughter overlood, but OK date flick), ***The Man Without a Face*** (disfigured ex-teacher Gibson bonds with dadless kid in soft but winning tale; Mel's behind-camera debut).
DRAMA	***A Bronx Tale*** (bus driver De Niro bottles local mobster for control of kid's soul in solid directing debut), ***The Thing Called Love*** (River Phoenix as a country music wanna-be in his lost feature; decent story, better tunes).
SUSPENSE	***Malice*** (Nicole Kidman cloims surgeon-with-God-complex Alec Boldwin is o killer; so-so story, but Boldwin's o boffo bastard), ***The Good Son*** (Macoulay Culkin's cousin knows Mac is a killer; *Home Alone* imp makes decent demon).
SOFTCORE	***Boxing Helena*** (Doc Julion Sonds renders Sherilyn Fenn—and rest of Jennifer Lynch's plot—limbless; worth o look, if only for Fenn), ***The Vampyr*** (BBC's erotic musical toke on old Germon bloodsucker; uncut, uncensored U.S. debut).
COMEDY	***Coneheads*** (*SNL*'s cranially chollenged kin immigrate from "Fronce," turn all-American, consume moss quontities, etc.), ***Bewitched: The Collector's Edition*** (TV's favorite nose-twitcher flies again, from Columbio House).

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NIGHTLIFE

By EVE ZIBART

FOR MONTHS after Bill Clinton's election, Washington partyers and poseurs fluttered in anticipation of extravagant and aerobic elbow-rubbing. After all, we had just elected the youngest, sexiest and smartest ticket in history, one with more than a half-dozen degrees and activist buzzwords to match. And the entertainment rolls at the dozen or so inaugural balls read like a *Rolling Stone* readers' poll. The Blues Brothers were in, Brooks Brothers was out.

But as time passed, the barhoppers came to a stunning realization: The role model of this administration isn't Clinton at all: It's Al Gore. If there's a new paradigm here, it's hard work and the economy, stupid.

Though the chief Clintonites turned out to be a work-late, jog-in-the-morning crowd, their staffers are at least young, and they bring a finely honed sense of irony and pop-cultural awareness to the nightlife scene they support, at least when they don't have major legislation pending.

A Clinton-era pub crawl properly begins with a bar called the State of the Union, situated a mile north of the joint where the president delivers, and delivers, and delivers his annual address. On a typical evening at the Union, you can (1) swap catalog-shopping tips with the barmaid, whose punky bleached hair and Cockney accent nicely top off her Merry Widow corset, fishnet stockings and motorcycle jacket; (2) down a dozen or so chilled vodkas and a plate of walnut-stuffed mushrooms while reclining beneath the swags on a red-velvet sofa; (3) debate the armed services' policy on gays with a guy who claims to be the former lover of two closeted Army colonels; (4) make a pilgrimage to a restroom the size of a confessional booth, which nonetheless houses a chandelier, a gilded Madonna and child triptych and a painting of Rasputin. And you can do all that before you even sample the acid jazz and house music in the room out back.

State of the Union is only one of many low-cost, high-concept bars that have introduced good beer, cheap irony and cutting-edge music to the suits and cellular-phone-heads of Washington. These democratic (that's a small, nonpartisan d) nightclubs are thronged with an eclectic mix of musicians, models, lawyers, lobbyists, political ops, trade negotiators, bank officers, off-duty bartenders, journalists, media wonks and high-profile policy nerds.

They are also at the heart of Washington's hottest new nightlife magnet, the haphazardly urban-renewed strip of U Street that spreads east from the multiethnic enclave of Adams-Morgan. From 14th and U, the crossroads and shorthand name for the neighborhood, well-dressed cruisers of both sexes and all sexual preferences wander through dance clubs, bistros, thrift shops, espresso bars, small rep theaters and poetry slams. In the U-World, black isn't just a color, it's a uniform.

U Street: Playground for Washington wonks.

Serious fun: pub-crawling in the age of Clinton.

At the *tapas* joint Andalusian Dog, Middle Eastern embassy staffers with bulging wallets play drain-the-bottle with young Hill staffers and auto-lease accountants, whose day-job suits unbutton to hint at black lace camisoles. ("All he wants is a sweetheart deal on a BMW," one woman said to her friend. "If I could manage that, I wouldn't be driving a Mustang.")

The hottest music spot in the neighborhood is the Black Cat, where simply recognizing the name of the indie-label band on the bill is proof of intense cool. The costuming runs toward Warholier-than-thou *noir*—black jerseys, black leggings, black eyeliner, black combat boots.

If you want to see your share of government celebrities, stop by the Big Hunt in the Dupont Circle area. Bike-messenger black and charcoal pinstripes rub elbows at the Hunt, a faux safari lodge offering 26 taps, cheap burgers and a pool table tucked into the balcony. It's also something of a White House hangout—at least between congressional crunches. "They come in waves," says club creator Joe Englert. "When NAFTA passed, the ones who worked on that all showed up to celebrate. But then the health-care guys disappeared."

Of course, not everybody in town got swept up into the White House during the last transition. There's an entire underclass of office jockeys—paralegals, clerks, secretaries, would-be models and actresses—who need to blast away the drudgery through a loud and irresponsible nightlife.

For them, the nightlife ground zero is the multilevel Fifth Column, which juggles house, techno, Eurohouse, New York–party and semi-rave DJs with frequent theme parties. This is both a group-dance haven and an intense singles scene, with pick-up contests around the smart bar, where the vitamin-dense drinks are supposed to restore energy and potency. Singles who prospect here need to perfect their body language, since the volume level makes all but the most cursory conversation irrelevant.

The Fifth Column has become the off-duty hangout for White House and campaign vets, who don't usually get much sleep anyway. Most notable among the regulars is the popular security chief Craig Livingstone, who brought over White House–edition M&Ms for bartenders to slip into their kids' stockings at Christmas.

At Club Zei, the posturing is much heavier, beginning with the auditions for the doorman, the premiere waiting line and the members-only ($750 and up annually) caviar-and-champagne bar on the third floor. One entire wall is a honeycomb of 24 fast-cut video screens programmed from a control deck that looks like the bridge of the Enterprise. The elaborate overhead lights, strung out in two great wings, can be made to swoop down over the crowd, providing spectacular light for the three floor-to-ceiling mirrors that transform the patrons into ersatz MTV stars. Here the floor speakers can numb your toes.

On weekends, there's nothing more extravagant or adrenalized than Chief Ike's (as in Eisenhower) Mambo Room in Adams-Morgan. DJ Stella Neptune, whose over-the-top sartorial style is straight out of the camp classic *Venus Needs Men*, spins a pitiless space-funk web that draws the Georgetown 20007 crowd: best-dressed couples and a pack of semi-incognito White House staffers. Owner Allan Jirikowic says his Clintonite patrons try to keep a low profile.

Still, one such shield of the great and near-great showed up at Chief Ike's recently with a key piece of equipment still in place. "I love your earplug," a part-time actress told the blushing agent.

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STYLE

THE SHORT OF IT

To look good while you stay dry this spring, short raincoats with sportswear details are doing double duty for work and weekends. Sanyo's designer, Carol Cohen, went with a 35-inch thigh length "getaway coat," which is available in either water-repellent cotton/nylon poplin or polyester microfiber ($225). The Weatherproof Garment Co. weighs in with a slightly more rugged and longer style: a 40-inch cotton oilcloth toggle-front coat in olive (shown here), bronze and navy ($135). There's also Jane Charney's sleek black 37-inch microfiber jacket with a placket zipper front for Drizzle ($345) and a 34-inch rain parka of cotton/nylon (that drapes like silk or microfiber), with a zip front, cinched waist and drawstring collar, by Arrowhead Trading Co. ($125). At the high end of the price scale, Issey Miyake's Windcoat offers a boxy, parka-length hooded jacket with industrial zippers that's made of 100 percent polyester yet looks like pressed leather ($590). And even conservative Burberrys is updating its image with a fingertip-length coated-cotton rain jacket with a hidden drawstring waist, available in taupe ($225).

LAUREN'S LATEST

If you're into vintage looks but not someone else's thrift-shop threads, check out Ralph Lauren's new casual clothing line, Double RL. Named after the designer's Colorado ranch, Double RL is an eclectic mix of brand-new worn-looking sportswear sold in Polo shops and in department store boutiques. To date there are about 35 such outlets in upscale spots such as Bloomingdale's, Dayton's and Hudson's. Each has the feel of a general store, complete with a tin ceiling, forklifts and old wooden counters. As for the clothing, you can sort through the weathered and ultracomfortable jeans, chinos and fatigues ($68 to $125) that are folded and piled on the floor. Jackets, including denim classics ($98), timeless navy blazers ($325) and battered leather windbreakers ($595), hang on wire hangers off old pipes. If you need a tie ($38), you have to fish for it out of a washtub. And while you're at the register, you'll be tempted into a last-minute buy: a pair of right-off-the-ranch, vintage-looking cowboy boots ($500 to $750) in a variety of embroidered leathers, including snake and calfskin.

HOT SHOPPING: WASHINGTON, D.C.

The cherry blossoms are in bloom and so is U Street, a beautiful, airy hub formerly known as D.C.'s Black Broadway. Millennium Decorative Arts (1528 U Street NW): Collectible 20th century artifacts and furnishings, including a collection of vintage PLAYBOYS. • Headflows (1517 U Street NW): A neighborhood hangout replete with handmade clothing and hip-hop culture. • Zawadi (1524 U Street NW): An ethnic treasure trove of traditional Pan-African textiles and fabrics, masks and sculptures, plus Zimbabwean pottery. • Atticus (1508 U Street NW): A relaxed and comfy bookstore that sells secondhand books and buys used records, CDs and cassettes. • State of the Union (1357 U Street NW): A funky watering hole packed with civil servants, university students, foreign diplomats and Soviet Union kitsch.

CLOTHES LINE

"Being an athlete with a small waist and muscular thighs makes good-fitting jeans very hard to come by," says **Wade Boggs.** So when the third baseman for the New York Yankees steps out of his uniform, he slips into full-cut jeans by Ralph Lauren, a polo shirt and one of his 25 pairs of Justin boots. Yankees club policy dictates coats and ties for traveling, but Boggs has a tough time buying 46-long jackets and size 34 pants off the rack. As a result, he goes to Wolf Brothers in Tampa, Florida for custom-made suits. Dark-colored ensembles are his favorite. "I even own a few Yankees-inspired pinstripes."

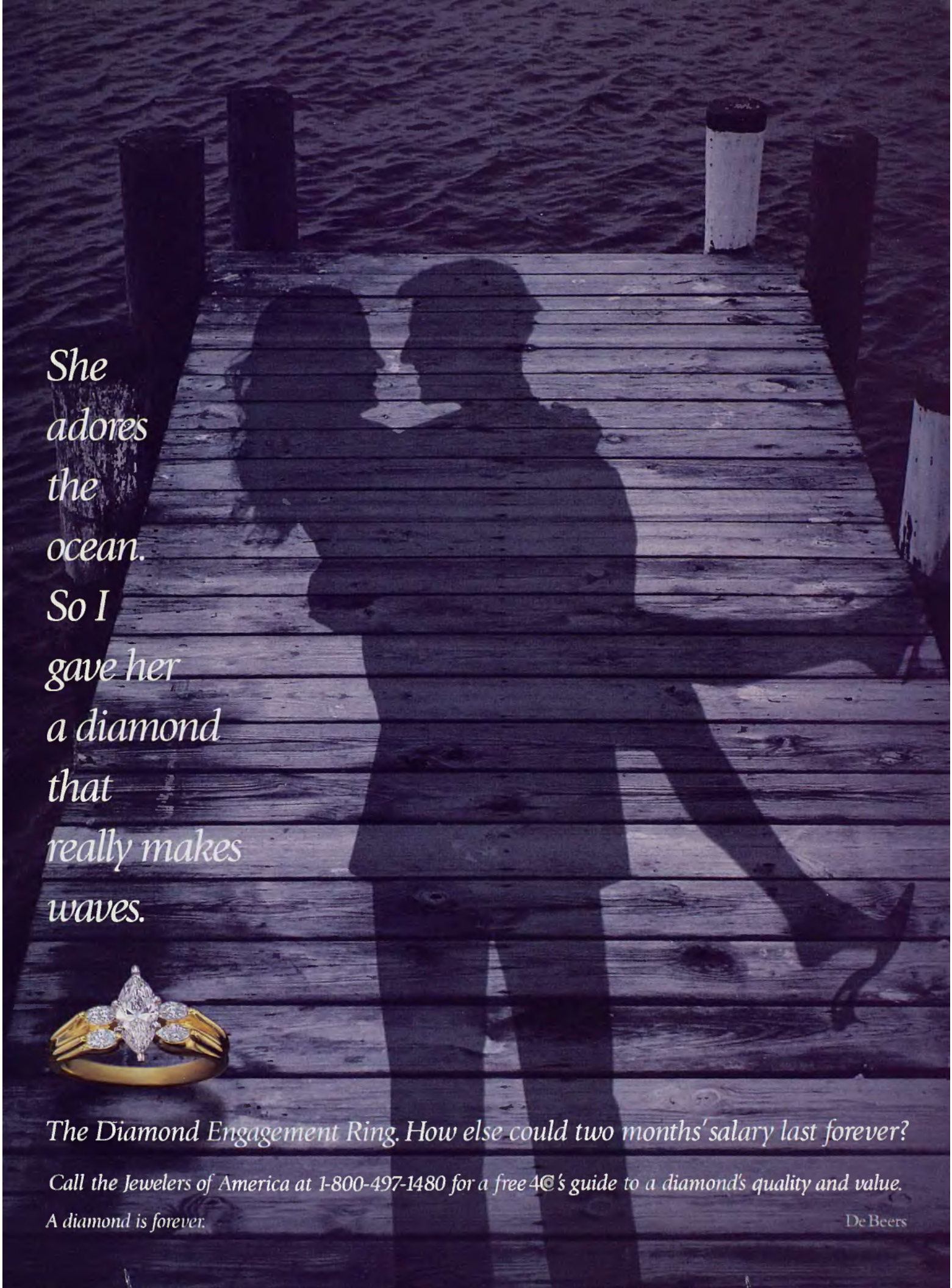
DRY IDEAS

Why ruin the great look of a new short raincoat with a five-and-dime umbrella when you can carry one that's stylish instead? Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop in New York offers a sturdy, 16-rib nylon stadium umbrella ($35 to $75). If that's too big, try Totes' Superdome folding golf-size model ($22) or Nicole Miller's printed-cotton-and-nylon umbrellas featuring themes that run from sports to Elvis ($45 to $55). England's venerable Swaine Adeney Brigg is known for its classic brollies made of exotic woods, sterling silver and waterproof silk ($75 to $1200). And Francesco Maglia's equally upscale traveling umbrellas, in colorful plaids, stripes and solids, are available in folding styles (about $90 to $110) and full-sized (pictured top left) with a handle and tip that unscrew for easy packing (about $100 to $150).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER		
CASUAL SHIRTS	**IN**	**OUT**
STYLES	Full-cut shirts tucked in or worn out; banded-collar styles; loose-fitting polos; camp shirts	Preppy buttondowns; skintight knits; safari shirts
FABRICS AND COLORS	Soft, washed linens and cottons; cotton knits; sand, khaki, faded blue and black; stripes	Shiny silk or polyester; anything starched; loud colors and island prints
DETAILS	Natural wrinkles; pointed collars; rolled-up sleeves; no pockets or one patch pocket	Status logos; epaulets; flapped, double pockets; knit bands on sleeves or waist

Where & How to Buy on page 153.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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

BACK IN THE Seventies, metalheads and punks rarely agreed on anything. But their younger brothers and sisters listened to both Iron Maiden and the Sex Pistols and grew up to create punk and metal hybrids, such as grunge, that currently dominate the rock charts. So where do Guns n' Roses fit into the evolutionary scheme? Well, they kicked off the entire alternative revolution in 1987 with their rock and glam-metal synthesis, *Appetite for Destruction*. Today, many critics think Guns have become the kind of bloated arena rockers they tried to unseat. On ***The Spaghetti Incident?*** (Geffen), Guns n' Roses join the back-to-punk movement by recording covers of bands such as the Stooges, the Dead Boys and the Sex Pistols, with T. Rex and Nazareth thrown in. When grungers like Nirvana and Pearl Jam do punk, it's to remember their ideals and stay grounded. The Gunners are just jaded enough to make these covers come across as a bit of a goof. Bassist Duff McKagan handles four vocals, and his punk roots are true—particularly on the sloppy but endearing Johnny Thunders tribute, *You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory*. The Sex Pistols' *Black Leather* and the Dead Boys' *Ain't It Fun* are well-suited to the Gunners' riff-and-roar approach. But elsewhere they miss the spirit, sounding heavy-handed. By the way, including an uncredited cover of a Charles Manson song isn't punk, it's puerile.

FAST CUTS: The new wave in Nashville is also owning up to its Seventies rock roots, even though its heroes are the Eagles and Journey. Then there are the Mavericks, who go back to when country and rock were kissing cousins in the Fifties. On ***What a Crying Shame*** (MCA), the Mavericks echo the likes of Buddy Holly, Carl Perkins and Roy Orbison. The title tune boasts the kind of irresistible hook that can be removed only by laser surgery.

DAVE MARSH

Rhino's ***Great American Songwriters*** series offers comprehensive (20 tracks each) selections from Tin Pan Alley giants Irving Berlin, George and Ira Gershwin, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, Johnny Mercer, and Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. Rhino plays it straight, too. You don't get Dion singing *Where or When*, you get Dick Haymes. Still, it's the bluesy Mercer and Ellington–Strayhorn who sound most at home in the digital age.

Should Rhino decide to honor rock-era songwriters this way, I would bet they wouldn't include a Jimi Hendrix CD. (Not if they left Cole Porter and Hoagy Carmichael out of the *Songwriters* batch.) Yet Hendrix ranks with the best rock writers. That case is made most eloquently by ***Stone Free: A Tribute to Jimi Hendrix*** (Reprise). It features 14 contemporary artists doing their versions of Jimi's best-known songs, from Body Count's ferocious *Hey Joe* (which Jimi didn't write but owned anyway) to the soul-pounding of Seal and Jeff Beck's *Manic Depression*. Also included are P.M. Dawn's fully psychedelicized *You Got Me Floatin'* and the high-speed pummeling of Belly's *Are You Experienced? Stone Free* makes a case for Hendrix' enduring influence as a performer and for releasing a second set that would include such songs as *Little Wing*, *Angel* and *Voodoo Chile*.

Guns n' Roses' *Spaghetti Incident?*

The Gunners go punk, Snoop raps *Doggystyle*, and Hendrix gets a tribute.

FAST CUTS: ***Back to the Streets: Celebrating the Music of Don Covay*** (Shanachie): The blues-based brilliance of one of soul's prime writers and performers (Mick Jagger owes this dude), as expressed by Robert Cray (*He Don't Know*), Iggy Pop (*Sookie Sookie*), Peter Wolf (the hilarious *I Stole Some Love*) and Living Colour's Corey Glover (*Three Time Loser*). Even better than Shanachie's Curtis Mayfield tribute.

George Strait, ***Easy Come, Easy Go*** (MCA): This belongs in the collection of every neophyte who thinks Dwight Yoakam revived honky-tonk. Neither George Jones nor Merle Haggard has ever had a greater acolyte, and this time, the material's worth it, too.

NELSON GEORGE

Dr. Dre is the great evil genius of hip-hop's gangsta genre. Since his national emergence with his production of NWA's *Straight Outta Compton* in 1989, this rapper has produced sonically seductive albums for Eazy E, the D.O.C. and the R&B singer Michelle. And he recorded his solo album, last year's mammoth *The Chronic*. His duet with Snoop Doggy Dogg on ***Doggystyle*** (Death Row/Interscope) is pristine in its clarity, supple in its arrangements and memorable in its rhythms. Dre still uses samples, but he layers fresh keyboards, bass and guitars atop them to give the sound a clean, lean shine. P-Funk's influence is obviously felt in the beats, but also in the way vocal hooks are structured.

Backed by all this imposing music, Snoop's raps are rather pedestrian. Without the contrast of Dr. Dre's baritone, Snoop's voice often sounds too light to support the production. Some of his guest-starring Death Row labelmates (Dat Nigga Daz, Rage) actually have more presence on some tracks than does Snoop. Highlights of the record include *Gin and Juice*, *Serial Killa* and his reinterpretation of the Slick Rick classic *Lodi Dodi*. Whatever you may think of gangsta rap's lyrical content, Dr. Dre is building one of the most impressive pop music production catalogs around.

FAST CUTS: One of the more intriguing recent hip-hop-meets-jazz recordings is US 3's ***Hand on the Torch*** (Blue Note/Capitol), a British collective of musicians and rappers who plunder the rich jazz catalog of Blue Note records for samples galore from Herbie Hancock, Lou Donaldson, Grant Green and Donald Byrd. Augmented by live musicians, this LP is tasty ear candy.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Joan Jett's ***Flashback*** (Blackheart) has 13 covers and nine originals recorded as early as 1979 and as late as 1993. It looks like a last gasp—the odds and ends from a rock and roller whose work has gotten boring. But from an early session with two Sex Pistols to a Rock for Choice gig with L7, it sounds like her best album ever. Jett's limited songwriting and her fondness for straight-ahead drummers and chords have always benefited from cover material. But the secret here is not the profusion of tracks from her

When he's lost his heart
and then his head
the French say
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mid-Eighties prime. It's that many of the tracks—the censored Stones remake *Star, Star*, the early rap collaboration with Grandmaster Flash, *Black Leather*, the homoerotic *Play With Me*—were once withheld as too raw. The two most recent, including the striking *Activity Grrrl*, match their intensity.

Activity Grrrl offers one reason Jett is feeling better these days—the long overdue riot-grrrl punk typified by two even rawer records, Bratmobile's ***Pottymouth*** and Bikini Kill's ***Pussy Whipped*** (both from Kill Rock Stars, 120 State NE #418, Olympia, Washington 98501). Admittedly, Bratmobile's tape-recorder-in-the-bedroom sound may strike some as too cute to be so nasty. But their godmothers in Bikini Kill are damned convincing, a first-rank hardcore band.

FAST CUTS: The three-CD ***Janis*** (Columbia) not only gets Joplin's achievement right but also helps us understand it.

Sue Foley's ***Without a Warning*** (Antone's, 500 San Marcos, Austin, Texas 78702) has the sass, sweetness and blues feeling of the young Bonnie Raitt.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Novelty singles fall roughly into four categories: (1) Songs that are funny for the same reasons they were funny when they were recorded, (2) songs that are funny for different reasons than when they were recorded, (3) familiar melodies performed with stunning virtuosity and very odd instrumentation and (4) badly conceived music badly performed. Dr. Demento's various collections belong primarily in the first category. ***Incredibly Strange Music: Volume 1*** (Caroline), a companion anthology to a best-selling issue of *ReSearch* magazine, is more the second category with a smattering of three and four. Or maybe we should call it *Dr. Demento With a Big Bucket of Postmodernism Poured Over Him*. So is it funny? I give a qualified yes. But when you think about some human with a limited life span actually sitting down to practice this shit, it's depressing. And then it gets exhilarating because you (in all likelihood) aren't one of those humans. Caroline and *ReSearch* don't make the slightest effort to find the original tapes and remaster them for higher fidelity. The CD opens with the sound of a record needle hitting vinyl, and surface noise on almost every cut adds a certain nostalgic charm.

FAST CUTS: ***Total Destruction*** (Matador/Atlantic) by Unsane: High intensity metal with a uniquely resonant, low-down sound that—unlike most metal—doesn't hurt my ears.

Wheel of Fortune (Flying Fish) by John Renbourn and Robin Williamson. Brilliant guitarist and equally brilliant Celtic harpist play haunting folk music.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Guns n' Roses *The Spaghetti Incident?*	9	6	8	8	4
Joan Jett *Flashback*	9	8	6	8	9
Incredibly Strange Music: Volume I	4	9	8	5	7
Snoop Doggy Dogg *Doggystyle*	4	3	8	8	4
Stone Free: A Tribute to Jimi Hendrix	6	7	7	8	8

PAUL IS STILL THE CUTEST BEATLE DEPARTMENT: BMI says that *Yesterday* is the most performed song in its catalog of 2 million works. **Paul's** ditty has been played on the radio in the U.S. 6 million times. No doubt he'll perform it again when the **Clintons** finally get their McCartney concert this year. Paul is the prez' favorite Beatle. It figures.

REELING AND ROCKING: *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* should now be on the big screen, months after **k.d. lang's** soundtrack LP hit the stores. . . . **Doug E. Doug's** next movie, *London Calling*, will find him playing an au pair to the family of a jaded British rock star, who will be played by a real rock star. . . . An as-yet untitled documentary by **Julien Temple** about Sex Pistol **Sid Vicious** and his girlfriend **Nancy** will be in theaters by the end of this year.

NEWSBREAKS: The **En Vogue** ladies will be voguing their new fashion line, which will include everything from wigs to shoes. You'll be able to buy stuff by mail and from home-shopping networks. . . . Speaking of cable, what will fill up some of those upcoming channels? A jazz channel for sure and something called Fad TV—24 hours a day of fashion and design. . . . Look for a new LP from **Lisa Stansfield** any day now. . . . **Richard Thompson** is touring now in support of his latest LP and in advance of a tribute LP that will include **Bonnie Raitt, R.E.M.** and **Los Lobos,** who have recorded his songs. Other highlights are duets from **Evan Dando** and **Syd Straw** and **Bob Mould** and **John Doe.** . . . The Blues Heaven Foundation has launched a fund-raiser for the money needed to renovate the historic Chess Records building in Chicago. **John Mellencamp** helped the organization acquire the landmark building, which will serve as a studio, museum and working headquarters for the foundation started by the family of the late, great **Willie Dixon.** . . . **Mark Volman** of the **Turtles** and **Flo and Eddie** will help Promotoys with a line of rock collectibles, and we don't mean precious stones. The first line will include framed and autographed photos, original album-cover art, original liner notes, tour programs—well, you get it. The first groups represented are Mark's two plus **Herman's Hermits** and **Jan and Dean.** . . . Record companies have enthusiastically endorsed buying intermission time at rock concerts so fans can hear the companies' latest releases. **Anthrax** experimented with using the time before its show to play cuts by the **Jerky Boys, Shotgun Messiah** and **I Mother Earth.** In return, the Anthrax LP got a special display and sale price in record stores along the tour route. Retailers liked it. More groups will participate in similar promotions. . . . Look for the 80-track, four-CD boxed set of the **Who** in May, including a dozen previously unreleased cuts. . . . **Jerry Garcia** has expanded his clothing line from ties to silk shirts for both sexes. . . . Finally, we wondered what was going on when **Tony Bennett** appeared with the **Chili Peppers** at the MTV Music Awards. Was it a mad publicity stunt or kismet? Now we know. Bennett did an acoustic show in San Francisco on a bill that included **Porno for Pyros, the Lemonheads, Cracker, Teenage Fan Club** and **Redd Kross.** Then he traveled down to Los Angeles to share a stage with **Bad Religion, Belly** and the **Cranberries.** And people call **Sinatra** a hip cat.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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WIRED

VIRTUAL FUN AND GAMES

A new virtual reality entertainment center developed by a company called Visions of Reality opened in Newport Beach, California last month. According to reviewers, it offers the first opportunity for "total immersion," cybertalk for a game's ability to make you feel as if you're truly in the action. Visions of Reality accomplishes that by combining dazzling *Terminator*-style graphics and effects with advanced computer and military technology. It's the first VR game, for example, in which players wear Vision Immersion Modules, an adaptation of the flight-simulation headsets used to train U.S. fighter pilots. Sitting in individual pods while wearing the Darth Vader–like VIM headsets, you and up to five friends can challenge one another to a variety of VR games, including flight simulations,

DAN VACCARINO

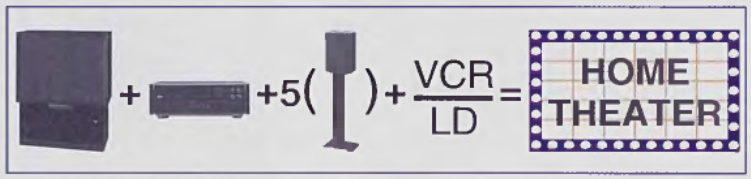
Hovercraft battles, undersea adventures and more. Microphones in each of the pods let you talk to one another. When you're done, the computer evaluates your performance and flight instructors offer tips for next time. Each round will cost about $10 and lasts 45 minutes. Additional VOR entertainment centers are slated to open across the U.S., as well as in London and Paris, later this year.

SCREENING YOUR CALLS

Phone companies are teaming up with electronics manufacturers to introduce a new generation of interactive telephones. Called screen phones, these computerized communicators perform all the functions of a standard telephone but also have mini monitors for completing other tasks. They'll enable you to make catalog and grocery purchases and will also serve as personal ATMs, allowing you to pay bills, shift funds between accounts and trade stocks. What's more, Chicago-based Metromail is offering a national screen-phone directory that enables you to look up phone numbers and addresses at one third the cost of directory assistance. Once you dial a name, it will be filed instantly in your personal screen-phone directory. You'll also be able to reserve airline seats and tickets to concerts and sporting events and get detailed directions to any commercial business. Philips is offering the first screen phone, priced at $639.

HOME THEATER MADE EASY

The formula for a basic home theater is simple: You need a TV (preferably 27 inches or larger), an audio/video processor, two speakers in the front and two in the rear plus one center channel, and a VCR or laser disc player. But with so many brands of gear on the market, how do you choose? For starters, go to an electronics store near you and press the big red button on Sony's new E3 demonstrator. Gliding through a series of displays, this laserdisc-run presentation shows you how easy it is to unleash the power of Dolby Surround Sound movie tapes and discs by integrating audio and video components you may already own. It's so simple, Sony claims, that you can hook a stereo TV to, say, the SA-VA3 multichannel speaker system with built-in Dolby Pro-Logic decoder ($950) in only ten minutes. Other manufacturers have make-it-simple solutions, too. A Panasonic–Technics dealer, for example, can pull together complete home theater systems priced from $2000 to $6500. And for those of you who already have the right TV and video sources, a wide range of companies, including Atlantic Technology, Bose, B&W, Cerwin Vega, RCA, Pioneer, NHT and Infinity, now offer home theater speaker packages priced about $1000. Or if you want to explore the latest technology, try JBL's Sound Effects System 2, a wireless surround-sound speaker setup that operates on 900 megahertz radio frequencies. The price: about $2200.



ABBIE BENNETT

WILD THINGS

Panasonic has just introduced the first notebook computer with a removable internal CD-ROM drive. Pictured here, the IBM-compatible 486-class model is priced at about $4300 and comes with a color monitor that converts into a tablet so you can issue commands with a pen instead of the keyboard. Later this year, Panasonic will introduce an optional video pack ($649) that inserts into the CD-ROM drive, turning the computer into a TV. • Not to be outdone, Apple has come out with the Macintosh TV. A combination computer/television/CD player, the $2000 machine features a 14-inch Sony Trinitron monitor, stereo speakers, a remote control, a VCR input jack and a cable tuner. • Also new for computer users is Card Grabber, a Walkman-size scanner by Pacific Crest Technologies that records information contained on business cards and then downloads the data into your IBM-compatible PC. The price: $399. • If you're tired of fast-forwarding through commercials on VHS recordings, check out Arista Technologies' Cammercial Brake. This $200 device, which connects to your VCR, senses the beginning and end of commercial blocks and eliminates them during playback.

Where & How to Buy on page 153.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

FOR HAIRY-CHESTED fiction at its best, check out ***Rogue Warrior II: Red Cell*** (Pocket Books), by Richard Marcinko and John Weisman. Women, minorities, AA members and wimps stand back when the former leader of SEAL Team Six shows up and scorches the air purple just saying hello.

When last we heard from Marcinko—the real-life SEAL commando—he had just gotten out of jail for having embarrassed the Navy brass by infiltrating their most secure installations with Red Cell, a team of SEALs trained in terrorist techniques. Then he heaped salt on the Navy's wounds by spilling the beans on *60 Minutes* and writing *Rogue Warrior*, a number-one nonfiction best-seller about his adventures.

This sequel—cloaked as fiction because it contains "the secrets he could not reveal" under government secrecy restrictions—is even more raucous, outrageous, violent, profane and exciting. It opens with Marcinko running a security check on Tokyo's Narita International Airport by visiting the baggage areas with a suitcase bomb, sauntering down the taxiways tagging 747s with improvised explosive devices and walking undetected into secure areas with a small arsenal in his bag. By the time he departs, smoke bombs are going off in security headquarters and a gang of North Koreans smuggling high-speed electronic detonators for nuclear weapons lie bleeding on the tarmac.

That's just the first 30 pages. Those Koreans turn out to be the tip-off to a huge operation channeling American nuclear technology through Japan. There is a security leak somewhere at the highest levels of the Navy, and Marcinko is recalled to active duty to reform Red Cell and find the traitors. The trail leads him into a late-night visit to the Naval Investigative Service Command headquarters and the office of the chief of naval operations at the Washington, D.C. Navy Yard. After rifling freely through files full of our nation's most sensitive secrets and "borrowing" eavesdropping and surveillance equipment, Marcinko heads for Seal Beach—the California Naval Weapons Station and home of the Tomahawk nuclear missile.

There is plenty of complex plot and sensational action in *Rogue Warrior II: Red Cell*. The military tech talk is so specialized that there is a glossary of arcane terms and acronyms. But what keeps you turning the pages is the authenticity of details in Marcinko's descriptions of top-secret military installations and the raw honesty of his tough-guy dialogue.

Is this novel true? I have no idea. But it is so plausible that it will keep the paper shredders working overtime at the Pentagon.

MITCH O'CONNELL

Rogue Warrior II.

Hairy-chested fiction:
the tough guys
and their weapons.

I suspect that a professional soldier such as Marcinko would agree with the gun-control regulations that Erik Larson proposes in ***Lethal Passage*** (Crown). In this impressive study, Larson follows a single semiautomatic handgun, a Cobray M-11/9, from its design to its use by a 16-year-old Virginia boy to murder a teacher, wound another and attempt to spray bullets into a classroom full of teenagers. Larson demonstrates that the boy's possession of this gun was no fluke but a natural result of America's virtually unregulated munitions industry.

For $30, Larson obtained a federal gun-dealer's license without verification of his application or an interview. Now he, or any of the 245,000 licensed firearms dealers in this country, can supply an army with high-powered automatic weapons, perfectly legally. Or illegally, given the lax regulation by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms that Larson describes.

As a licensed dealer, Larson also became privy to the secret world of gun sales. His thorough investigative report is the most shocking documentation yet of America's gun epidemic, which includes more than 200 million weapons. His appeal for federal regulatory action appears to be a sane and necessary step in the face of this growing crisis.

Harry Harrison's Stainless Steel Rat series is a happy exception to the rule that science fiction has no sense of humor. This fifth installment, ***The Stainless Steel Rat Sings the Blues*** (Bantam), is Harrison's most hilarious tale yet. Our hero, Jim DiGriz, a small-time intergalactic thief and con man, is caught trying to rob the Mint. To avoid being executed, he agrees to retrieve an alien artifact on a prison planet filled with strange types, such as the Fundamentaloids and the Machmen—and a furry, mythic character named Iron John. As part of Jim's plan, he forms a pop group called the Stainless Steel Rats, and they sing their way into a great deal of trouble. Harrison has concocted a wonderfully silly send-up of sf fantasy that will leave even the most serious Trekker laughing.

Just in time for spring training comes Robert Mayer's ***Baseball and Men's Lives: The True Confessions of a Skinny Marink*** (Delta), a fascinating exploration of his obsession with the grand old game. Mayer grew up in the Bronx as a baseball-crazy kid with the dream of playing for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Now, at 53, he looks back to see that his life has been measured out in innings, and he meditates on how this total identification with baseball has shaped him. This is a strange and neurotic book that any true baseball fan will embrace.

BOOK BAG

Under a Hoodoo Moon: The Life of Dr. John, the Night Tripper (St. Martin's Press), by Mac Rebennack with Jack Rummel: The New Orleans legend tells his story of the music, the brawls, the highs and the lows of life on the road in this never-a-dull-moment autobiography.

Millroy the Magician (Random House), by Paul Theroux: A strange and magical tale of an American odyssey taken by a magician turned nutrition guru and his 14-year-old runaway sidekick.

Volleyball with the Cuna Indians (Viking), by Hanns Ebensten: A collection of essays covering nearly 60 years of gay travel adventures that include nightclubbing with Marlene Dietrich in Paris, sleeping in Princess Margaret's bed and being evicted from the bed of Israel's prime minister.

Whole Lot of Shakin' Going On: The Life and Times of Jerry Lee Lewis (Hyperion), written with Charles White: A mishmash of voices (including Lewis') recall the bizarre life of the last American wild man.

Visiting Mrs. Nabokov and Other Excursions (Harmony), by Martin Amis: A remarkable collection of cultural commentaries that includes interviews with Graham Greene, John Updike, Roman Polanski, Salman Rushdie and Nabokov's widow.

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FITNESS SMARTS

By JON KRAKAUER

ASPIRIN DOESN'T get a lot of respect. The stuff is so, well, rustic. So ordinary. Common as a cold and as easy to get. It seems too old-fashioned to take seriously.

Truth be told, aspirin is old-fashioned: Twenty-four hundred years ago, Greek women chewed willow bark—which is rich in salicin, the raw essence of the drug—to ease the pain of childbirth. Before the turn of the century, the German chemical company Bayer was manufacturing synthetic salicylic acid. By 1915, Bayer had introduced tablets of acetylsalicylic acid, which were easier on the stomach and basically no different from the white tablets Americans currently swallow at the rate of 80 million a day.

Had aspirin been discovered in the past decade, instead of millennia ago, you would probably need a prescription to buy it. Aspirin is a tremendously potent drug that affects humans in myriad ways, most of them beneficial—some of them profoundly so. Indeed, the lives of millions of people could be extended by 10, 20, maybe 30 years if they simply ingested one aspirin daily.

•

Aspirin does a good job of subduing generic headaches. But if you've ever taken it for relief of severe pain—a broken bone, say, or a third-degree hangover—you know that it's pretty ineffective as a big-league painkiller. As an anti-inflammatory, however, aspirin is superb: It's often the drug of choice for treating arthritis, tendinitis, strained muscles and sprained joints.

One of the best ways to avoid aching muscles after a killer session in the gym is to take two aspirin before working out. An experiment with rats suggests that aspirin might inhibit the breakdown of cartilage that results from tight hamstrings and chronic muscle soreness. In other studies, men who took aspirin suffered up to 29 percent fewer migraines than men who didn't take aspirin.

Aspirin is unsurpassed, too, when it comes to quelling fevers. As long ago as 1919, an experiment showed that when feverish subjects were given aspirin, their bodies' ability to shed the excess heat increased by 38 percent.

Although aspirin's medicinal qualities have long been common knowledge, until recently nobody had sussed out how the drug actually works. In 1971, Sir John Vane, a pharmacologist at the Royal College of Surgeons in London, discovered that aspirin interferes with the body's ability to produce powerful, hormone-like chemicals called prostaglandins—a discovery for which he won a Nobel Prize. There are, it turns out, some two dozen prostaglandins, which are responsible for regulating a variety of bodily functions.

The mighty aspirin.

The painkilling pill of humble origins is a back-to-basics wonder drug.

A prostaglandin called pyrogen, for instance, acts as the switch for the physiological mechanism that cranks up body temperature, which explains why aspirin is so effective at lowering fevers. Likewise, when you smash your thumb with a hammer, it's a prostaglandin that activates the nerve endings in the mangled digit, making you howl like a child, while another prostaglandin opens your lymphatic vessels, causing the thumb to swell. If you can stop whimpering long enough to swallow a couple of aspirin, they will quiet the rabble-rousing prostaglandins and diminish both the pain and the inflammation.

A few years ago doctors discovered yet another benefit of aspirin, one that makes its better-known attributes pale in comparison. More than 2 million Americans have a stroke or heart attack every year; nearly a third of these victims die. Aspirin, as it happens, is particularly good at squelching the body's production of a prostaglandin called thromboxane, which causes platelets in the blood to become sticky and clump together into clots that can lodge in arteries constricted by cigarettes, french fries or the inevitable effects of aging.

In 1989 *The New England Journal of Medicine* published the results of a five-year study of more than 22,000 male physicians, none of whom had a history of heart disease or stroke. Half the group took an aspirin every other day; the other half took a placebo. At the conclusion of the study, the men who took aspirin had a 44 percent lower risk of heart attack than the men who didn't.

A 44 percent reduction in a major health problem is not to be taken lightly. Before you start gobbling aspirin by the fistful, though, small doses seem to be just as effective as large ones when it comes to the prevention of heart attacks. "For aspirin to do the job," says Dr. Greg Brown, a professor of medicine at the University of Washington Medical School, "you need to take only 80 milligrams a day. That's about a quarter of a regular-size tablet." But taking aspirin involves risks as well as benefits. It suppresses the prostaglandin that coats the stomach with protective mucus, so it is blamed for causing ulcers. And excessive aspirin use can beat up on your kidneys.

Aspirin will also make you drunk faster, which may or may not be a benefit, depending on your point of view. Apparently it suppresses a stomach enzyme that breaks down alcohol. So if you take aspirin before visiting your neighborhood watering hole, be forewarned that each drink you knock back is going to pack more punch.

There are several nonprescription drugs—most notably acetaminophen (better known as Tylenol or Panadol) and ibuprofen (sold as Advil, Nuprin and Motrin)—that act a lot like aspirin; in some instances these substitutes are safer. Acetaminophen tends to be easier on the stomach. But it doesn't work as an anti-inflammatory, and it causes liver damage in alcoholics. Ibuprofen seems to be significantly more effective than aspirin in treating dental pain, menstrual cramps and certain injuries, but it can be rough on the kidneys if used excessively. And unlike aspirin, neither acetaminophen nor ibuprofen reduces the risk of heart attacks or strokes.

So what, then, is the bottom line? If you're any kind of athlete, whether world-class or a weekend hacker, aspirin can do a lot to prevent the sort of soft-tissue inflammation that causes annoying overuse injuries—or, failing that, at least make them hurt a little less. If you're over 50, smoke, or have a history of heart problems, you would be crazy not to consult your doctor about taking aspirin as a prophylactic. It could save your life.

Surprisingly, Dr. Brown says, "I have a feeling that only about 20 percent of the American population who should be taking aspirin are. We're a nation in denial. We like to keep our heads in the sand until death taps us on the shoulder."

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MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

ATTACK OF THE CULTURE BABES

The latest feminist standard-bearer on the scene is Naomi Wolf, author of *Fire With Fire: The New Female Power and How It Will Change the 21st Century* and a similarly shallow 1991 tome called *The Beauty Myth*.

Now this limelight-loving woman has given birth to her own self-help movement called, shockingly, Culture Babes, just in time to hype *Fire*. Fifty or more of Wolf's high-achieving, overprivileged friends and followers are invited (via a hot-pink note sporting the CB logo) to hold court at expensive New York restaurants to engage in some industrial-strength "empowering." Or, to quote Wolf, to "eat excellent food, drink good wine, smoke by the window and play in the zeitgeist toy box." Our sources say these gatherings are more like a bunch of Armani-clad elitists with $350 haircuts wearily reciting what could be the CB pledge: "Pack a handgun. Reclaim your fierce dark side. Reunite the virgin and the whore and make lots of money."

STEVE DINNINO

But wait. Wolf decries "the amoral acquisitiveness of the yuppie Eighties." And that's not where all the double-talk ends. At its inception Culture Babes was meant to be altruistic. Wolf planned to build up a $20 million escrow account to back women's projects and gender-issue debates and to mount a feminist version of the *McLaughlin Group* starring guess who? But none of these idealistic dreams came true, and Wolf redefined the Culture Babes manifesto. Soon smart culture babes grew bitter. One says she cashed in her chips after Wolf's posh wedding to David Shipley, executive editor of *The New Republic*. She was astonished to hear all the exclamations over wedding gowns and wedding rings. And that, of course, is likely fodder for another Wolf book—on feminism and motherhood. Can the stork be the sweet bird of empowerment? Is Armani babywear Wolf's next "political" venture?

FRAT FLAP

You're having a frightening dream. You go back to your old fraternity on a Friday night during rush week, and something is terribly wrong. There are no cases of liquor on the porch, no kegs overflowing inside. "We all do dry rush now," one sober brother says. "Would you care to sign up for the acquaintance-rape workshop?"

Yes, the animal house is a dinosaur house now, and fraternities—even the ones with roots in good-old-boy country—look more like a quiver of straight arrows. College administrations and law enforcement have become less tolerant of Greek behavior in the past few years. Fraternities have been suspended, sued and even charged with crimes because of offensive songbooks, racist theme parties and incidents involving liquor, drugs and hazing rites. Lawyers at the national level have ordered change now.

That puts frats in a peculiar bind when it comes to pleasing alumni. "Alums are nostalgic about the bygone ways," says Berky Nelson, student activities director at UCLA. Current members fear the old boys won't keep sending checks if their frat house seems too politically correct. That's causing some houses to adopt a bizarre double standard—pretending to be hell-raisers for the grown-ups and acting like little Phil Donahues for their contemporaries.

ANGELIA DASKALAKIS

GOOD SPORTS

Men aren't the only ones playing the field. Women have discovered the joys of a game-saving tackle or a grand slam. In fact, according to Sports Marketing Group of Dallas, between 1989 and 1992 the popularity of all major sporting events shot up among adult women. The figures are impressive: 90 percent for hockey, 70 percent for NBA games, 45 percent for pro football and 40 percent for major league baseball (in spite of all that scratching, or maybe because of it). During the same years, men's appreciation of those sports increased only slightly, ranging from a one percent increase for the NFL to ten percent for the NBA.

Experts credit Billie Jean King. After she creamed Bobby Riggs in a ballyhooed tennis match in 1973, future Generation X girls realized that sports weren't just a guy thing. Nancy Lopez and Martina probably didn't hurt either. And since women admire a buffed male form, it's important not to underestimate the power of athletic sex appeal. So make room on the couch and save her a beer.

ONE-MINUTE BOOK EXCERPT

"Years ago, manhood was an opportunity for achievement, and now it is a problem to be overcome. Plato, St. Francis, Michelangelo, Mozart, Leonardo da Vinci, Vince Lombardi, Van Gogh—you don't find guys of that caliber today, and if there are any, they are not painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel or composing *Don Giovanni*. They are trying to be Mr. OK All Right, the man who can bake a cherry pie, go play basketball, come home, make melon balls and whip up a great soufflé, converse easily about intimate matters, participate in recreational weeping, laugh, hug, be vulnerable, be passionate in a skillful way and the next day go off and lift them bales into that barge and tote it. A guy who women consider acceptable.

"Back when our gender was running on all eight cylinders, women died for the love of us (e.g., Carmen *stabbed to death*, Butterfly *self-stabbed*, Tosca *self-hurled from parapet*, Brünnhilde *self-burned*, Aïda *self-buried*, Ophelia *swam after mealtime*)—those days are over. Now women watch us and monitor our conversations for signs of bad attitude; they grade us daily and, boys, we are in the wrong class. Men can never be feminists. Millions have tried and nobody did better than C-plus."

—FROM *The Book of Guys*, BY GARRISON KEILLOR

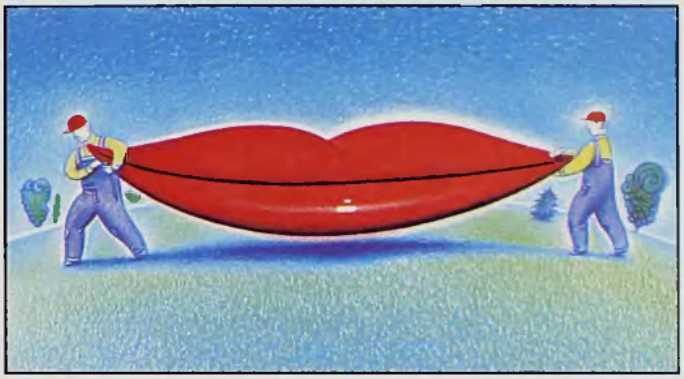
ANOTHER REASON THE MEN'S MOVEMENT FAILED

During his initiation into a group called Mountain Men Anonymous, an Oregon man lost his right eye when a friend tried to shoot a can off his head and missed, plunging an arrow deep into the man's brain. "I feel really stupid," admitted the victim. Doctors say he suffered no permanent brain damage. How could they tell?

VIP TO THE RESCUE

We all know what a VIP is, but now, thanks to researchers, those three letters might take on an important new meaning. According to *New Scientist* magazine, two Israeli scientists have developed a lotion, Stearyl-VIP, which could be a major step in treating impotence. A mixture of vasoactive intestinal peptide and stearic acid, Stearyl-VIP is rubbed on the penis, where it penetrates pores and enters blood vessels. The result: a bona fide erection. VIP has long been used to treat impotence, but because it's water-soluble, it had to be injected. The scientists combined it with fat-soluble stearic acid to turn it into a workable lotion. So far, it has been tested only on castrated rats, but scientists report it made those rats quite happy. Tests on humans should start in Israel soon.

DAN PICASSO



DAVE CALVER

LIP SERVICE

"The proliferation of channels of information and news outlets doesn't mean we're better informed. We're just ill-informed about more things."

—JIM GAINES, MANAGING EDITOR, *Time*

"Girls want grown men. Women know there's no such thing."

—JERRY SEINFELD

"I can't imagine that people get married and 30 years later they're still fucking each other, but maybe they do. Maybe we will now. I think once we get the cybersex thing going, it'll save a lot of marriages."

—BILLY IDOL

"I wore a long wig and a micromini. I was quite impressed with myself. It's actually a wonderful lesson if you're a man. Every man should try it. You don't realize the difference between a man and a woman until you try to be a woman."

—MICHAEL HUTCHENCE, LEAD SINGER OF INXS

YOUR MID-LIFE CRISIS VERSUS TED DANSON'S

Ted Danson's recent public blunders are matched for sheer stupidity only by the missteps of, say, officials at NASA. You might think Ted's mid-life crisis is strange, but that's because as a celeb he's living it large. He's actually no different from the rest of us. Here's proof.

No-Pain, No-Rogaine Phase

You: Sport new toupee at neighborhood barbecue. When wisecracks become too much to stand, drop your drawers in defiance and embarrass wife and kids in front of everyone.

Ted: Shows up at 1990 Emmy Awards without customary wig, sporting chrome dome. Later, says it's "an intellectual mooning of the world. Fuck you—kiss my bald spot."

Other-Woman Phase

You: Have tryst with young cocktail waitress whose T-shirt reads MADE IN AMERICA. Get home late; wife throws burnt roast at you.

Ted: Works with Whoopi Goldberg on set of movie *Made in America* in spring 1992. Stories circulate in Hollywood about a possible affair. Reportedly throws stuffed turkey during argument with his wife.

Withdrawal Phase

You: Quit your bowling league, which you have led for years.

Ted: In December 1992, pulls plug on long-running sitcom *Cheers*, for which he's paid $450,000 per episode.

Party-down Phase

You: Get drunk at office Christmas party in front of boss, co-workers. Next day beg to keep job.

Ted: Appears drunk on *The Tonight Show* during wrap party for *Cheers*, embarrasses himself in front of Jay Leno, Senator John Kerry and much of America. As an apology, sends flowers to Leno next day.

Split-Ends Phase

You: Separate from wife, move into nearby Motel 6. Lose 20 pounds on steady diet of corn chips and diet Pepsi.

Ted: Separates from wife, moves into new house in Santa Monica. Loses 20 pounds through chic regimen of fasting three days a month.

Workout Phase

You: Talk about emotions with guy on barstool next to you. Sprain ankle jogging outside Motel 6 in sorry attempt to get back in shape.

Ted: Sees therapist. Tears a ligament while on treadmill.

How-to-Lose-Friends Phase

You: Revisit cocktail waitress' bar; offend patrons by doing drunken karaoke-rap routine.

Ted: Shows up at Friars Club roast of Whoopi Goldberg in blackface; makes jokes about Whoopi's private parts; eats watermelon. Further humiliates himself in front of Mayor Dinkins, Montel Williams and Bobcat Goldthwait.

Hitting-Rock-Bottom Phase

You: While keeping up appearances at estranged wife's house, drive riding lawn mower into tree.

Ted: Gets in car accident. Wife picks him up at hospital.

Dead-End Phase

You: Break up with cocktail waitress, who has been dating local orthodontist; reconcile with wife.

Ted: Is dumped by Whoopi for local orthodontist; despite rumors of reconciliation with wife, engages in protracted divorce proceedings.

GUEST OPINION
BY FREDRIC HAYWARD

In the film *Serpico*, Al Pacino portrayed a New York cop who battled police corruption within his own department. The movie was based on the saga of Frank Serpico, who put his life on the line and took a bullet in the head. But what happened next to Serpico is also high drama—and it's an experience that could affect any man.

After he retired on a disability pension, Serpico became involved with a flight attendant. She decided she wanted to become a single mother and had Serpico unwittingly father her child. Surprisingly, there's nothing unusual about that. According to the men who contact Men's Rights, Inc., thousands of women have similarly told their lovers not to worry while they in fact secretly planned parenthood.

What made Serpico's experience unusual was that he established the fraud in court. Apparently, the mother-to-be had bragged of her "don't worry, I'm on the pill" strategy to witnesses, and the judge believed their testimony. But that didn't stop another judge from awarding virtually all of Serpico's pension as child support.

Even though he lost most of his pension, Serpico was one of the lucky ones. A man we'll call John was informed, via a paternity suit, that a one-night stand eight years earlier had produced a daughter. "This woman came on to me at a party, and we agreed to sex. When she found she was pregnant, she decided on her own to become a mother. Why should I have to pay for a decision that she made unilaterally?"

John was outraged. "I also resent that I was denied any possible relationship with my child. A woman can decide not to be a parent, and she can decide to be a parent. I'm a wallet. Nothing more, nothing less." Not only was John obligated to pay future child support, he was also hit with eight years' worth of past expenses. Until he pays the entire bill, he's legally classified as a deadbeat dad.

And John is fortunate compared with Rick, whose lover surrendered their son for adoption. Rick learned that California law, in effect, considers a child to be the property of his or her mother, to be raised according to her wishes.

Because women are given an array of choices while men have almost none at all, the list of scenarios in which men are victimized by double standards is a long one. Even before *Roe vs. Wade*, mothers were free to surrender their children for adoption while incurring no future obligation. A father, however, must be prepared to support whatever choices the mother makes, and to adjust his emotions accordingly. He might be expected to love his children for life or discard them, depending on her decision.

Had the mother of Rick's son changed her mind about the adoption a few months later, the same court that had earlier dismissed his claims of parenthood would suddenly have asserted the enduring sanctity of parenthood—to the tune of 18 to 21 years of child support.

There's a big problem with paternity suits that needs to be discussed. It might take two to conceive an embryo, but having a baby is a conscious and voluntary step taken by the mother alone. Some equal rights advocates say it's time for women to take responsibility—financial and otherwise—for their decisions.

Today, the man who says "I don't want this unborn child, but someone else does. Let them take care of it" is placed on a lower moral level than the woman who says "I don't want this unborn child, and I don't care who does. I'll get an abortion." If murderous moms is too harsh a name for the latter group, then perhaps deadbeat dads is unfair to the former.

DON'T MEN DESERVE A CHOICE?

Of course, there's no question that men should make better use of contraceptives. But even men who use condoms diligently are denied any options after an unplanned conception, while a woman who uses no birth control retains her freedom of choice. Obviously, some men avoid child support by violating the law and going underground. But if women were denied a legal avenue to avoid parenting an unwanted child, no one disputes that many women would also violate the law and go to back-alley abortionists.

Karen DeCrow, former president of the National Organization for Women, saw the connection between legalizing abortion and ending paternity suits. Giving men their own choices would not deny choices to women. It would only eliminate their expectation of having those choices financed by men. She joined Serpico's defense team and summarized the issue in simple terms: "If women have the right to choose if they become parents, men have that right, too."

Unfortunately, many feminist leaders don't share DeCrow's opinion. Marjory Fields, who co-chaired the New York Governor's Task Force on Domestic Violence during Serpico's trial, articulated a prevailing feminist view: "If he were that opposed to having children, he should have been sterilized."

Her declaration sounds suspiciously antichoice. Indeed, every defense of paternity suits is essentially just a slight rewording of some antichoice argument. It's hard to be prochoice (for women) and antichoice (for men) without being hypocritical. Millions of men know the trapped, powerless feeling when an unwanted pregnancy occurs and their fate is beyond their control. It is the same feeling of unwanted parenthood that women have justifiably refused to bear.

Oddly, most men do not share women's sense of indignation over this feeling. We seem swayed by chivalrous guilt that the pregnancy was our fault, and by sexist stereotypes that real men are always prepared to take responsibility. More and more men, however, are beginning to demand for themselves the same choices about their parental destiny that women have felt free to make for more than 20 years.

Fredric Hayward is the executive director of Men's Rights, Inc.

MEN

By ASA BABER

You have probably heard charges of male incompetence in the workplace: Men don't listen, men interrupt, men mistake simple attentiveness for admiration, men take credit for ideas that are not theirs.

Then again, you may have heard similar charges about women in the workplace: Women smile and approve of what men say only to reject their ideas after they have left the room, women don't stick up for themselves and then get hysterical about it, women are weak negotiators as well as overly sensitive about professional decorum and are therefore difficult to work with or trust.

What's going on here? Are all of us, men and women, treacherous and deceitful people who continually throw obstacles in the path of the opposite sex? Or do both sexes believe they are behaving appropriately, but neither can speak the other's language? Is it possible that we live in a state of sexual illiteracy?

Jayne Tear thinks so. "There are very few villains in today's workplace," she says. "But because men and women do not speak the same language, there are many villainous outcomes."

A native New Yorker with an M.A. in clinical psychology, Tear is a consultant who gives seminars, lectures and workshops on what she calls gender dynamics. She is one of the most experienced people in this relatively new field (Tear has been working this territory for more than a decade), and what she says appeals to me—especially because her message is not one of guilt and shame and accusation. The men and women who listen to Tear are not admitting to insensitivity or oversensitivity. They are simply updating their professional skills.

"I am not here to tell people what to think or feel," Tear says of her seminars. "I am not here to moralize or raise consciousness. There is only one issue on my agenda: What is—and what is not—appropriate professional behavior between men and women. I teach behavioral skills, and I begin by teaching men and women to become bilingual. Habits of language and style often fall along gender lines. We have to learn how to read each other better."

According to Tear, there are male styles and female styles of doing things, and each gender tends to misinterpret

ROBERT PASSANTINO

LET'S GET LITERATE

the other's actions. Out of that misinterpretation comes the tension and inefficiency that can infect a company's personnel.

Take the subject of listening. Again, you know the stereotypes: Men don't listen, men don't get it; women know how to listen, they care, they nurture. But for Tear, these stereotypes hide the truth: Men and women listen equally well, but they listen differently.

"No data show that one sex takes in more information than the other while listening," says Tear. "But men and women behave differently when they listen, and that can lead to misunderstanding. For example, women are likely to maintain eye contact with the speaker and smile and nod. They are not necessarily indicating agreement when they do this, but many men think they are. So the men go on talking, thinking they are being brilliant, and the women go on smiling. The conflict has already begun."

Tear's description of how men listen fits me and most of the men I know. "Men tend to do several things at once while they listen. Men don't smile as much as women, they drop eye contact, they shuffle papers and get on the intercom and fidget. But women can misinterpret this behavior as rudeness or a failure to listen. So they label the men as insensitive."

Tear talks about the differences in the ways men and women interrupt each other in meetings. She starts with the idea that men always interrupt and women never do. That, she says, is ridiculous. Both sexes interrupt, but not at the same time or in the same style.

"In male conversational style, all a man is saying when he interrupts is 'It's my turn.' But in female conversational style, constant interrupting is not a standard mechanism. Women pause more frequently. And they wait for a pause in order to speak. Men often mistake this behavior as a sign of passivity, but it is simply a matter of linguistic habit. Women will interrupt when they feel an urgency. When forced to interrupt because there are no pauses, their sense of urgency can be misinterpreted by men as unprofessional behavior. We do not read each other well. Men hear a pause and jump in to talk. In their minds, that's not aggression. It's just their turn with the ball. But women can see that technique as bullying." It is important for men and women to know that all men aren't bullies and all women aren't passive hysterics. Sad to say, we chronically misinterpret each other's interruption styles.

What I have learned from Jayne Tear is to examine the signals of the opposite sex more closely before I make a judgment. And I am looking for that same kind of sexual literacy from the men and women I meet. I'll pause more in conversation; you jump in more frequently and represent yourself. I'll not assume you approve of me because you smile at me; don't assume that I'm being rude if I look away or walk around the room. And maybe, just maybe, we can stop making the accusations that damage and the snap judgments that kill.

Tear is both hopeful and concerned about the attention that our culture is giving to gender dynamics. "Organizations can't make the transition from male to male-female cultures without addressing everyday conversation," she says. "Men and women have the right to be taught the skills that allow them to interact every day in a manner that is courteous, professional and relaxed. When that happens, attitudes will change."

Let's get literate. And get along.

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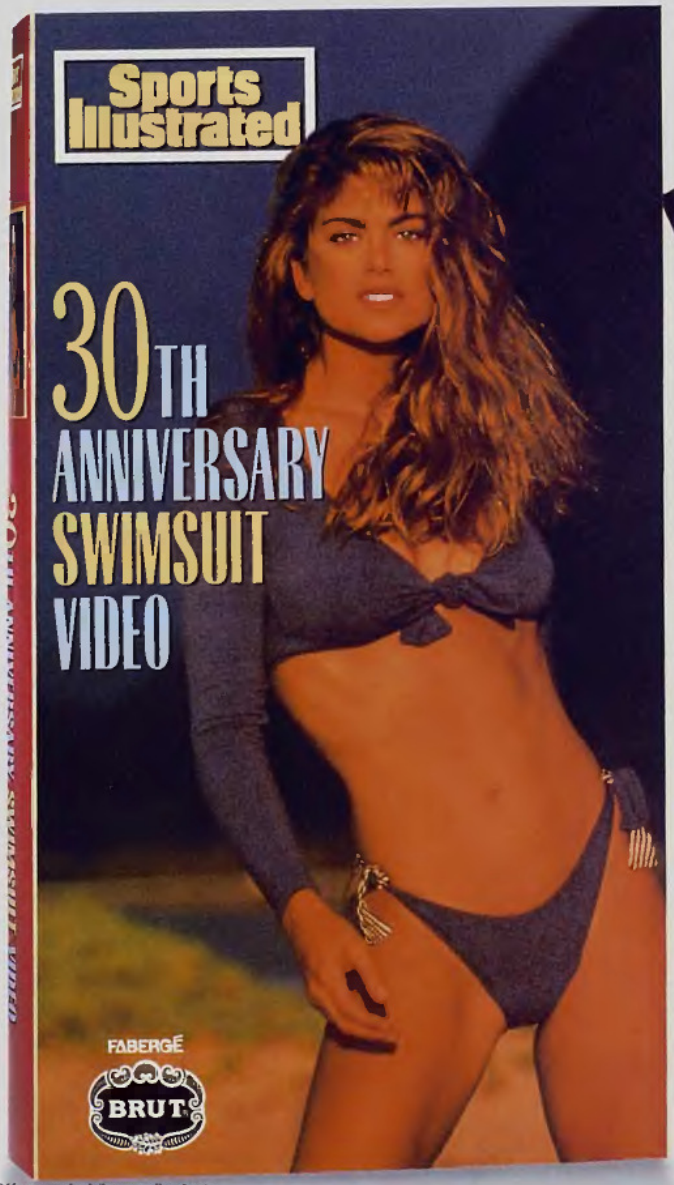

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

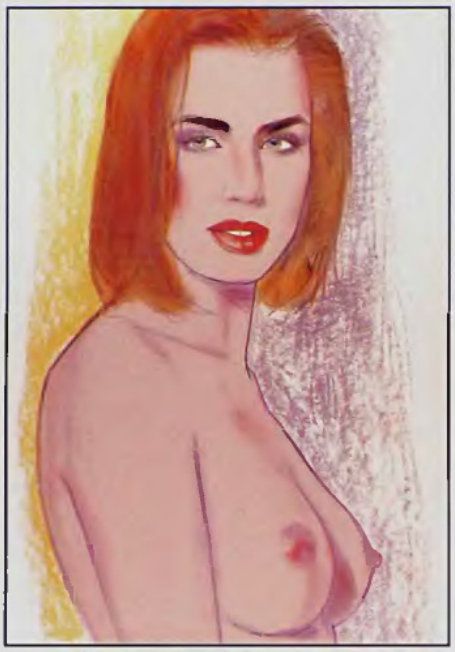
I'm always on the lookout for new ways to make love, but it seems that I've run out of ideas. Any suggestions?—F. W., Alexandria, Virginia.

Give a man a fish, you feed him for one day. Teach a man to fish, you feed him for a lifetime. Teach a man to fuck and he'll give up fishing forever. What you need is a short course in creative thinking. Start with the basic variations: If you usually close your eyes as you approach orgasm, next time look your partner in the eye. Like to have sex in a parked car? Try it in one that's moving. Like to have sex in the dark on a comfy bed? Try lovemaking on a high-backed chair under a spotlight. Another approach is to exaggerate one aspect of lovemaking: Pretend the area behind your lover's knee is the entire sexual universe. Spend a long afternoon there. Or take away one of the ingredients and see what's left. Wear a blindfold. Make love without using your hands. Tell your partner she cannot move. Finally, do the same old in new locations—after a Broadway play, in a hotel suite with room service. Sometimes the ideas that produce the best sex happen outside the sex act.

A few months ago, you told a reader that he'd be surprised how often you get requests for information on how to make a dildo from one's own penis. You suggested talking to a dentist about casting materials. There's something better. Bodyparts Lifecasting is available from Flax Art & Design (800-547-7778). People use it to make casts of their kids' hands and feet, or to make furniture out of reproduced noses, ears, feet, whatever. You make a flexible mold, remove it, then fill it with a plaster-like material for rigid parts. Or you can pour the original mold material into the shape for a flexible part. The mold material is a latex-like substance that feels like soft skin, so supple reproductions of breasts are possible. It sets up fast enough to get all the detail you could possibly want from your subject. The $24 kit has sufficient material to reproduce the largest of individual parts. The company also sells faux-marbleizing kits that allow you to make your rigid reproductions look like fine Italian marble. And it is fun to work with.—B. T., Atlanta, Georgia.

Thanks for the lead. We can see all sorts of uses for creative cloning of body parts. Say you are dating Lorena Bobbitt. It might pay to have a cast of what your penis used to look like. Actually, we ordered some and tested it. It is fun. Ridiculous, but fun. Now, about that faux-marble kit. . . .

For years I've been listening to techno-nerds rave about the information highway, about being able to link up to a vast



network of big computers and smaller PCs. If you are a college student you can use the computers on campus to download tons of stuff. Ditto if you work for a research company. But is there a way for the regular citizen to explore cyberspace?—D. E., Chicago, Illinois.

We're not sure we want to share this. There are already traffic jams on Internet. But now you, too, can hitchhike on the information highway. Delphi, an online service that is based in Cambridge, Massachusetts (800-695-4005), offers access to the Internet after six P.M. *and on weekends. (Stock up on coffee—you'll soon be losing a lot of sleep.) One of the start-up program charges is $10 per month for four hours of use, plus a $3 Internet surcharge.*

Having developed a taste for designer eyeglass frames—especially the retro look that's in these days—I'm in danger of going broke. Some of the prices are outrageous. I often wonder if I am paying for the designer's name rather than for the quality of the eyeglasses. Any hints?—M. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

The real differences are not always visible to the naked—or, in your case, myopic—eye. Quality frames have better-grade metals and hinges and more secure solder points. Plastic frames should be made from sheet plastic rather than poured plastic. (Check the hinges at the temples. If the plastic is buckled around the hinges or if the bevel surface is highly polished rather than mat, take a pass.) Since you favor the retro look, you might consider browsing antique stores for old frames. An optician can grind lenses to fit any frame. Look for ones that are made of high-quality metal with bone or ivory nose pads. Make sure the temples match and that nothing is cracked or missing; you will probably not be able to find a replacement. Antique frames typically cost much less, but then you don't get to have someone else's name on your face.

I plan to do some spring skiing out West and need to update my wardrobe. What are the advantages of one-piece outfits over the traditional pants and parka?—J. P., Kansas City, Missouri.

Modular outfits make up about 70 percent of the ski apparel market, which means that 70 percent of skiers haven't figured out how to dress. One-piece suits are the best attire for deep powder (no snow creeping up your midriff) and spring skiing (when you need just a shell over some sweat-wicking light underwear). The primary advantage is freedom of movement—one-piece outfits are less bulky. You can choose from the fashionable (Bogner, Killy) or the high-tech (North Face, Degre 7). The choice in shell material and lining should reflect your normal skiing weather. You might want to do some reading before buying. Degre 7 offers an informative catalog explaining the difference in materials in its line of technically advanced clothing (800-877-3347).

A friend was telling me that he heard about a new video satellite system that uses a dish about the size of a large pizza. Could you fill me in on the details?—C. A., Palo Alto, California.

It's more the size of a family-style pizza, but if you have an appetite for serious home theater, then the Digital Satellite System you're referring to is definitely worth ordering. A partnership between Hughes Aircraft, RCA and United States Satellite Broadcasting System, DSS will offer subscribers 150 channels of programming by Labor Day, including current cable fare such as CNN, HBO and ESPN. It'll cost you about $700 for the RCA dish and $8 and up a month in subscriber fees, depending on the channels you choose. But it's worth the price of admission, as you get a laser-disc-quality digital picture and CD sound.

What, if any, is the advantage to using a travel agent when I want to fly, or should I deal directly with the airline?—B. K.,Washington, D.C.

Aside from all the other things travel agents do, such as planning itineraries with one-stop shopping, booking airline tickets through them can be advantageous. Because many travel agents are hooked directly to the airlines' computer systems, they can provide the essentials—boarding passes, seat selection, etc. They can also offer you the best deals on all airlines. If your flight is canceled or delayed, you can call your agent rather than wait in line for the airline's help. Travel agents have been known to upgrade their

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

best customers, even on overseas flights, at no charge.

In the November *Advisor* a 25-year-old man inquired about music that could be used for seduction. You listed a variety of songs and musical styles that were virtually all from the late 20th century. As a classically trained musician I found that disturbing. Here is a short list of orchestra music that I have found highly successful in just such matters: *Romeo and Juliet* by Pyotr Ilich Tchaikovsky, *Nimrod* from the *Enigma Variations* by Edward Elgar, *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis* by Ralph Vaughan Williams, *Scheherazade* by Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov, *Vorspiel und Liebestod* from the opera *Tristan und Isolde* by Richard Wagner, *Adagio for Strings* by Samuel Barber, *Adagietto* from Gustav Mahler's Fifth Symphony, *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune* and *La Mer* by Claude Debussy and *Fantasy for Piano, Choir and Orchestra* by Ludwig van Beethoven. It would be ludicrous to limit ourselves to mere pop styles when seeking to entangle ourselves with one another. Although I just turned 27, I find more seductive power in Beethoven than I ever have in Pearl Jam.—R. A., Gilbert, Arizona.

Thanks for the jukebox. We once knew a music professor who measured the passion in the music by the number of offspring sired by the composer (Bach rutted like a weasel). Another critic suggests looking at pictures of composer's wives to see what kind of distaff admirers the music attracts. Whatever works for you.

My girlfriend and I live in the dorms at school. We have sex in my room because her roommates are always around. My roommate has begun to tape-record my girlfriend and me making love. I've caught him playing the tape to his friends. When I ask him to stop, he tells me to have sex someplace else. We have nowhere else to go. What should I do?—T. M., Cortland, New York.

Ask for a copy of the tape. Although we don't care for his tactics, he has your attention. It's his room, too. Work out a timeshare schedule for the room (a cassette tied to the doorknob means the room is in use). Or fix him up with one of your girlfriend's roomies. We think you should explore new places to have sex. Put your young imagination to work. You're on a college campus, so why not try the stadium bleachers, the steam room at the gym, the study carrels in the library or the choir loft in the chapel? You have access to all sorts of nooks and crannies. Use 'em.

Although my boyfriend and I have been together for four years, recently we have been having sex less often. He swears he is still sexually attracted to me and is in love with me. Why, then, does he masturbate when we can have sex? He asks me to go to the store and masturbates while I'm gone. Or he masturbates in bed while I'm in the shower. I know it's normal, but it seems that he would rather jerk himself off than be with me. When we do have sex, it is good.—P. T., Carrboro, North Carolina.

You are selling yourself and your love life short. Next time you go to the store, keep going.

I'm only 30 and I have love handles. I watch what I eat, but it doesn't help. I have done sit-ups; now I have muscles under my love handles. I'm not rich, but is there an exercise machine I can buy? I work ten hours a day, six days a week, so a gym is out.—T. S., Sarasota, Florida.

A pound of flesh represents some 3500 unused calories. To get rid of it you have to exercise. Fit exercise into your commute: Ride a bicycle to work. Or buy a rowing, ski or step machine, treadmill or exercise bike and sweat your way through a rental movie—something with a lot of action.

Part of my fabulous sex life with my girlfriend includes her using vibrators and dildos on me. She calls this prostate massage and has purchased a number of specially designed anal vibrators and creams to accompany this practice. At first I thought it was weird, but after a while I started enjoying it. She is very safe, gentle and discreet, so I don't feel that my health is at risk. To ensure cleanliness, I give myself an enema each day. Is that dangerous?—L. J., Pacifica, California.

Forget the enemas. Just wash the toys.

I am a 20-year-old college student with a beautiful girlfriend who respects me. There is one problem. I want to have sex with every beautiful woman I see. My girlfriend and I have great sex, so what the hell is it? Will I ever slow down?—S. S., Bourbonnais, Illinois.

It's normal to find a lot of women attractive. A writer once said he could walk into a room and imagine having sex with 98 percent of the women there, or rather, imagine a sequence of events (conversations, lunches, spontaneous gestures) that would lead to the possibility of sex. You could say that this is treating women as sex objects, or you could say that sexual imagination is one of the most powerful life forces around. There is, however, a difference between recognizing the sexual potential of strangers and acting on it. This is what youth is for. Of course, you have to weigh the benefits of reckless abandon. You can learn more about sex from a single lover over time than you can from thousands of one-night stands. See where the sexual relationship with your lover leads. If it's not satisfying, you're free to move on.

My boyfriend of seven years and I have a great sex life, except for one thing. He gets really turned on by my masturbating in front of him. I just can't bring myself to do it, as much as I want to please him. How can I get over my fear and begin to satisfy us both?—L. C., West Palm Beach, Florida.

Watching someone masturbate is more revealing than having sex with them. Indeed, it may be the most intimate act possible between two lovers—to show naked appetite and absolute control. Consider this: Are you uncomfortable masturbating when you are alone? If so, you are probably uncomfortable with that part of your body. Get acquainted. Look at yourself in the mirror when you masturbate. Another way to take the pressure off is to watch each other. Challenge each other to a race. Or sit on either side of a table, so you can't see what the other is doing. See if you can judge by facial expression alone where your partner is on this roller coaster.

Last year I bought a fedora to wear to work in cold weather. Now I have several hat etiquette questions. Do I keep my hat on while in a car or a bus commuting downtown to work? Do I remove my hat upon entering my work building or wait until I reach my office? Where does my hat go when I'm dining at a restaurant?—C. P., Chicago, Illinois.

You can keep your hat on during the ride to work, but it's preferable to remove it upon entering the building. Check your hat upon entering a restaurant, just as you would check your coat.

I've just started my first job, and I am in love with my supervisor's wife. We have rough and passionate sex every chance we get. One night, he walked in on us while we were making love. Amazingly, he was not angry—he said he's known about it all along. He insisted we keep meeting and having sex, as long as he could watch. Should I get out, or enjoy the great sex while I can?—F. A., Chico, California.

You're young. We suspect that prior to this, your sexual experience has been limited to one-on-one encounters. If you let her husband watch, you are no longer having sex with each other, but for someone else. An audience changes the nature of anything—be it singing or sex. If you're still able to perform under such circumstances, more power to you. Our guess is that these two have done this before. If you hang in there, you're bound to learn a lot of weird shit.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT'S FULL-COURT PRESS

pat robertson and company wield the first amendment in weird ways

Imagine walking into your supermarket and asking for two of the plumpest pork chops in the display case, only to be turned away because the butcher is an Orthodox Jew who will not handle swine. Frustrated, you grab a cold six-pack and walk to the checkout line. "I'm sorry," says the cashier, "but I think alcohol is sinful and I just won't ring it up, even though it's legal and you are clearly of age."

JANE FISHER

You seek out the manager to complain. You find him clearing the shelves of beef jerky. "What can I tell you?" says the fellow, a devout Hindu, tossing another box of Slim Jims into the trash. "I can't take people off the job for upholding religious principles. It's the law."

Crazy, right? Pat Robertson doesn't think so, and he's gone to court to make his point. If the Virginia preacher has his way, a thin lever of constitutional law could be used to overturn both freedom of choice and common sense, creating a kind of multicultural chaos in the marketplace.

The case in question pits Delores Stanley, an Ohio woman who was employed as the manager of a Dairy Mart convenience store, against corporate management. Stanley says she disapproves of magazines such as PLAYBOY on religious grounds, and so refused to sell them at her outlet. When Dairy Mart insisted that she carry the chain's standard inventory, Stanley sued the company for violating her religious liberty. She also filed sex discrimination and sexual harassment charges.

Remember, nobody forced her to read the magazines, to have them in her home or to work at Dairy Mart in the first place. But Stanley, represented by a lawyer from Robertson's staff, will get her day in federal court.

The Dairy Mart case is just one item on Robertson's crowded docket, and it exemplifies the way he uses the courts to impose his beliefs on the rest of society. Stealing a page from the civil rights movement of the Fifties and Sixties, he aims to use legal victories to advance an agenda that his presidential campaign and political machine have not been able to carry out.

Employing a staff of 20 attorneys, Robertson's American Center for Law and Justice represents clients across the country and before the Supreme Court, from Operation Rescue protesters to school prayer proponents. The goal, as expressed by ACLJ chief counsel Jay Sekulow, is to "reclaim the culture for Christ."

Robertson, himself a Yale Law graduate, is not alone in his approach to the bar. Other groups, notably the Rutherford Institute of Charlottesville, Virginia, and the Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association, work much the same territory. It's a cozy business in which lawyers jump from one organization to another, often bringing cases with them. Now, with the ACLJ moving to the forefront on the strength of Robertson's media knowledge and fund-raising clout, the movement has come of age. Call it Christian legal activism, an inevitability in a land where "My lawyer can beat up your lawyer" has become the national battle cry.

By EDWARD F. CONE

Robertson and company claim they are out to safeguard the free exercise of religion guaranteed by the First Amendment. "We're a SWAT team of freedom fighters poised and eager to defend [religious] rights," declaims Sekulow in a press release. John Whitehead, founder and president of the Rutherford Institute, describes his organization as "a civil liberties group helping to defend religious people who find themselves in conflict with the state."

What shape do these conflicts take? Many strike the chord of individual freedom. Should a school have the right to take away a grade-schooler's Bible? Should the state force a landlord to rent to an unmarried couple if "living in sin" goes against his or her religion? What weight do we give to property rights, to religious beliefs?

How would you argue this case if, instead of cohabitants, the would-be renters were black or Jewish?

Many people view the wall that

separates church and state as a means of protecting individuals from a meddlesome state. But who protects the state from religious zealots? The line is not always clear. Some of these cases have the appearance of government discrimination against the individual based on his or her religious views.

Hoping to find the next test case with which to challenge existing establishment practice, ACLJ chief Sekulow has sent a series of letters to school superintendents around the country, urging them to push school prayer and offering his legal services. Sekulow wants them to include prayer throughout the school day, from the voluntary, student-led prayer at graduations recently upheld by the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals to after-school meetings and then into the classroom.

Other cases handled by the ACLJ fit less comfortably into a coherent strategy and leave open a range of unintended consequences. Consider the continuing travails of the Woodland Joint Unified School District, near Sacramento, which is being sued over a reading series called *Impressions*. The case was heard last October before the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco.

Plaintiffs Douglas and Katherine Brown complained that *Impressions* promotes the witchcraft religion of Wicca and thus violates the Establishment clause of the First Amendment. Their evidence is skimpy at best. Doug Brown has testified that a drawing of a witch on a vacuum cleaner is a veiled reference to a pagan rite, with the vacuum standing in for the devil's dingus. Katherine Brown, worried that schoolchildren are being proselytized to witchcraft by learning "magic," said she couldn't be sure that "Rain, rain, go away. Come again another day" wasn't a spell.

Now, it's the right of anybody in this great country to live in fear of *Bewitched* reruns, but imposing such a sweeping definition of religious material by law would bring pandemonium. What else would qualify as establishing a particular faith? In North Carolina, where basketball is said to be a religion, would kids be allowed to yell "miss it" when players from the visiting team stepped to the free-throw line, or would that constitute a hex?

Like the Dairy Mart case, the Woodland suit came to the ACLJ when its prosecuting attorney, Benjamin Bull, jumped to Robertson's group from the Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association Law Center. (Bull's résumé includes a stint at savings-and-loan bandit Charles Keating's antiporn organization.) Although the legal maneuvering may sound funny to outsiders, the *Impressions* case has serious implications.

"A win on *Impressions* could significantly change Establishment clause law," warns Deamma Duby, deputy legal director at People for the American Way. By claiming that everyone else's church is pushed through public schools, the religious right can crowd its version in, too.

The stakes are also high for the people involved. Robertson and company can pursue these cases indefinitely. Not so their opponents. "The Woodland district is strapped for money," says Paul Friedman, a partner at the San Francisco office of Morrison & Foerster, which has done hundreds of hours of pro bono work on the case. "They could not have afforded to win this case on their own." Adds Margaret Grissom, mother of two kids in the district, "Our schools are almost broke. We're being held hostage." How many school systems take a pass on *Impressions* rather than foot the bill for a dogfight with the ACLJ?

With smaller organizations operating around the country, including a successor to Keating's old group in Phoenix and a Virginia Beach firm active on behalf of the Colorado antihomosexual statute, the phenomenon of Christian legal activism is picking up steam. And Robertson is already planting the seeds of the next generation: His Regent University Law School, despite suffering recent accreditation woes, is churning out new advocates ready to make schools safe from witches and open to prayer.

FREEDOM of RELIGION

quotations from the oxford dictionary of american legal quotations

Believing with you that religion is a matter which lies solely between man and his God, that he owes account to none other for his faith or his worship, that the legislative powers of government reach actions only, and not opinions, I contemplate with sovereign reverence that act of the whole American people which declared that their legislature should "make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," thus building a wall of separation between church and State.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON, IN A REPLY TO THE DANBURY, CONNECTICUT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, 1802

The realm of religion is where knowledge leaves off, and where faith begins, and it never has needed the arm of the state for support, and wherever it has received it, it has harmed both the public and the religion that it would pretend to serve.

—CLARENCE DARROW, 1927

The First Amendment grew out of an experience which taught that society cannot trust the conscience of a majority to keep its religious zeal within the limits that a free society can tolerate. I do not think it any more intended to leave the conscience of a minority to fix its limits. Civil government cannot let any group ride roughshod over others simply because their "consciences" tell them to do so.

—SUPREME COURT JUSTICE ROBERT H. JACKSON, 1943

Some who profess belief in the Bible read literally what others read as allegory or metaphor, as they read Aesop's fables. Religious symbolism is even used by some with the same mental reservations one has in teaching Santa Claus or Uncle Sam or Easter bunnies or dispassionate judges.

—SUPREME COURT JUSTICE ROBERT H. JACKSON, 1944

We sponsor an attitude on the part of government that shows no partiality to any one group and that lets each flourish according to the zeal of its adherents and the appeal of its dogma.

—SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, 1952

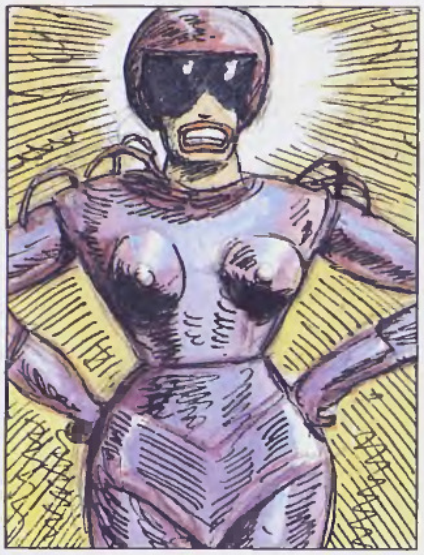
The First Amendment protects one against action by the government, though even then, not in all circumstances; but it gives no one the right to insist that in pursuit of their own interests others must conform their conduct to his own religious necessities. —JUDGE LEARNED HAND, 1953

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WONDER WOMEN?

TORONTO—*The Canadian censors who have their hands full keeping their country safe from sexually explicit books and magazines now have another worry: a comput-*



er game with an upgrade that includes female combatants with bare breasts. Some members of Ontario's parliament and attorney general's office are protesting Megatech Software's Metal & Lace: The Battle of the Robo Babes because the five-dollar upgrade allows players to get the NR-18 version of the game, in which the babes play topless rather than simply end up that way in the usual bloody manner. Which begs the question: Is nudity more dangerous to the minds of Canadian youth than is violent death?

IF THE CONDOM FITS

LONDON—*A British survey disclosed that nearly one in five men find the standard 50–54mm condom too snug, and that three fourths of those men have problems with roll-off. Apparently, the ring of the condom hangs up in the vaginal opening, and with repeated movement, the condom rolls itself back up. This shows a need for condoms in more than one size, says an author of the study. A skeptical American doctor noted that just as many men claim that a 65mm condom is too snug and remarked, "The problem is not that the standard condom is too small for the vast majority of men, but that their egos are too big."*

SCHOOL OAZE

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA—*The 1991 edition of the University of Southwestern Louisiana's yearbook, "L'Acadien," includes a topless woman and man eating spaghetti, a dog on an American flag and other controversial photos, and was aptly titled "A Shock to the System," judging from the row it generated. Editor Jeff Gremillion weathered the storm and even was approved as editor for the 1992 edition by the school's communications committee. Ignoring the committee, the USL administration advised Gremillion that he was out—despite the first-place award that "Shock" received from the Associated Collegiate Press. Now Gremillion is off to graduate school at Columbia University, but he has left behind an ACLU lawyer pressing his lawsuit for one year's salary of about $7500, a public admittance of wrongdoing from the administration and a revision of the editor selection process.*

COURT-ORDERED S&M

GEORGETOWN, GUYANA—*A local magistrate "enslaved" a man who socked his wife after she caught him in bed with another woman. The cheating husband was ordered to do his wife's bidding while he awaited sentencing. The court said, "If she orders you to sleep under the bed, you do just that."*

RETRO THINKING

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK—*A professor at the University of New Brunswick, writing in the student newspaper, had the temerity to suggest that date rape is a natural outlet for the sexual needs of modern young men. The assistant mathematics professor blamed the problem on changing social conventions that have reduced traditional controls on "the male's drive for sex." Then he made matters worse by suggesting that rape is traumatic only for virtuous women who consider sex outside marriage a sin.*

LONDON—*A series of related cases: A judge incurred the wrath of reformers by deciding that date rape after a nice dinner is less serious than rape by a stranger. A few months earlier a 72-year-old judge commented that an eight-year-old victim of sexual assault was "not entirely an angel," while a 62-year-old jurist in another case freed a teenage rapist after suggesting that his 15-year-old victim could "get over the trauma" by going on a holiday.*

MOST WANTED: DNA

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The legal community still has some objections, but DNA data bases have become an identification tool that can indicate innocence or guilt with a greater degree of confidence than can fingerprints alone. In 1993 an inmate was freed from a Maryland prison after DNA tests exonerated him in the rape and murder of a child some nine years earlier. Now a Virginia man has been charged with a rape committed last year on the basis of a DNA sample taken when he was in prison for another rape in 1979. The ACLU considers the establishment of DNA data bases a potential invasion of privacy, and the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers has raised questions of reliability and quality control.*

FREEDOM OF EATS

MINNEAPOLIS—*A trademark infringement case has pitted General Mills against the diminutive Gag Foods Co. The problem? According to the corporate giant,*

Gag Foods is unlawfully making fun of Hamburger Helper by marketing Roadkill Helper. The guys at Gag are claiming a First Amendment right to sell their parody product, which consists of a mostly empty box with a handful of macaroni inside.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

READER

A SWIFT KICK

In response to Paul Porter's statement, "It's time to kick religion out of government and back into the church" ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, December): How does he propose we do this? By professing no belief in God? That's atheism, and that's a religion. Or no belief in religion—which is also a religion called secularism? We could claim historical amnesia, but that would lean more toward a disease than anything else. I'll let John Quincy Adams sum it up for Porter: "The highest glory of the American Revolution was this: It connected in one indissoluble bond the principles of civil government with the principles of Christianity."

Everett Jackson
Detroit, Michigan

You confuse religion with doctrine. Subscribing to the principles of a religion is not the same as accepting the religion. Believing that killing is wrong doesn't make one a Christian any more than being a Christian makes one a pacifist. The Crusades bear witness to that.

FOR THE RECORD

MICHELANGELO REVISED

"When we first heard about it, naturally we thought it was some kind of joke. Would the Motion Picture Association of America say the Vatican is for mature audiences only?"

—DEAN BLAGG, FROM IKON CREATIVE SERVICES, WHICH CREATED THE PREVIEW FOR *Six Degrees of Separation*, ON THE MPAA'S CENSORSHIP OF THE PREVIEW BECAUSE OF A FULL-FRONTAL NUDE DETAIL FROM MICHELANGELO'S SISTINE CHAPEL FRESCO

GUN CONTROL

So the Brady Bill has been passed, and we can all rest easier in our beds, right? Wrong. People could get liquor during Prohibition, anyone can buy illegal drugs in any city in the country and if guns are banned, they will still be obtained illegally. Call me a fanatic, but I believe rehabilitation has failed, for the most part. Take the woodworking shops and color TVs away from prisoners and put them on roadside cleanup. Give convicted murderers one automatic appeal for a death penalty, then execute them. Let's not wait ten or 12 years and let taxpayers feed, clothe and doctor them while Sarah Brady fights to take firearms away from law-abiding citizens.

Zane Blackwell
Eden, Texas

We should not expect too much from the Brady Act and its waiting period. No convincing evidence exists that a police check on handgun buyers reduces violent crime. Despite the political debate, the Brady Act is not geared toward accomplishing much beyond the symbolic gesture. Until it evolves into the NRA's alternative—an instant telephone background check—the act will impose a five-business-day waiting period prior to the dealer transfers of handguns in states that currently do not have background checks. Thus, states such as New York, Illinois and California are basically unaffected. Similarly, nearly two thirds of the U.S. population will be largely unaffected because of existing state background checks or longer waiting periods. Since interstate sales and sales to minors are already proscribed by federal law, the Brady Act is unlikely to affect any existing problems.

The act also states that, during the wait, local authorities are to run background checks on prospective handgun buyers. But the Justice Department has testified—and the Supreme Court has consistently held—that the Constitution prohibits Congress from compelling state or local authorities to do such things, so the command to conduct a possibly expensive background check is either exhortatory or unconstitutional. Since 90 percent of violent crime in America does not involve handguns, and only about one-twelfth of repeat, gun-wielding violent criminals obtain handguns directly or indirectly from licensed dealers, the Brady Act is not really aimed at endemic violence, and it is unlikely to affect the epidemic of violence in our central cities. Just as it will not affect the drug- or gang-related gun wars, it will not affect the great American gun-control war.

Paul H. Blackman
Research Coordinator
National Rifle Association of America
Washington, D.C.

I have been following the debate over guns, particularly handguns, and I think we need practical rather than dogmatic solutions. This country has a tax registering system, a law enforcement registering system and a cross-country credit network. We register bicycles, dogs and cats; our libraries register millions of books. But we can't register guns? We should start a gun bureau whereby all guns would be automatically registered when purchased. Unregistered firearms would be turned over to a local gun bureau for immediate registration. If after 90 days no one claimed them, they would become the bureau's to use in law enforcement. Registration fees and late penalties on guns found but not registered would finance the effort. Imagine, a system to keep guns in check. Let's try that before we attempt an all-out ban.

B. Howard
Troy, Ohio

INMATES AND AIDS

Last fall, on the same day that Magic Johnson and Milwaukee Bucks coach Mike Dunleavy co-chaired the fourth annual Wisconsin AIDS Walk, inmates and staff members at the Racine Correctional Institution held a walk of their own. People of every ethnic

RESPONSE

background and lifestyle actively participated, including the warden. Inmates donated as much as they could, and the goal of one dollar per person was exceeded. More than 75 percent of the staff also donated to the battle against AIDS and ignorance. How awesome it would be if everyone in society would give a dollar to fight this horrific disease. As an inmate and a volunteer on the project, I walked for friends who have died from this disease. I hope that none of you has to go through the loss of a loved one to this disease. Let us all be here for the cure.

Joe Waller
Sturtevant, Wisconsin

PORN BEAT

In these politically correct times when people's sensibilities are so easily trampled, it's risky to admit to reading pornography. I guess I've read what is considered porn (though it's hard to agree on a definition) since the age of 14. I've probably read in the vicinity of 3500 adult magazines with maybe 1 million photos of naked women. And I've never sexually harassed a woman, abused a woman, committed any acts of violence or made a woman feel uncomfortable by staring at certain parts of her anatomy. Contrary to popular belief, there are millions of men like me who can have their porn and read it too while never feeling compelled to exhibit antisocial behavior toward women. By advocating a ban on porn we're only looking for easy solutions to complex issues. I will continue reading my adult entertainment and will continue to treat women as equals. People shouldn't ask for anything more or settle for anything less.

J. Paul Sutter
London, Ontario

After the advances women have made, it is inconceivable that more are not taking advantage of the sexual freedom that men have known for centuries. I do not consider a sex movie to be degrading to women. Actually, it can have a positive influence because it portrays women as partners in the sex act and in full control of their sexuality. I wonder if the women who are against this form of entertainment have any idea of the pleasure that sexual imagination can bring to a relationship. Sadly, these women are pushing their antiporn views on the rest of us under the guise of feminism. I don't want my right to enjoy a visual or written depiction of sex to be taken away because some women find it offensive or think I am being harmed.

Kimber Secor
Bay City, Michigan

ROLE REVERSALS

Even as Antioch enforces its inane sexual conduct code and Northwestern University passes around pocket-size sexual etiquette guides, there's reassurance that some extremists are still willing to correct themselves. The University of Pennsylvania reversed its anti-hate-speech code, indicating that clearer sensibilities may yet prevail. Despite protests against free speech restriction, the powers that be at the university attempted to play parent to a group of young adults who needed maturity, not mothering. Fortunately, Penn's administrators were able to see the error in their well-intentioned guidance. The same holds true for similar codes at the University of Michigan and the University of Wisconsin, which were scrapped or scaled back. Maybe we did learn everything we needed to know in kindergarten.

Norma Dohrn
Los Angeles, California

We want to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: Playboy@Class.Org.*

WHERE ART LEADS. . . .

When the California municipal Gallery Concord sent out the call for entries in its We're Only Human exhibition, it asked for artwork that expressed the human condition. I submitted a piece, *He Said . . . He Said,* which is a large oil painting depicting the Senate confirmation hearings of Clarence Thomas' appointment to the Supreme Court. The jury selected my piece from more than 500 works for inclusion in the show. Four days after delivering it to the gallery I received a call from Peter Brown, the exhibition coordinator, telling me the gallery wouldn't hang the piece because it was afraid of political repercussions (lost funding) from the right-wing city council. Shortly thereafter I got a call from Hawley Holmes, the gallery director, insisting that I remove the piece because of a small image of sexuality that she felt was inappropriate for public viewing. Through California Lawyers for the Arts, Karl Olsen, the noted First Amendment attorney, came to my aid. He advised Concord's city attorney that he would begin proceedings to take the issue to federal court if my piece wasn't on display when the show opened. Because of my attorney's strongly worded statement, the media attention and the fact that five other artists removed their work in sympathy, the piece was hung in a private office with a disclaimer on the door. I visited the show and was met by handshakes and pats on the back from members of NOW. So scrap the "sexually offensive to women" argument. The issue remains that this painting explored areas of American political life that still cause the right wing to bristle—and that is enormously satisfying.

Gary Epting
Brisbane, California

TWENTY FACTS ABOUT PRIVACY

why the price of freedom is vigilance

By JEFFREY ROTHFEDER

Insurance agents think David Castle, an artist in southern California, is gay and has AIDS—even though he is straight and healthy. This devastating bit of misinformation is on his medical record because Castle's doctor and a radiologist bungled communications and then gave the information to a record service that makes medical records available nationally. Since this mistake occurred, insurers have been unwilling to give Castle disability or health coverage.

Worse yet, though his doctor admits the error, Castle can't seem to remove the AIDS entry from the data bank.

"When misinformation appears in a computerized file, it has a life of its own," says Castle.

Castle's complaint is a common one these days, as is the spreading fear that what was once personal information is now little more than a computerized commodity, bought and sold with relative ease.

Even the types of freely available data about each of us are mind-boggling: credit files, driving records, the drugs we take, personnel records, unlisted phone numbers and who we call, as well as the intimate details of our finances, family makeup, personal tastes, buying habits and lifestyles, to name only a few.

In research conducted last year by Louis Harris and Associates, 83 percent of those polled said they were concerned about threats to their privacy. That figure was up from 78 percent in 1992 and 64 percent in 1978.

The concern is not surprising, considering that there are 5 billion records maintained on U.S. citizens, and information about each of us is moved from one computer to another an average of five times a day. In a landmark study conducted in the mid-Eighties on electronic files and privacy, the congressional Office of Technology Assessment warned: "It's virtually impossible for most citizens to know where files about them exist and nearly impossible for individuals to learn about misuse of their records."

To cut through some of this confusion, here are 20 facts about privacy:

• Don't look for laws to protect you from privacy abuses. There's no federal legislation protecting medical, telephone, employment, insurance, credit card and bank records. In fact, one of the few places to find privacy is the video store. The 1988 Video Privacy Protection Act, passed because Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork's video-viewing habits were published in a newspaper, makes it illegal to disclose video-rental records without a customer's consent or a court order.

• Dozens of information resellers, known as superbureaus, have sprung up recently. With these services, via fax or PC, anyone can purchase bank records (for $200), credit card charges ($150), credit card bills ($100), unpublished phone numbers ($100), phone records ($200) and custom information searches such as Social Security records and IRS files.

• The Medical Information Bureau, an insurance consortium in Westwood, Massachusetts, collects medical information on millions of Americans and Canadians. MIB distributes these data by computer network to insurers, through whom employers and doctors gain access. Included are items about drug and alcohol dependency, diagnoses by psychiatrists of three types of psychiatric problems and sexually transmitted diseases. For a copy of your MIB file, call 617-426-3660.

• The "smart card" that President Clinton held up when he introduced his health care reform program may be the ticket to medical security, as he put it, but it could also precipitate an avalanche of personal data available about individuals. These cards will, in essence, display for anyone who taps into the system details about a person's allergy, drug addiction or suicide attempt.

• Tests can now detect genes that govern the occurrence of more than a dozen diseases and the propensity for many more. According to the National Academy of Sciences, this information is easily accessible to insurers and employers, and already some Americans have lost their jobs and coverage based on such screening. In one case, a couple who carried genes for a disease that kills infants couldn't get childbirth coverage,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARREN THOMPSON

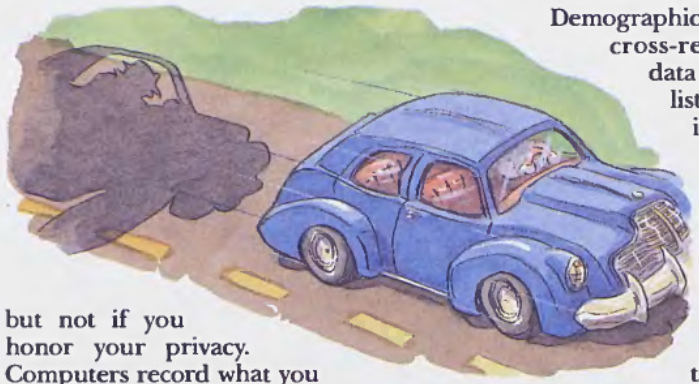
even though the potential parents promised to abort any damaged fetus.

• There is virtually no right to privacy in the workplace. Employers can legally tap telephones, eavesdrop on voice mail and rifle through lockers, desks and electronic mail. And many do. Two women who worked for Nissan were fired when sexual comments they made about their boss on the company e-mail system were discovered by their supervisors. In a survey of 301 companies by *Macworld* magazine, 21.6 percent say they have looked at workers' electronic communications.

• Besides the federal government, the largest repositories of information about individuals are three credit bureaus: TRW, Equifax and Trans Union. Their computers contain about 500 million records on 160 million people, including Social Security numbers, employment and salary history, credit card information, mortgage records, bankruptcies, tax liens, judgments and current and former addresses. As confidential as all of this should be, information resellers, auto dealerships and real estate agents are known to sell credit reports to anyone willing to pay $100 to $500 for them.

• With credit files so accessible, it's not surprising that one of the fastest growing crimes is credit data abuse. Criminals search computer files for people with satisfactory credit reports and use them to get supplemental cards, mortgages and car loans. At Chicago-based Trans Union, fraud complaints have increased to 6000 a month from 350 in January 1992. "This crime isn't going away," said Diane Terry, director of investigations. To monitor your credit file, get a copy of your credit report once a year from TRW, 800-682-7654 (free); Equifax, 800-685-1111 ($8); Trans Union, 760 W. Sproul Rd., Springfield, PA 19064-0390 ($8, or free if you have been denied credit).

• Supermarket bonus card programs, which offer product discounts every time your card goes through the checkout scanner, may seem like a bargain—



but not if you honor your privacy. Computers record what you buy, how much you spend, even what time you like to shop. This information then becomes the basis of direct-mail campaigns targeted to an individual's tastes, financial background, even looks. One woman recently found out how invasive this can be when she bought a bra. Within days she began receiving catalogs for large-size women.

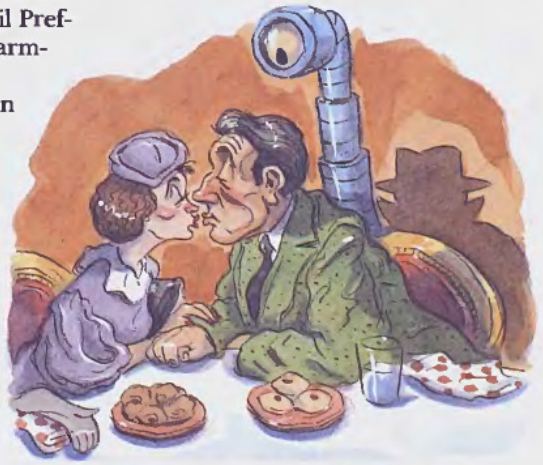
• Marketers send 63 billion pieces of junk mail each year, much of it based on potentially sensitive information. Credit bureau data from such marketing sources as Trans Union's list of upscale shoppers are a prime source for mailings. So are airplane reservations: The passenger's name, address, credit card number and destination are entered into the airline's computerized reservation system. This information is then sold to rental car companies, travel agents and magazines. To remove your name from junk mail lists, write to the Direct Marketing Association Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 9008, Farmingdale, New York 11735-9008.

• Often, everyday activities can lead to violations of privacy. Take the Postal Service change-of-address forms filled out by millions of Americans when they move. This information is rented to direct marketers who instantly send out welcoming mailings. Also, people often fill out warranty cards each time they make a purchase, though it's not required. Companies such as National Demographics and Lifestyles Co. cross-reference warranty data and resell them in lists that include, for instance, Italian men over the age of 50 who are on a diet and who have recently purchased exercise equipment.

• Cordless-phone conversations are notoriously easy to pick up because they are transmitted over FM radio bands—and it used to be legal to monitor them. Listening in on cellular calls, however, was outlawed in 1986—but it's difficult to know when someone actually is eavesdropping. In 1992 Congress banned the manufacture or import of scanners that pick up cellular-phone frequencies. The law takes effect in 1995. Sale or possession remains legal, however.

• Virtually all 800 numbers and 900 numbers have caller ID, which displays the phone number of incoming calls. That means every time a person dials a phone sex service, he may as well do it from a fishbowl. Names and addresses of callers, gleaned from incoming numbers, are sold to marketers—especially those offering sex toys or subscriptions to sexually oriented magazines. Similarly, people who called an 800 number several years ago on Thanksgiving for tips on turkeys soon found their mailboxes stuffed with junk mail peddling everything from Reynolds Wrap to freshly killed birds.

• The 1974 Privacy Act gives people the right to know about all government records pertaining to them and how those records are used. Still, federal agencies have billions of files on Americans, and in clear violation of the Privacy Act, the public has been denied



access to 11 percent of the data banks the government maintains, according to a 1990 General Accounting Office investigation. The GAO also accused the government of allowing U.S. companies—credit bureaus, banks and marketers—to scan these data banks without sufficient reason.

• The government has proved to be a particularly slipshod caretaker of data. Even IRS records, which are among Washington's most confidential, are vulnerable. A recent information scandal—one that "confirms the worst fears about government mismanagement of data concerning private citizens," according to Senator David Pryor (D-Ark.)—revealed that 150 IRS staffers browsed tax records of friends, neighbors, relatives and celebrities and altered files to create false returns.

• The FBI's National Crime Information Center has about 24 million records on criminals and suspects—which are supposed to be private. Problem is, says Representative Gary Condit (D-Cal.), "There are employers, insurers, lawyers or investigators willing to pay for illegal access, and there are insiders willing to supply it." For instance, in Arizona a former police officer used NCIC data to track down his estranged girlfriend and murder her. And in Pennsylvania a woman used NCIC to conduct background searches for her drug-dealer boyfriend to see if new clients were narcs.

• Under federal legislation it's illegal for government agencies to look at bank account records without a warrant or consent. Inexplicably, though, there's no law against individuals scanning these records. As a result, bank files are a key commodity sold by information resellers, often to estranged spouses, irate business partners and embezzlers. Computer criminals also increasingly use bank records. Mark Koenig, using his PC, hacked into a Bank of America computer and made counterfeit ATM cards that he planned to use at sites across the country. He was caught only because one of his partners got cold feet.

• Laptops store personal financial data, proprietary business information, appointment calendars and confidential diaries and correspondence. Consequently, these computers are being stolen from cars, planes, waiting rooms and even desks at work. To protect yourself, never leave your laptop unattended, always use software that requires a password for file access and encrypt your data. To report a laptop theft, contact the Stolen Computer Registry at 212-777-1291.

• Some of our most private information is, in all senses of the word, public. In fact, a detailed profile of a person can be drawn from simply poring through records freely available at state and local agencies. Motor vehicle files provide an individual's address, date of birth, height, weight, license plate, car make and type and, sometimes, Social Security number. Mortgage records reveal where people bank, how much their house costs and what their monthly payment is, plus details about liens. Civil and criminal records list arrests, convictions, suits, bankruptcies and judgments. Add to all of this the information that can be gleaned from marriage licenses, birth and death certificates and boating, hunting and business licenses and permits.

• Technology will radically increase the reach of electronic networks into individuals' private lives. Even computerized toll-taking devices provide a way for authorities, marketers and individuals to locate people instantly and track where they've traveled.

PRIVACY PROTECTION TIPS

Medical

- Ask your doctor to agree in writing to tell you of any requests to see your files, and to provide your files only after you approve.
- Limit the open-ended scope of most blanket medical records release agreements, such as those on employment applications and insurance forms, by adding that your OK is for that purpose only.
- To keep employers from finding out, pay for psychotherapy or treatments for drug or alcohol abuse yourself and don't request reimbursement from your company's insurance program.

Finance

- Ask your bank to agree in writing to notify you when someone requests your records.
- Don't fill in memo lines on checks or write your Social Security, telephone, driver's license or credit card numbers on checks.
- Examine ATM receipts to make sure your balance is correct. If it isn't, someone may be monitoring your account or embezzling your money.
- Whenever possible, use cash.

Shopping

- Before signing up for a supermarket bonus card, request that data about your shopping activities not be sold.
- Don't use your ATM card to pay for purchases.

Communications

- Don't discuss confidential matters on a cellular or cordless phone.
- Be extremely discreet in e-mail and voice-mail messages to colleagues.
- Don't fax sensitive material.

THE GREAT IMPLANT LIE

for women it's the fda, not silicone, that poses a risk to their health

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Two years ago the Food and Drug Administration frightened the daylights out of the 2 million American women who have had breast implants. The FDA imperiously banned the sale of silicone gel implants, suggesting that silicone may be carcinogenic and pose serious risks to a woman's health.

Now comes a report from the American Medical Association, published in that organization's journal and endorsed by its governing house of delegates, stating categorically that the anxiety over breast implants is "not warranted based on current scientific evidence."

The AMA study states unequivocally that "no clinical data are available that definitively prove that an increased incidence of breast cancer or any other type of cancer is associated with silicone-gel breast implants." It also dismisses any connection between silicone-gel breast implants and immune disorders, as alleged in some lawsuits. This same conclusion was reached by the FDA's own medical advisory panel.

That's all good news for the women with implants, but the FDA is doing its darndest to ensure that they never hear those reassuring words. Instead of welcoming the AMA report, the FDA has attacked the messenger.

I had been covering this issue for the *Los Angeles Times* for a series on cosmetic surgery. My original intention was to write an investigative piece on the explosion of cosmetic surgery, some of which is quite risky. My assumption, I confess, was that this was all a terrible example of life imitating art, particularly the art of fashion and cosmetics, and that people should be content with their own noses, breasts and thighs. How could a new look be worth the risk?

I was disabused of this notion by a student of mine at the University of California who, after asking me what I was working on, said she hoped I wouldn't dump on implants. She had had them put in four years before and they made a major difference in her life; clothes fit better and her social life had improved dramatically. For her, breast implants were a matter of choice, a means of taking control of her own body.

Her response was typical of the hundreds of women I interviewed. It was also the opinion of most women and physicians who testified before the FDA and Congress. For that reason, I was startled when the FDA acted so abruptly on the basis of fragmented and mostly anecdotal evidence that suggested implants could be bad for women.

Until the FDA's decision, the women I had met at various hospital briefings had been quite satisfied with their implants. With the stroke of a pen, the FDA made those women feel they have a time bomb ticking inside their bodies. It took away the right of women to weigh the risks and choose silicone implants for cosmetic purposes. As the AMA report put it, "The AMA supports the position that women have the right to choose silicone-gel-filled or saline-filled breast implants for both augmentation and reconstruction after being fully informed about the risks and benefits."

This is the real issue. Is it the individual or the FDA who should ultimately be responsible for an individual's health care when the evidence regarding risk is not clear-cut? For an answer, just look at the FDA's hysterical crusade against nutritional supplements and homeopathic medicine, which I commented on in a previous column here. As it has done with its treatment of both garlic tablets and breast implants, the FDA shoots first with regulations and asks questions later. The FDA specializes in gloom and doom, forgetting that anxiety in patients is itself a major health risk.

My own conclusion, after spending a year poring over records of lawsuits and state medical malpractice hearings, was that breast implants are safer than most other cosmetic surgery procedures. The innocent-sounding "tummy tucks" and face-lifts carry higher risks of infection and disfigurement. Fact is, anyone with a medical license can perform any operation, whether trained in that procedure or not. Cosmetic surgery is elective and mostly performed in private clinics. Since insurance companies and hospitals are not involved, that means less regulation than there is for other surgeries. The main risk of cosmetic surgery is that less qualified doctors may perform these procedures because they are lucrative. The main risks in breast augmentation lie in the imperfect skills of the doctor and in the equipment rather than in the implants themselves.

The dirty secret of health regulation in this country is that there is little supervision by the states—and none by the federal government—of what doctors do. The FDA lacks the authority to regulate doctors' procedures and can deal only with health products, which is the reason that the silicone implants became the target.

Silicone has been used for decades in thousands of medical procedures, from coating needles to penile implants. Has the breast implant been singled out because it esthetically or morally offends those running the FDA? The hypocrisy of the ban on breast implants was underlined by the fact that the FDA permits their use for reconstructive purposes after a mastectomy. If silicone implants threaten a woman's health, why expose women recovering from breast cancer? Maybe it's because the FDA doesn't really find the risk all that alarming.

In his reply to the AMA report, FDA chairman David Kessler doesn't even claim that there is evidence that the implants cause cancer. Instead, he argues that the drug companies that manufactured the implants did not adequately prove their safety. What he's really doing is covering his own behind and, more broadly, the sorry record of the FDA in this and other regulatory matters. Now, in a fitful lunge at catching up with its responsibilities, the agency has gone way too far. Instead of rationally applying existing regulations to the drug companies to obtain more solid data on implant safety, the FDA arrived at a more self-serving conclusion.

The overkill of the FDA bureaucrats in this matter, as in so many others, smells of a fear and vindictiveness that mandate a congressional overhaul of the agency. The FDA is out of control. It is a bureaucratic monstrosity that, as the breast-implant controversy shows, is contemptuous of the views of consumers as well as the medical community. The FDA seems determined to demonstrate that the agency is far more dangerous to our health than are the products it seeks to monitor.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HOWARD STERN

a candid conversation with radio's best-selling worst nightmare about his small penis, big plans, blue language and red-hot career

There is no neutral ground for the self-proclaimed "king of all media," Howard Stern. In fact, he may be the subject of America's most intense love-hate relationship.

If you love him, you think he's a radio genius, holding the airwaves most weekday mornings for more than four hours with an unprecedented blend of irreverent, jaw-dropping comedy and wild personal revelations ("I'm hung like a raisin"). And if listening to him on the radio isn't enough—and for many it isn't—you can switch on the E! Entertainment cable network and tune in to his "Howard Stern Interview," a one-on-one conversation that often showcases Stern more than his celebrated guest. Or if all else fails, you can simply line up for one of his book signings (in New York he drew crowds of as many as 20,000 people at each of three such appearances in October 1993, at one point stopping traffic on Fifth Avenue).

But if you hate Howard Stern, you are hardly alone. His outrageous, uncensored spewing—about everything from the beating of Rodney King to his fascination with lesbianism—has earned him enemies in all corners of the political landscape. The Christian Right condemns him for his frank, often lewd, talk about sex and bodily functions; the politically correct Left disdains him for jokes about racial, ethnic and sexual identity. Stern, meanwhile, argues that he just spouts off the kinds of things people think but rarely admit out loud.

Stern bases his claim to multimedia royalty on impressive successes in diverse areas of the entertainment industry: On the radio, he has taken a New York morning show and made it a national success, broadcasting it in 16 markets, with number one ratings in New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles. On TV, he was a hit first with his syndicated "The Howard Stern Show," which often beat "Saturday Night Live's" ratings in New York, and now with "The Howard Stern Interview," which has raised the profile of the once lowly E! network. And his pay-per-view TV events, such as the $39.95 New Year's Eve extravaganza this year, are frequently among the top draws in the PPV arena.

Finally, there's "Howard Stern: Private Parts," a wildly comic, autobiographical volume that became the fastest-selling book in Simon & Schuster's 70-year publishing history, with more than 500,000 copies in print in its first month. The book entered the "New York Times" best-seller list at the number one spot in October 1993—and stayed there for a month.

Yet even as Stern was celebrating his memoirs' rush to the top of the heap (his book party drew everyone from New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato to Mr. T to Joey Buttafuoco), parts of the retail industry, specifically discount department stores that sell books, were trying to pretend it didn't exist. The Wal-Mart chain, among others, refused to stock it; Caldor, a discount chain, went so far as to edit the display version of the "New York Times" best-seller list in its stores, erasing "Private Parts" and moving other titles up a notch—a stunt that culminated in an apology to the "Times."

Enemies notwithstanding, Howard Stern seems to be doing exactly what he dreamed about from the time he was seven years old and first talked into a Wollensack tape recorder in his Long Island boyhood bedroom. Born January 12, 1954, the son of a recording-studio owner, Stern grew up in the towns of Roosevelt and Rockville Centre, New York and later moved to Massachusetts, where he graduated magna cum laude from Boston University. Having launched his radio career at BU (complete with his first firing), he began broadcasting professionally in 1976 at a tiny station in Westchester County, New York. He moved to a station in Hartford, Connecticut and then to WWWW in Detroit. When that station changed its format to country-and-western overnight, Stern decamped for Washington, D.C., where he landed at WWDC in 1981. There

"I constantly have to prove how bankable I am. I've been screaming for years, but Hollywood didn't respond until they saw the book. Now everyone wants to sign me. People are sheep. They're like, 'Oh, he's big. He's hot.'"

"What is this bugaboo about sex? What is this hang-up? To me a penis is like your arm. You know? Just another part of your body. But as adults we're so freaked out by it. We're so fucking uptight, fucking crazy. We've gone mad."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"Rush Limbaugh is a big, fat, uninventive jerk who got back into radio after being a failure at it for years. It wasn't until I came on the scene and changed the face of radio that he realized he could do something with substance."

he teamed up with Robin Quivers, a newswoman and former Army nurse who today continues to play foil to Stern's on-air antics.

In Washington, Stern won ratings as he developed a reputation for controversy. In 1982, when an Air Florida plane crashed into a D.C. bridge shortly after takeoff, Stern went on the air, pretending to call Air Florida: "What's the price of a one-way ticket from National Airport to the 14th Street bridge?" he asked. "Is that going to be a regular stop?"

To this day, Stern is dogged by the story that he was fired for making the stunt call. In fact, by that time he had already caught the eye—and ear—of WNBC in New York, and it was only after he had signed to go to WNBC that WWDC fired him.

After the move to WNBC in 1982, Stern quickly ran up against his new bosses over the content of his show: how much music he had to play, how much he could talk between records, how many comedy bits he could do per hour, and the fact that he mercilessly tweaked the station's other on-air heroes, Don Imus and Soupy Sales.

Content ultimately led to his firing in 1985—specifically segments along the lines of "Lesbian Dial-a-Date," "Sexual Innuendo Wednesday" and "Mystery Whiz" (the last a game in which callers tried to name a celebrity based on the sound of him urinating). The press release announcing Stern's ouster referred to "conceptual differences that exist between Howard Stern and WNBC management." Stern's version of the story, however, is that NBC bigwigs caught a few moments of "Bestiality Dial-a-Date" and ordered his immediate dismissal.

But before the year was out, Stern bounced to New York's low-rated WXRK, where he quickly claimed the morning drive-time ratings throne from WNBC's Don Imus. Defying conventional wisdom that a morning show must be local, Stern began simulcasting his show to other cities, including Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., then gradually expanded his network to include Los Angeles, New Orleans, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Dallas, Boston, Chicago and other markets.

Even as he was increasing his radio reach, Stern was casting about for other media to conquer: first television, then books, now movies (a deal to make "The Adventures of Fartman," a Stern character, fell through at New Line Cinema, but other deals, he says, are imminent). And next: Late-night television? Stern's name has been bandied about as everything from a replacement for the Fox Network's failed Chevy Chase show to a competitor for NBC's Conan O'Brien, though he still has two years remaining on his radio contract.

Along with his increasing popularity comes additional scrutiny from his longtime foe, the Federal Communications Commission, which decided to implement and enforce decency rules for hours of the day when children might be listening. Beginning in 1988 the FCC levied a series of fines against the stations that air Stern, based on complaints from a handful of listeners. (One example for which Stern was cited: his on-air assertion that "the closest I ever came to making love to a black woman was masturbating to a picture of Aunt Jemima on a pancake box.") By January 1994, fines against Stern totaled more than $1.2 million. As a result, the FCC was holding up plans by Infinity Broadcasting (which owns WXRK and several other radio stations that broadcast Stern) to purchase three additional stations. Stern has vowed not to pay a penny toward the fines—and to take the case to the U.S. Supreme Court, if need be.

To find out how much difference there is between Howard Stern on and off the air, we sent **Marshall Fine,** *a writer for Gannett newspapers, to talk with Stern at his WXRK office in New York. Fine reports:*

"Getting Howard Stern to talk is no problem: He lives to talk. The challenge, it turns out, is in finding time in his schedule to carve out even a two-hour session. As we met over the course of a month to conduct the interview, Stern was in the midst of a publicity storm to promote 'Private Parts,' including appearances on 'Geraldo' and 'Donahue.'

"When he's in the radio studio, Stern folds his willowy 6'5" frame behind a radio console, a tiny fortress from which he keeps the universe at bay with jokes, belches, come-ons, put-downs and the seven-second-delay button. But off the air, he is not the aggressive motormouth he is on his show (though he's hardly shy). For most of our sessions, he sprawled on a couch in his office, perpetually shielded behind his trademark sunglasses, and addressed each topic thoroughly and with candor. Although he often complained about the amount of time PLAYBOY *needed for the interview, and about the process itself ('This is torture'), he was gracious and friendly and eager to please.*

"Most interesting was watching Stern, who prides himself on keeping no secrets from his audience, deal with so many personal topics. There were only two questions he refused to answer: about how he would host a late-night TV show, and about how much money he makes. When the subject was radio or TV or show business in general, he launched into elaborate, often graphic, answers. It was only when the subject turned to his own sex life—specifically his habit of (as he puts it) pleasuring himself—that I noticed something barely perceptible and completely unexpected: I swear I saw him blush behind his shades."

> *"I wouldn't tell my kids how much fucking money I make. My father never told me. I can see why. He didn't make any."*

PLAYBOY: You seem to be all over the place these days. Aren't you getting overexposed?

STERN: Yeah, probably a little. But I don't know. If ratings are any judge, the *Geraldo* show I just did pulled the biggest ratings he got all month. Donahue has replayed my appearance because he got such big ratings. People seem to want more of Howard Stern, more interviews and stuff like that. But I'm feeling a little run-down from talking so much about myself. Especially for PLAYBOY. They make you do a six-hour fucking interview. God only knows why they need a six-hour interview. I'll bet Jimmy Carter didn't do a six-hour interview.

PLAYBOY: We don't know if you've seen *Doonesbury* recently——

STERN: I did.

PLAYBOY: You were in a series of strips.

STERN: Just let me comment on *Doonesbury*. I have never understood the comic pages of the newspaper. I believe nobody reads the funnies. I don't think any of them are funny, *Doonesbury* in particular. I don't even know what the fuck Garry Trudeau is talking about. The guy writes a series of comics on me, and I don't know what the fuck the joke is. I don't get it. Garry Trudeau must be, I don't know—maybe the smell of Jane Pauley's pussy has him delirious. He cannot fucking write. I don't know what the fuck this guy is talking about.

PLAYBOY: You're now part of pop culture. Isn't it flattering to be in the comics?

STERN: It's flattering to be recognized, and I don't always blast Garry Trudeau. I just don't know how he got famous.

PLAYBOY: Your book is a runaway best-seller. Did you ever imagine that it would become as big as it has?

STERN: I thought the book would have a big initial release, because I have a lot of hard-core fans—people who will run out and buy whatever I sell. The question that I have now is: How many people across the country are getting the message? Does the guy in Cincinnati care about what Howard Stern writes in a book? I don't know that yet. I used to sit in my basement writing this thing and go, "Oh, God, I hope people buy this book." And my editor would say, "Don't worry, word gets out there. If the book is good, it will sell."

PLAYBOY: Callers on your show have said that when they went to buy your book they were met with snotty attitudes by bookstore employees. Why do you suppose that happened?

STERN: Because book retailers want to see Ernest Hemingway in their bookstores. They're traditionalists. They can't accept the fact that someone could write something that has mass appeal. That's the snobbery of books.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy the respectability

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that comes with writing a best-seller?

STERN: Yeah, I like that. As I've said for a long time, radio is a scuzzy, bastard industry that's filled with deviants, circus clown rejects, the lowest of the low. No matter how good you are in radio, you will always be a scumbag for being a radio personality.

But if you write a good book, suddenly you're a fucking hero. A book means you've arrived. You're more important, even though the book is filled with the same stuff you've been saying on the radio for years. And let me tell you, the best-seller list is an easy list to conquer. To go up against morning shows all over the country and have a number one rating is ten times more difficult than writing a best-selling book. Barnes & Noble sold 100,000 of my books in one week. The number two book sold 5000. There's no comparison. And the reason is that a lot of those buyers are my radio fans. It shows you that radio really isn't some scumbag industry.

I have proved to these Hollywood geniuses that there's tremendous, bankable quality when it comes to doing business with me. People who see that a $23 book can be sold will now recognize that a $7 movie ticket is easy—and that the movie will be successful. I don't think there's one Hollywood celebrity who has ever written a hit book, had a hit radio show and had a hit television show.

But I constantly have to prove how bankable I am. I've been screaming at Hollywood for years: "Do you guys understand the potential of me making a movie? We have a tremendous, loyal audience here. Millions of people." But Hollywood didn't respond until they saw the book. Now everyone and his mother wants to sign me to do a movie. Most people are sheep. They'll follow whatever they think the big thing is. So now they're like, "Oh, yeah. He's big. He's hot."

PLAYBOY: If you were going to make a movie of this book, who would play you?

STERN: River Phoenix. I had him booked but he's gone now.

PLAYBOY: Anybody else?

STERN: Chevy Chase maybe. He's free.

PLAYBOY: You did an interview with *The National Enquirer* to publicize this book.

STERN: Right.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you at all skeptical about the tabloid press?

STERN: No. I think the tabloid press is some of the best press out there.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STERN: Well, because they cover a story better than anyone. They go out and actually investigate, which most newspaper guys are lazy about. Liz Smith—the so-called legitimate gossip columnist—all she does is quote from *The Enquirer*. She goes, "I can't believe how disgusting the tabloids are. They say that such-and-such actress fucked a dog. That's disgusting and I don't agree with that." You know? It's sort of veiled. "I'm against the tabloids but, meanwhile, my whole column is about the fucking tabloids." So I think the tabloids write interesting material. It's mass appeal. And nine times out of ten they get the story right.

PLAYBOY: Were you worried that your book would be lumped in with books by other radio personalities, such as Larry King and Rush Limbaugh?

STERN: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Your publisher is Simon & Schuster, which also publishes Limbaugh. Have you read any of his books?

STERN: Yeah. They had Limbaugh's picture all over the place, so I said, "Let me see what he wrote." They gave me the book, and I got through three pages. It was dull. It was a rip-off. There was nothing bright or intelligent about it. It was like the writings of a nitwit. I'm a nitwit, but I'm trying to write comedy, and I think I was successful at making people laugh. But this guy is actually starting to believe his own press—that he's a great political thinker.

PLAYBOY: And he's not?

STERN: Rush Limbaugh is a big, fat, uninventive jerk who got back into radio after being a failure at it for years. It wasn't until I came on the scene and changed the face of radio that he realized he could do something with substance.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned before that you wrote the book for the advance money. How much did you get?

STERN: I don't talk about the figures. Never do, never have. Never talk about my salary.

PLAYBOY: Yet you quiz most of your celebrity guests about how much they make. Isn't that hypocritical?

STERN: No, not so far as I'm concerned. Some people have a need to talk about that kind of shit. Their place in show business goes up when they talk about how much money they have. You start to think: Wow! Boy, is this guy successful. He has a lot of money. But I don't have a need to brag about how much money I make. I don't think it's healthy. I wouldn't tell my kids how much fucking money I make. My father never told me. I can see why. He didn't make any.

PLAYBOY: *The New York Times* estimates you earn about $2 million a year from radio and that you will make $3.5 million from the book. True or false?

STERN: How do they know what my deal is? Listen, I'm in it for the money. When I was first drawn to writing the book, the final motivation was the advance. But I've been planning for nine years to write a book. I sat down with a computer guy and an archivist nine years ago and said, "I want to keep track of all the subjects I've ever spoken about that are worth putting in a book."

PLAYBOY: How extensive is that archive?

STERN: It's huge—everything that's ever been written about me, anything I've ever said on the radio.

PLAYBOY: Will this someday form the basis of a Howard Stern archive at your alma mater, Boston University?

STERN: No. Boston University will never get my archive as long as that fucking runt, that one-armed bastard John Silber, is in charge.

I had a positive feeling about Boston University in terms of going to school there. Then John Silber got on *Nightline* and came out against the First Amendment and started talking about how bad I am for children and all that kind of shit. This fucking guy, who says he is a moral man, was on *60 Minutes*, hemming and hawing at questions about his finances. This fucking guy is sitting and commenting on me? This guy can suck my cock, John Silber. I hope he sucks my cock and my balls and hums the fucking *Star-Spangled Banner* at the same time, that one-armed prick. Is it my fault he lost his fucking arm? He's got a baby arm. He has a fucking baby arm because he has a fucking baby brain.

PLAYBOY: So no endowment to the school? No Howard Stern Chair of Broadcasting?

STERN: No. I'm not interested in that. I'm not interested in the Howard Stern Museum or anything like that. The only projects I'm interested in are show business projects. I will make a movie and it will be a fucking hit. I will it to be a hit. I'm not going to put together a bad movie. I'm too much of a fucking perfectionist to allow that to happen. I have the movie in my head and I know what it's going to be. My agent is in California this week. He has a laundry list of meetings with every fucking head of every major studio that wants this movie.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so in demand?

STERN: Because of the success of the book. They want the movie and they want it tomorrow. They don't care if I take a shit on-screen, they just want that movie. But I want the right components to make it a good movie. New Line Cinema has called me since the book came out. They're the ones who didn't want *Fartman*. Now they want it. It took me one fucking nanosecond to tell them to go fuck themselves.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STERN: Because I'm not interested in doing business with them. I was interested in doing business with them a year ago, but no longer. I've seen the way they conduct themselves.

PLAYBOY: Your deal with New Line to make *The Adventures of Fartman* supposedly fell apart because of a dispute about the rating and merchandising. True?

STERN: Look, I have purposely never done a merchandising deal with anybody. Those deals come in every day: I've had everything from fucking Howard Stern dolls and Howard Stern in a box to *Howard Stern* magazine, Howard Stern newsletters, coffee mugs and T-shirts. You know, all that shit. It

just strikes me as being tacky. It was always so fucking crass and brought the level down. And New Line not only wanted the *Fartman* merchandising, they wanted the Howard Stern merchandising. Then they started in on the script, saying it should be a PG film. I said, "Look, if you're going to do *Fartman*, it has to be R-rated."

PLAYBOY: Do you think that it will ever get made?

STERN: Yes. It'll get made. It'll be the second movie.

PLAYBOY: And the first movie?

STERN: I think I have the perfect concept, a great idea for the movie I want to make. It's autobiographical. I'll play Howard Stern. I *have* to play me, much like Woody Allen played himself in his early movies.

PLAYBOY: Even in the younger years?

STERN: No, a kid will have to play me in the younger years. I don't know exactly who that's going to be. I don't have a preference, but it's sure as hell not going to be that little fidget on *The Wonder Years*. He's gone off the wall. I don't know what the fuck his problem is.

PLAYBOY: A successful movie career would bring you closer to your self-proclaimed title of "king of all media." Just the same, would you admit that you're not as good on TV as you are on radio?

STERN: Yeah, I would admit that. There's something very special about what I do on radio. But I think I've become real good on TV, and I think I'm much better at it than when I started—and better than 99 percent of the performers who do talk shows on TV.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have said that your E! program is a celebrity-interview show in which the celebrity hardly speaks. You do all the talking.

STERN: The show would get no ratings if I let the celebrities talk. But I wouldn't feel comfortable sitting there by myself and doing that, so it's good to have a celebrity sitting there as my prop, giving me a forum to do my thing. My concept for *The Howard Stern Interview* was that a different celebrity every week would interview me. That was what I really wanted to do, but I couldn't convince anyone that it would be strong. So, in essence, I have to create that.

PLAYBOY: You've been mentioned as a late-night host, replacing Chevy Chase, or as a competitor for Conan O'Brien. You've said that you could take on David Letterman and Jay Leno. How?

STERN: I'm more honest. I'm more compelling. I know exactly how I would handle a late-night talk program.

PLAYBOY: How?

STERN: I won't tell that. Never. That would be revealing my game plan. I see too many elements of my show on Letterman already. I'm not interested in providing free material to people. Everyone wants to know what I would do. I say, Put me on and find out.

PLAYBOY: You were not surprised that Chevy Chase's show was taken off the air. In fact, you predicted it.

STERN: When you plan a program in the 11:30 time slot, you have to fucking invest in the right people, build your station around an identity. CBS has an identity because of Letterman. And there's a certain feeling about Jay Leno and NBC. So who came up with Chevy Chase? He's an aging sort of unfunny comedian—not even a comedian but a comic actor—who's never really said anything funny on his own. Who looked at him and said, "That's a guy we can build a show around"? A guy who can't interview anyone, who can't even communicate? I said in the book that Chevy Chase would be off the air in six weeks. I was pretty close. It took five and a half. It amazes me who makes these decisions.

PLAYBOY: A poll in *USA Today* had you as a favorite to replace Chevy.

STERN: I found that poll insulting.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

STERN: Because they're supposing that I'm in a league with [then *Talk Soup* host] Greg Kinnear and Sinbad—people who have never hosted their own variety-interview programs. They haven't written books. Their incomes are—Greg Kinnear makes, I think, $30,000 a year

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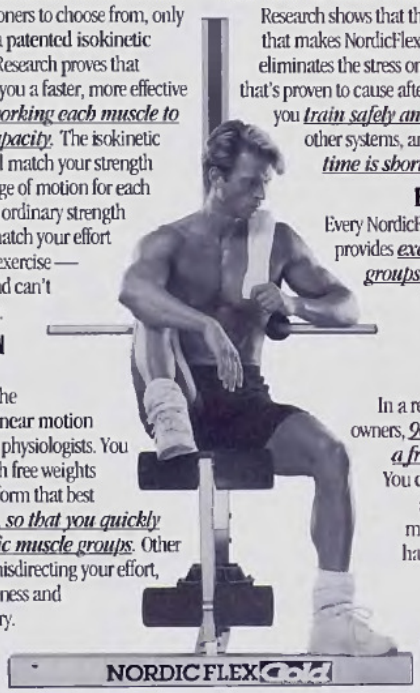

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introducing clips to fucking talk shows. Quite frankly, that's not an interesting poll. We knew I would win that. If you had a choice between Kinnear and me hosting a show, I would win hands down, unless you were a fucking puppethead. The poll should have been, Who would win: Howard Stern, Jay Leno or David Letterman? And I would still win. I would beat them.

PLAYBOY: You always refer to being in radio as barely being in show business. That it's a bastion of idiots and——

STERN: It is.

PLAYBOY: And underachievers.

STERN: Where else can you find 30 stations on a dial and nothing to listen to?

PLAYBOY: Yet here you are, the king of this particular heap.

STERN: It's not a great title to be king of radio. Radio is an easy medium. I think I was seven years old when I realized I could be a success on radio.

PLAYBOY: What do you like about it?

STERN: Radio is different from any other form of show business. When I'm on radio for four and a half hours, I'm the director, the producer, the whole deal. I can control that situation. It's immediate. Whatever I think of I can broadcast. There's a lot of creativity that comes from having to knock out five hours a day. It's a tremendous opportunity.

Even at an early age, I remember wanting to be on radio, wanting to do a show as opposed to sitting there and playing records. My father bought me a tape recorder and I would sit in my room and do radio shows—but not like what I heard on the radio. I would do hours of sketches and voices and all kinds of shit. I wanted to have fun and entertain people.

PLAYBOY: What do you hate about radio?

STERN: What I hate about it is you're not taken seriously. Circus clowns are given more credit in show business than disc jockeys. When I got into it, it was filled with so many jerks and morons. It still is. Guys with big, deep, stupid voices who say absolutely nothing.

I was the world's worst announcer—it never interested me. I felt I had something to say, that I could be a hell of a lot more entertaining than the guy announcing another record or going to bowling alleys, signing fucking pictures and giving out Kmart bumper stickers. I always felt it could be elevated.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with show business in general?

STERN: It's run a lot like politics. In fact, I think politicians are becoming more honest than show-business people. Show business has become a game. I hate this sort of phony love affair celebrities have with one another, and the way they think they have to be treated. A lot of them build up this phony-baloney image. They become spokespeople for causes—politicians, advocates—because it's good for their public images. I've met with publicists who have sat down and said, "The first thing you have to do is get involved with a charity, because that will offset this image or that image." I go, "Fuck you. What do you mean? Offset what image?" I could give a shit what my image is. If I ever worried about my image, I'd be in big trouble, because everything I say is wrong. So I find the phoniness in show business pathetic.

Like Kathie Lee Gifford. It's so sickeningly sweet. Nobody talks like that. There's just no reality to it.

PLAYBOY: If you were the king of show business, who would you banish from the kingdom?

STERN: Oh, God. People would be in trouble every time I turned on *Entertainment Tonight*. I'd take just about everyone off the air. I'd probably start with [*ET* host] John Tesh and [his wife] Connie Sellecca. Have you seen their infomercial? John Tesh sits there with Connie Sellecca—and Connie Sellecca is a beautiful woman—and they're selling a tape that helps people in their marriage. You're supposed to watch the tape and it will give you counseling for your marriage. I'm thinking, if that blond fucking Frankenstein, John Tesh, can't be happy in a marriage next to Connie Sellecca—I mean, what counseling would you need being married to a piece of ass like that? Then they sit there with real couples—guys who look like a bus just ran into their faces and wives who look like they just got off the fat farm—couples who are in crisis. They do need help. But just watching it, it's so phony, so bullshitty. It's obnoxious.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Kathie Lee Gifford. Who else would you get rid of?

STERN: Oh, God, there's a list. Kathie Lee. Yoko. Larry King.

PLAYBOY: What do all of them have in common?

STERN: They scare me. Each one strikes me as being so phony and full of themselves. I don't know what their talents are. It's just that they're there.

PLAYBOY: What do you do differently? When you come off the air in the morning, how do you know when you've had a good show?

STERN: There are good radio shows where I'll be talking about nothing, where we just answer mail and take phone calls on the air. But the really special moments are when a grade-B celebrity has a grade-A story.

Jackie Stallone comes in—Sylvester Stallone's mother. Within five minutes she's telling us about the girls Sylvester dates and why she hates them. And then, in the next breath, she's talking about her first husband, Sylvester's father, and what a fuck he was. Then—boom!—Sylvester's father calls in, because he lives in Jersey, and they yell and scream at each other.

Now, why is that great radio? Because for half an hour, some guy stuck in traffic heard a compelling human moment. He didn't hear some jive bullshit radio show where a guy gets on with his stupid deep voice and talks about how sunny the weather is and how great the fucking Jets game was. He heard fucking human drama. He was eavesdropping on reality.

Like today. We talked to Jessica Hahn on the phone. It was tremendous. For half an hour Jessica told us that she might not be able to be part of our pay-per-view special. I sat there and yelled at her about that and about how her boyfriend doesn't really love her. And I don't even know the boyfriend. I don't know anything about their situation.

PLAYBOY: But you know exactly how to push her buttons.

STERN: And I'm pushing button after fucking button and she's taking it seriously. She's going nuts, having a conniption right there. That's great radio.

PLAYBOY: What makes a good guest?

STERN: Sam Kinison was a great guest. He told real stories. He would come in and say, "Guess what? I fucked my sister-in-law."

"You're kidding. How did that happen? Let's get your wife on the phone and ask her about it." You know? That's phenomenal radio.

Jessica Hahn calls in and says, "I fucked Sam Kinison and he shit all over my carpet." This, to me, is amazing.

"I was fucking Sam," she says, "and he was really high and he passed out during sex. Then he woke up in the middle of the night. I guess he was searching for the bathroom, but he couldn't find it and he didn't know where he was because he was so high. Then he moved his bowels all over the floor and got right back into bed like nothing happened."

Now, first of all, that's a phenomenal story because a guy took a shit all over the floor, standing up like an elephant. And he didn't even wipe. She's also telling you, not only did he shit all over the floor but now she has a problem: What do I do with Sam's shit? Because she's afraid *The National Enquirer* is outside her door. It's amazing to get someone to talk about it on the radio.

Then Sam hears about this, gets pissed off, comes on the show and says, "She's a sick pig! I fell asleep inside of her! Plus, she gave bad head." He's screaming and calling her names. You know, there's a great *True Confessions* aspect to all this.

Like, we had Corbin Bernsen on. He was an awful guest on Chevy Chase's show, but when we had him on our show, he was a killer. He went into all the women he fucked—he fucked Vanna White. He was going through the whole damn thing. We had Robin Gibb from the Bee Gees on. He said he had a wife who was a lesbian, and that he lives with her and her lover—the whole thing. It became front-page news in the tabloids in London. People feel that, because there's an openness on the show, they

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What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US and 10 European medical centers involving over 600 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 23% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 9% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 43% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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USJ 1198.00 January 1994 CB-4-S

should be just as open. They get caught up in it. When you're interviewed by Barbara Walters, you start thinking about your career and how important it is. On my show it's kind of like, "Well, I'll just be as stupid as I want to be." And we end up getting different kinds of information.

PLAYBOY: Could you do a completely guest-free, celebrity-free show?

STERN: Absolutely. I've gone weeks without guests. A lot of guests, especially Hollywood actor types, don't have any clue that an audience needs to be entertained. They come in with their agenda and they're not even willing to give me good radio. They want to give me that guarded personality:

"Hey, who did you sleep with?"

"I don't want to say."

"Oh. At what age did you lose your virginity?"

"It's none of your business."

I mean, fuck you! Get the fuck out of my fucking studio! Don't you get the point of this show? If you're not going to be entertaining, get the fuck out!

PLAYBOY: Is that why publicists are so afraid to book clients on your show?

STERN: I have no idea. I can't answer that. I think we sell product better than anyone. If someone comes in and gives me a good appearance, I'm going to go to bat for them and make sure that the word is out on their product. But there are many publicists who won't do business with us. And you know what I say? "Fuck you! I don't care. Keep going on Larry King's show." I once tried to sell a videotape on Larry King. You know how many calls I got? Forty. That's bullshit. Larry King doesn't move product.

PLAYBOY: Who's your all-time best guest?

STERN: [*Pauses*] I'll give you the top five:

Richard Simmons is unbelievable, but he no longer comes on the show because we actually went over the line, I guess. We would sit there and question his masculinity. That drove him completely fucking nuts.

Kinison, right up there. Great fucking guest. We replay some of his appearances, and they get better ratings than some of the people who come in.

I happen to think Maury Povich is a great guest because the guy knows how to take a joke. We get very brutal with him, especially about the fact that he couldn't get Connie Chung pregnant. Great stuff.

Andrew Dice Clay happens to be a good radio guest. He always has an agenda that's kind of interesting.

And Jackie Stallone.

PLAYBOY: All-time worst guest.

STERN: The worst guest I ever had was when I was at NBC. It was Steve Landesberg. *Barney Miller* had just gone off the air, and I think he saw big plans for his future. He was promoting some product—a book or something—and he came in with a bad fucking attitude. He

was barely in the room, you know? You could tell he didn't want to be there. Now, I don't mind a guy who comes in and hates us—that's OK. But when a guy comes in and just doesn't want to be there—that was Steve Landesberg. I just wanted him out of the fucking studio. He made my skin crawl. And I'm so glad: I haven't seen him do anything but some shitty commercials since he left *Barney Miller*.

Gilda Radner was one of my all-time weird guests. She cried.

PLAYBOY: About what?

STERN: I don't know. Maybe she was ill at that point. Maybe the equilibrium in her body was off. But every minute she was like, "You don't like me. You don't like me." And I'm saying, "No. No. Gilda, I'm a big fan of yours, I really like you." She got weird on me and started crying and shit.

PLAYBOY: Some of your guests don't say more than two words.

STERN: Yeah, but some people are like that. Belinda Carlisle hardly says anything—she doesn't try. But there's something about her that brings out the best in me. She has never offered any information, and yet she's one of my best guests because I go fucking nuts when I see her. I'm a good performer when she's around. I would book her any time. Maybe it's just that she's a really good-looking girl, and I want to prove something to her—how fucking funny I am. I have a lot of that going on in me. I'm usually better with female guests because I want to show off or impress them. I'm at my best when there's a good-looking woman in the studio.

PLAYBOY: Still, there are some people you'll probably never get on your show. Let's run down a short list. What would you ask Mother Teresa?

STERN: Well, I'd probably just ask her how the hell she fucking gets the energy up to wash AIDS patients' feet. That's pretty bold.

PLAYBOY: Hillary Clinton.

STERN: Well, I could probably say something sexually lewd here.

PLAYBOY: Do you find her attractive?

STERN: You know, I can't get a sense of what Hillary Clinton looks like. I sometimes see her in pictures and she looks OK. And then in other ones she looks a fucking mess. But I find some weird sexuality there. I could definitely fuck her. No question about it.

PLAYBOY: What would you ask Michelle Pfeiffer?

STERN: "Will you suck my cock?" Oh, I don't know. I mean, what the fuck is her problem, huh? I would probably say to her, "Michelle Pfeiffer, you're so good-looking, you have this great career—but you are so fucking angry." I've never seen anybody so uptight about their personal life. "I will not answer that question, that's very personal." What is she, the queen of Sheba?

PLAYBOY: How about Tom Cruise?

STERN: I have heard for years that Tom Cruise is gay. Mostly gay people tell me this stuff. So I would say, "Are you fucking gay?" He seems to be straight to me, but gays tell me he isn't. I think it's wishful thinking on their part.

PLAYBOY: Hugh Hefner?

STERN: What would I ask Hugh Hefner if he sat down in that chair? [*Clears throat*] I'd probably ask him about when he got his one shot on TV—that *Playboy After Dark*—what the fuck was that all about? Was he on acid? I mean, "How could you blow it that bad?"

I would also ask him about the sex he's had with all the different women. I'm genuinely fascinated by that. I'd like to know, too, what it was like when he dumped his wife. What's it like to come home and say, "Listen, honey, I started a girlie magazine, and where I was once unattractive, now women suddenly find me attractive. So I have to dump you now and go live the PLAYBOY lifestyle."

PLAYBOY: Ronald Reagan?

STERN: He was the president of morality and family, and yet his own fucking children can't stand him. I find that incredible. Here he is, almost the moral standard by which you're supposed to run your family, the family man of the century, and yet his family is completely dysfunctional. How the fuck does he deal with that? The only one who seems to love him is the fat one. I can't think of her name.

PLAYBOY: Maureen.

STERN: She seems to hunger for love in all the wrong places.

PLAYBOY: If you could interview Lenny Bruce, what would you talk about?

STERN: I would genuinely love to talk with Lenny, but I doubt whether he could give me much advice.

"Hey, Lenny, what do you think? I have problems with the government. They have fined me a million dollars and they're trying to end my career."

"Oh, man, I don't know. I couldn't deal with that pressure. If you want my fucking answer, do fucking heroin."

PLAYBOY: Who else would you like to have on the show who hasn't yet made an appearance?

STERN: I would like to have Roseanne and Tom Arnold on. I find Tom Arnold so repulsive that it would be great radio. I would just sit there and tell him what a leech I think he is. "What the fuck is wrong with you? You need your wife to get you a fucking job? You need her to fucking quit her ABC show and switch networks just so they'll give you a television deal?" It would be phenomenal radio.

Madonna has turned me down on several occasions. She's nervous about doing my show. She's afraid to do it. She claims the reason is that I once called her at home and left a message on her answering machine while I was on the air. But fuck her. I mean, the way she's so

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outrageous, she can't handle an answering-machine message?

PLAYBOY: Critics have said that your sidekick Robin Quivers is little more than your in-studio laugh track. Some also say that having a black woman as a sidekick helps shield you from criticism of being a racist or a sexist. What function does Robin really serve?

STERN: First of all, I can't believe that anybody who listens to this show would think that Robin is just a laughing sidekick. Robin makes as much of a contribution as I do. If you counted up the amount of airtime we have, you'd find we both have 50 percent, I think.

Robin has a great laugh, and that laugh is one of the reasons I love her. It gets you talking. She's a facilitator. She instigates. She's conversationally there for me—up on all the current events, just the perfect person to have working alongside you when you're trying to be funny, because she feeds you material.

As far as the racial issue goes, it's completely idiotic for anybody even to think that way. I wish I were that calculated—that I'd said, "Hey, I've got to go get myself a black sidekick so people will think that I'm a really great guy." [*Laughs*] When I first heard a tape of Robin, I had no idea she was black. Believe me, I would not hook up with a black person just because he or she was black. I'm in competition. I want the best possible person there with me. I don't give a fuck what color they are as long as they're talented.

PLAYBOY: You speak often and lovingly of Robin's breasts on your show. Have you ever seen them?

STERN: No. I mean, there was one time we were taping a TV show and her nipple popped out. I saw a nipple! [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What would it take to get her to show her breasts to you?

STERN: Oh, I don't think Robin would show them to me. They're precious. Those are for very special eyes. [*Laughs*] Eyes better than mine.

PLAYBOY: Do you live vicariously through Robin's sex life?

STERN: Robin barely has a sex life, actually. I'm excited when Robin has a sex life, because it's more to talk about. You know, Robin got fucked in the ass a couple of years ago. We haven't stopped talking about it. We live for that.

Robin's sex life is interesting no matter what happens. It's interesting that she doesn't have sex when she could, and it's interesting when she finally does have sex. I've said on the air that Robin is like Spock: I think she has a need to mate every seven years. It's that Vulcan energy surge that she gets. She needs it.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your callers. Is it like playing Russian roulette every time you pick up the phone?

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STERN: It's hard to say. I happen to think some of the funniest aspects of the show are getting a caller on the phone who isn't prepared to be on the show. The idea that each call goes almost exactly the same way is funny in itself:

"Hey, you're on the air."
"What?"
"You're on the air."
"What?"
"Lower your radio."
"What?"
"Lower your radio."
"Hey, Howard, how are you?"
"Lower your radio."

That fucking scenario every time. You can bank on it. There's just something humorous about it.

There's also something great about when women call in. I love angry phone calls. And I love people with accents. Stutterers. Tourette's syndrome. Anything that's an audio problem. I love foreigners who want to call up and scream about my comments, and I'm just telling them to go back to their fucking country. There's just such a beauty, such a base quality to it. And it's fun to listen to. Those are my favorite calls.

I also love lesbian stories, when a woman calls in and says, "I had lesbian sex." Then we dissect every inch of that story to the point where a guy gets a fucking hard-on and has to fucking beat off in his car. I mean, if you can give a guy that, that is a great accomplishment.

PLAYBOY: Your fans sometimes call in to radio and TV shows and invoke your name. You made headlines in 1992 when one man called the *Today* show and asked Ross Perot, on the air live, "Have you ever had the desire to mind-meld with Howard Stern's penis?" Larry King, whose show is a frequent target of this kind of thing, was quoted as saying, "I feel sorry for these people. They must have awfully lonely lives."

STERN: Well, Larry King is nobody who should talk about people with lonely lives. Larry King shouldn't comment on anybody's life. Larry King's private life is despicable. He's a disgrace and he really should be evaluated psychiatrically.

PLAYBOY: How did this whole call-in thing get started?

STERN: Wait a second. Any guy who proposes to women at the rate Larry King does—and marries them and then divorces them—here's a guy with a seriously lonely life.

Anyway, the guy who started the call-ins was Captain Janks, a guy who calls our show all the time. He's named Tom, but he calls himself Captain Janks. He'd call these shows and mention my name.

PLAYBOY: Have you been watching TV and actually seen it happen?

STERN: Yeah, and I get embarrassed. I

turn red every time it happens. But I think it's fucking hysterical.

When the penis thing happened to Ross Perot, my father went out of his fucking mind: "My God, this guy could be president. What are you doing mentioning penis?"

I said, "Dad, what am I doing? I'm not doing anything."

"Tell your listeners not to say penis to Ross Perot."

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in interactive TV as a way to connect with your audience?

STERN: I think it's kind of neat. I'm sure there's a whole bunch of neat little parlor games you play with the audience. But most of this interactive crap is not very inventive. Most of it's going to be so Joan Rivers can sell her jewelry, so Richard Simmons can sell the fucking cardboard diet cards, so Barry Diller can sell some fucking garbage to the public quicker than if they went to a store.

You know, it's almost kind of frightening what's going to happen with that. There was a certain beauty to people going out to the store and interacting. Now we'll have a society where no one even knows how to talk with each other. We won't even have to pass each other on the street. As more people work in the home, they'll call everything in from their television sets. It will be complete noninteraction. I'll probably be happy in that kind of environment.

PLAYBOY: You don't see yourself someday riding down this information highway so your listeners can interact with you?

STERN: I've been doing that for years. I pick up the phone and interact. I mean, there's no secret to interaction.

PLAYBOY: Why do you sometimes run your show late?

STERN: Like anything else with radio, I felt that having no form to the show was important. But toward the end of the show, I found that we would start trying to cram stuff in. So it seems to me that you end the show when you want to. I never could figure out why we treat all these cable systems like a network. I thought cable TV was going to be about: If you have a great guest, you go with it.

Like on CNN. Larry King is sitting there with, I don't know, the president of Mars. And it's an all-time exclusive. It's the first time the guy has landed on Earth. So go the extra 15 minutes! What the fuck else do you have to program? If something's going great, go with it. If I have Patti Davis Reagan telling me how she is curious about bondage, or talking about fucking two guys in the White House, go with it. I mean, don't stop. That's the way it should always be.

PLAYBOY: What was your thinking in deciding to take your show national?

STERN: I felt a lot of what I was doing was being imitated all over the country and I wasn't being compensated for it. Guys were making fortunes off my show. So why shouldn't I have the luxury of competing in those markets and getting the credit for what I had created? It killed me. It still kills me that you go to—oh, I don't know—to Milwaukee, and nobody there knows who I am. That bugs me because there are two guys in Milwaukee, maybe, doing my show—and making a pretty good living at it.

PLAYBOY: But you take it to extremes. You get vicious when discussing competitors. Where do you draw the line?

STERN: I don't draw the line. So I guess I'm just vicious. I am going to talk about a guy if I think he's a cocksucker—and a lot of these guys I'm up against are cocksuckers.

PLAYBOY: So you won't mind telling us the first thing that comes to mind when we mention some of your colleagues in broadcasting.

STERN: Uh-oh.

PLAYBOY: Larry King.

STERN: Boring.

PLAYBOY: Rush Limbaugh.

STERN: Big, fat, pumpkin-headed bastard piece of shit.

PLAYBOY: Casey Kasem.

STERN: No-talent motherfucker who counts backward and made millions of dollars, to the point where he even owns a building in Los Angeles. And he has a big fucking space-alien-looking wife.

PLAYBOY: Rick Dees.

STERN: Dick Clark wanna-be. Never will be. Failure at most everything he does. His wife can't even fuckin' talk. He has her on the payroll to do impressions, and you know who she sounds like? Rick Dees' wife. Her Dr. Ruth sounds like Rick Dees' wife. Rick Dees is a no-talent.

PLAYBOY: Don Imus.

STERN: Most despicable human being on the planet, whose lungs I wish would collapse every day of the week so that he'd stay alive and suffer trying to breathe. He is the biggest rip-off artist in the world. He does my exact same show every day, but does it badly. He has to live with it every day that he's not me.

PLAYBOY: Bill Clinton went on Don Imus' show and not yours. Why?

STERN: First of all, when I met Imus, he never had a guest on his show. Imus now does *The Howard Stern Show*, and he does it poorly. The reason he does it poorly is because he has no sexuality, because he's an old dried-out lizard. He couldn't talk honestly about the size of his penis or anything else. He's just not honest—about his life, about what he feels.

Imus got Clinton because aides perceived him as someone who would play the game. And they were afraid to book him on my program, because of my reputation. But I think Clinton would have

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had a good time on my show.

PLAYBOY: If you had Clinton on your show now, what would you ask him?

STERN: "When the fuck are you going to do something about the FCC? For Christ's sake, I backed you. I got a lot of people to vote for you. Now what about it?" I genuinely need Bill Clinton to put an end to this FCC madness. I wish I could talk to him. He did something great on abortion, basically putting all those religious yahoos on the back burner. He did the right thing with gays in the military—he took a brave stance, started the wheels in motion. Clinton is good at starting the wheels in motion toward more freedom for everybody. Where Bush sat on his fucking ass and kowtowed to the religious Right, Clinton has begun to lean in a direction that's more positive in terms of the way we treat each other. And as far as the First Amendment goes, I believe that Clinton firmly believes I have the right to say what I want to say on the radio.

So the first question I'd ask Clinton would be, "What are you going to do?"

PLAYBOY: You've said, "I don't think that you can go too far on the radio." Isn't there anything that you shouldn't be able to say?

STERN: I think free speech is the single greatest freedom we have in this country. For anyone to say that something shouldn't be said hurts that freedom. The rule I follow is this: I should say anything that I think is funny.

PLAYBOY: Just the same, a lot of people would be happier if you stopped talking about sex.

STERN: What is this bugaboo about sex? I mean, what is this hang-up that we have? To me a penis is like your arm. You know? Your penis or your vagina is just another part of your body. But as adults we're so freaked out by it that we almost laugh at it—we find it funny to say. We're so fucking uptight. We are fucking crazy. We've gone mad.

PLAYBOY: Were you actually surprised when the FCC came after you?

STERN: I honestly was.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STERN: When I got into radio, the FCC was the guys who, if you didn't take your meter readings right and all that kind of shit, were going to come down and pounce on you. They never really appeared to do anything. So when suddenly, out of the blue, they said, "Hey, by the way, we're censors and now we're going to tell you what you can say and what you can't say," that shocked the shit out of me. It was like, "Wait a minute, guys, when did you start doing this?"

"Oh, we've always had the right to do this. We just never had a reason before you."

"Oh, really? OK. And what is it you guys are afraid the American public might hear?"

"If you mention anything at all about

penises or going to the bathroom——"

"You're kidding. You mean, that's bad? No one knows about penises or about going to the bathroom?"

"You can't talk about it."

The whole thing is shocking, so, of course, I was shocked by it. Quite frankly, what's happening to me is pretty scary. The reason most journalists and people in the business are not put off by it is that it's me. "Howard Stern's a fucking goof. That's not real journalism. That's not real freedom of speech. They would never come after me."

But suddenly you start to see censorship being OK. You're starting to see Disney take scenes out of movies, *Beavis and Butt-head* being moved to another time slot for the most ridiculous reasons, when you know that poor parenting causes the problems.

PLAYBOY: What are the latest charges against you from the FCC?

STERN: Right now, there's one guy who keeps filing against me every week, and the FCC immediately acts on it. They seem to fine me most whenever there are big jumps in my career. When I hit number one in Los Angeles, New York and Philly simultaneously—and it really looked as if I was going to sign about 300 radio stations to carry the show—the FCC came in and smacked me with $750,000, $800,000 worth of fines. I know why they did it. They were saying to the rest of the industry, "Don't put Howard on the radio."

PLAYBOY: How many complaints and charges against you?

STERN: About five.

PLAYBOY: Total fines?

STERN: A million and some odd dollars. But when you say a complaint, it's one guy complaining out of millions of people. How can you tell me that's legitimate? One guy has a hang-up about the show. He has a wacky bug up his ass about sex. For whatever reason, he feels he's the protector of all children or something. He has a crusade going on. That's his right, I guess, so long as he doesn't lie when he files those charges. But as long as he is filing, it's the government I have a problem with. Why would they take any of that shit seriously? You would have to show me a study or an impact survey that says what I'm saying is bad or indecent. I don't think there's a court in this land that would find me indecent or obscene.

PLAYBOY: How do you define indecency?

STERN: I don't. If you're asking me subjectively to make a call on what indecency is, I would have to go with child pornography, abuse, murder, raping young boys if you're a priest. All these are indecent. But as far as talking about them on the radio, I have no problem.

What's going on is absurd. If I tell you some of the stuff that I've been fined for—for a guy playing the piano with his penis. Fucking Donahue did a whole show on penile implants. Getting it up. Erections. Arousals. And yet there will be no fines over that.

It's called selective enforcement. But you can't selectively go after me and no one else. The laws have to apply to everyone. Still, if you have a psychiatrist sitting up on the stage with Donahue, then it's legitimate. If you have me sitting around cracking jokes about sexuality, that's considered frivolous. To me, free speech is free speech. You can't decide in what context you can speak about these things.

You know, I used to go on the air and talk about my anal fissure problem. I had a problem with my anus, and I talked about it and how I cured it. They want to fine me for that. I probably helped a million people with that—that's self-help. But it's coming out of my mouth. Anus out of my mouth is bad. Penis out of my mouth is bad. But penis out of Donahue's mouth is good. Donahue can say he's talking about penis because he wants to help people and I'm talking about penis because I want ratings. Bullshit. Donahue talks about penis in November because he wants big sweeps. I'm talking about penis because I know it's interesting to people. We have the same motivation. Don't tell me he's doing it in a good way and I'm

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doing it in a bad way.

PLAYBOY: You once prayed aloud on the air that the head of the FCC would die of cancer. You wished death on Don Imus when his lung collapsed and he was hospitalized.

STERN: Right.

PLAYBOY: Are you really surprised that some people get upset when you say those types of things?

STERN: I couldn't give a fuck what people think about me. If there is a person out there who can tell me that they never wished, at some point in their lives, that somebody would drop dead—someone who's a big pain in the ass—I'd say they're full of shit. Hey, it's mind-blowing to me that so many people care that I say that stuff. Who am I, God? I wish cancer on somebody, and they're really going to get it? Are you giving me that much power? People treat me like the fucking Pope. I mean, people are insane. They're crazy.

PLAYBOY: Let's say your case goes to the U.S. Supreme Court. Isn't there a possibility that Justice Clarence Thomas may have seen you in blackface, imitating him on your TV show shortly after his confirmation hearings?

STERN: I know he saw me. Clarence Thomas is not a fan of mine.

PLAYBOY: Does he look like someone who can take a joke?

STERN: No, I don't think he can take a joke. If it goes to the Supreme Court, though, the Court will look pretty silly saying my shows are indecent. I don't think any court will find me indecent. I know what I do and it's not indecent.

PLAYBOY: You're a frequent target of the Reverend Donald Wildmon's. To your knowledge, has he ever successfully threatened an advertiser of yours?

STERN: As far as I'm concerned, advertising boycotts never work—no one ever abides by them. People are too lazy and fucked up. They don't even care. Sponsors get nervous and say, "Oh, my God, we're going to be boycotted." But people don't do that. They don't give a shit. The Jews are buying fucking Mercedes-Benzes, for Christ's sake. How much more information do you need in terms of boycotts? The Germans gassed 6 million people, and people are buying Mercedes-Benzes.

PLAYBOY: You're seldom referred to without some sort of adjective modifying your name: shock jock, coarse, sleazy, vulgar. Does that bother you?

STERN: It makes me feel bad because I genuinely feel that the show is more than that—that it's innovative. It disturbs me that critics don't have a sense of history about radio—about how dull it was, and that there's at least somebody here trying to do something interesting with the medium.

We've created a certain attitude, a certain looseness. You never used to hear people talking about their sex lives or about anything that involved the real world. Radio was dull. It was nothing. It was either music or lame talk shows with some bullshit phone calls. So, yes, it does bother me that none of them, even the critics, acknowledge the changes that the show has brought about in radio.

PLAYBOY: You're charged with being a role model, and a bad one at that.

STERN: People try to make the argument that if somebody hears Howard Stern say penis on the air, men will no longer respect women sexually. Where the fuck is that written? Who has done a study that says if a young boy hears about the vagina, he's going to turn into a rapist?

PLAYBOY: But it isn't just that you're saying the word vagina—it's the context in which you're saying it.

STERN: I don't see it.

PLAYBOY: The charge is that you objectify women in a sexual way.

STERN: All of society does that. Women *are* sexual objects to me. They're also a lot more—to most men, I would hope. I mean, my relationship with my wife is as a friend, someone I can relate to, someone I can talk to. She's the only person who loved me when nobody else did. She stuck by me. I talk about that on the air. It's not as simple as saying, "Howard just sees women as tits and ass," because that's not what the show is about.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a political impact?

STERN: I think that I have affected elections. So, yeah, I guess I do have a political impact. I know for a fact that I was influential in getting [New York] Senator Alfonse D'Amato reelected. I know I generated votes for Governor Christie Whitman in New Jersey. I even think, to a large degree, I influenced a lot of people in New York and Los Angeles to vote for Clinton.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as your political responsibility when you're on the air endorsing candidates?

STERN: It's hard to take my politics seriously when I say I'll endorse the first gubernatorial candidate who calls in to the show. Christie Whitman got our endorsement because she called in first.

It's all sort of frivolous and fun. Anybody who would be influenced by my goofiness has a mental problem.

PLAYBOY: Let's run down some of your political views. You're a proponent of the death penalty. Why?

STERN: Because I think it's a deterrent if we say to a guy, "You're going to fucking die." We have no room in prisons, and you're telling me there's not going to be a death penalty? We have to start killing people. You can't rehabilitate these *schmendriks*.

PLAYBOY: Abortion?

STERN: The idea that we should say to a woman, "We want you to have your baby," is absolutely sick. You have the biggest scuzballs in the world picketing against abortion. They're so full of shit, it's coming out of their ears.

There are so many fucking fetuses that are unwanted right now and so many people who can't raise children. I wish there were more abortions. The country is completely overpopulated. In fact, I think they should allow abortion up to the ninth month of pregnancy. They should vacuum and suck out every bit of that baby. The best thing in the world is that there's abortion.

PLAYBOY: The war on drugs?

STERN: I'm in favor of legalizing all drugs. There are so many legal drugs at this point. There isn't a woman on Long Island, I think, who isn't addicted to Xanax or Valium or whatever those fucking drugs are. But we picked out certain ones—heroin, cocaine, pot—that we think are bad and say, "You can't have these." Yet you would eliminate half of the crime in this country if you made drugs legal.

I haven't done drugs in ten, 15 years. But I needed to experiment with them at a certain point in my life. I tried every one of them.

PLAYBOY: Was the experiment a success?

STERN: No, not for me. I used to smoke more pot than anybody on the planet, and I hated every minute of it. I'd get completely paranoid and have to run to my bed and go to sleep. But I did it because I wanted to look cool and get laid.

The one drug that I really loved was Quaaludes, or any kind of down that sedated me and made me forget who the fuck I was and how disgusting and ugly I was. I loved that sensation. I self-medicated through high school.

I would make drugs legal, but I'd advise my kids not to take them. Would that stop them? I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Gay rights?

STERN: I'm all for gay rights. Homosexuals should serve in the military. I think that a guy should have every right to fuck another guy in the ass, as repulsive as I find that. And lesbianism, you know I support that. Wholeheartedly.

PLAYBOY: We'll get to that in a bit. You took a lot of heat for your remarks about the Los Angeles riots and Rodney King. You were called a racist for suggesting that the police should have fired on the rioters, and that Rodney King had it coming.

STERN: If I'm afraid to talk about these issues, then I'm a racist. I have no hatred for black people or Spanish people or Chinese people. But I think we have a real racial problem in this country. There's an inordinate amount of crime in the black community. That doesn't mean all black people are bad. It means that there's a problem.

I believe the Los Angeles riots were complete lawlessness. It had nothing to do with civil unrest or making a statement. I think 99 percent of the people out there were there just to steal free televisions. If somebody steals, they

(continued on page 158)

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COMRADES IN CRIME

article by

ROBERT CULLEN

THE ROOTS of America's Russian Mob run deep beneath Zagrebsky Boulevard in St. Petersburg, where Andrei Kuznetsov grew up. Built in the Soviet era, Zagrebsky is a place of brick factories and crumbling eight-story tenements, of weedy vacant lots and rattling trams. If there were truth-in-labeling laws in Russia, this part of the city would still be called Leningrad.

Andrei never bought the ideologically prescribed view of life on Zagrebsky Boulevard as a privilege, a reward to his father for 12 years of faithful service to the Soviet air force in Siberia. He saw it for what it was: a three-room apartment where somebody had to sleep on a fold-out couch and the piano had to go in the hallway. A daily trudge to the market to pick over the dirty potatoes and turnips. The old man, Innokenty Kuznetsov, a stalwart Communist, thought this was enough to make a man content in his middle age. His son knew better.

With ferocious determination, Andrei schemed to get out of Leningrad. His launching point, in the mid-Eighties, was the network of tourist hotels in the center of the city. These places—the Astoria, the Yevropeiskaya, the Pribaltiskaya—admitted only foreigners who had hard currency to spend. Typically, visitors stayed in the city for a few days, taking in the Rembrandts and Da Vincis at the Hermitage, traipsing through the imperial palaces and absorbing occasional lectures on

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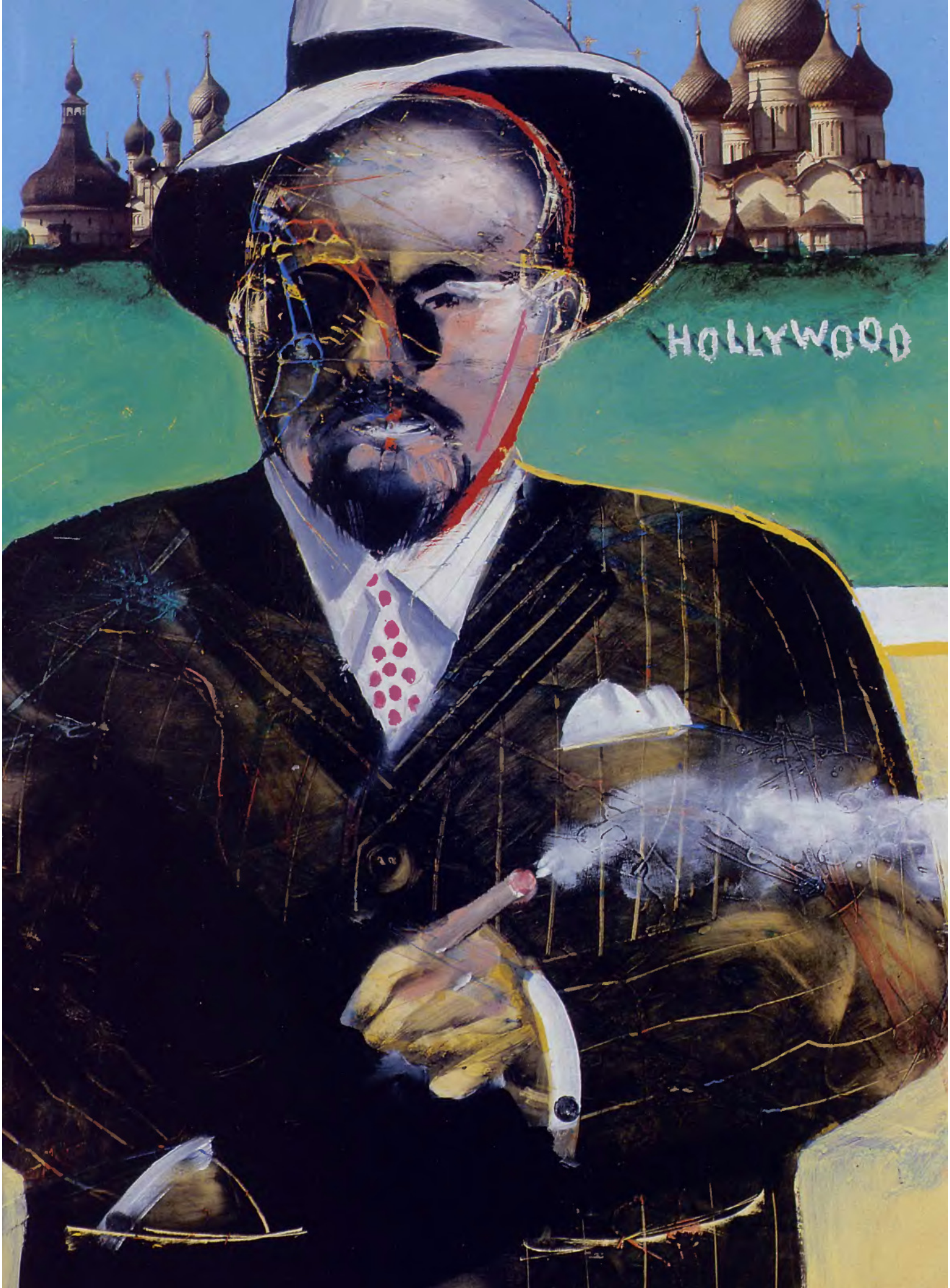

HOLLYWOOD

the merits of socialism. Normally, the state tourist organization diligently shepherded them, but they sometimes broke away to explore the city for themselves. That was where Andrei found his opportunities.

If he could befriend tourists, for instance, he could persuade them to trade dollars for rubles with him instead of with the state. They got a better exchange rate, he got the means to buy jeans and Walkmans.

Andrei had a talent for befriending people. He was a good-looking boy, tall and slender, with wavy brown hair and blue eyes. He studied various languages, English first among them. He was particularly good at charming women. He wrote poems for them. He flattered them. He sensed when they wanted sex and when they wanted proof that he had something other than sex on his mind.

Sometimes, as part of a seduction, Andrei would take people home for a meal cooked by his mother, just to show them his sweet, boyish side. Women tourists loved him. In the mid-Eighties, while he was still technically a student at Leningrad State University, he began to prosper in St. Petersburg's black market.

That, unfortunately, brought him to the attention of the KGB, which had always monitored contacts between Soviet citizens and foreigners, however innocent. With the beginning of perestroika, the KGB also developed an interest in nonpolitical crime. KGB eavesdroppers listened in on all the phones in the tourist hotels. KGB operatives infiltrated the hotel and university staffs. In 1986, this net swept up Andrei Kuznetsov and sent him to jail for three years. The charge was currency speculation.

•

The KGB, like most things in Russia, has changed a great deal in the past seven years. It now calls itself the Ministry of Security of the Russian Federation. It has learned that in a democracy a police agency wanting to remain well-funded has to pay attention to public relations. It must crack down, or appear to be cracking down, on problems that concern voters. So nowadays, if a reporter wants to know about organized crime in Russia, he has only to call the Ministry of Security and ask for a briefing.

The reporter will be directed to walk past the glowering Lubyanka, symbolic headquarters of the KGB, to an old, pastel-blue merchant's mansion down the street. The waiting room has grimy brown linoleum flooring and matching chairs. A bust of Iron Feliks Dzerzhinsky, the KGB's founder, still occupies a place of honor. A few nervous Russians sit waiting for appointments. In a moment, Sergei Bogdanov appears.

Bogdanov is dressed in mufti, which means sneakers and a windbreaker with a label that reads DANNY. He sees reporters in the sort of barren, empty office where police in all countries talk to people who aren't suspects but who aren't exactly trusted, either. He is the number two man in the ministry's public relations office, where his duties include producing a weekly crime-busters show for Moscow television. He has read, he informs his interviewer, some of the standard American texts on the art of public relations. He has also read *The Godfather* in a translation that circulated within the KGB in the early Eighties.

Russian organized crime, he says, lacks the hierarchy of the American Mafia. There is no Russian Godfather. Instead, there are some 3000 gangs, ranging in size from five members to dozens. They first formed in the Sixties, as the fear of Stalinism gave way to a pervasive cynicism and a thriving black market.

"They started out in petty gangs, dealing in things like robbery and speculation," Bogdanov says. Speculation, in this context, means selling something for more than you paid. A gang might buy some meat, illegally, from the director of a state store. Then the gang members would sell it, at retail prices, while the store director reported a theft.

With the advent of perestroika, organized crime exploded. Gang members could form legal private businesses and avoid the messy Soviet necessity of working for the state. These businesses served as a place for gang members to invest their initial capital as well as a cover for their operations. Bogdanov recalls one case, in 1989, in which a gang stole titanium from a defense factory, made shovels with it and exported the shovels to confederates in Japan, declaring a tax valuation of three rubles per shovel. Titanium in Japan was going for about $19 per pound, perhaps 100 times more than the tax value of the shovel.

As the legitimacy of the Communist Party eroded in the late Eighties, the gangs found no shortage of bureaucrats for sale. Policemen, prosecutors and tax collectors were bribed. "Our estimates are that two thirds of the gangs bought an 'umbrella' in the law enforcement agencies," Bogdanov says. "Of the ones who have international ties, maybe 90 percent have bought protection."

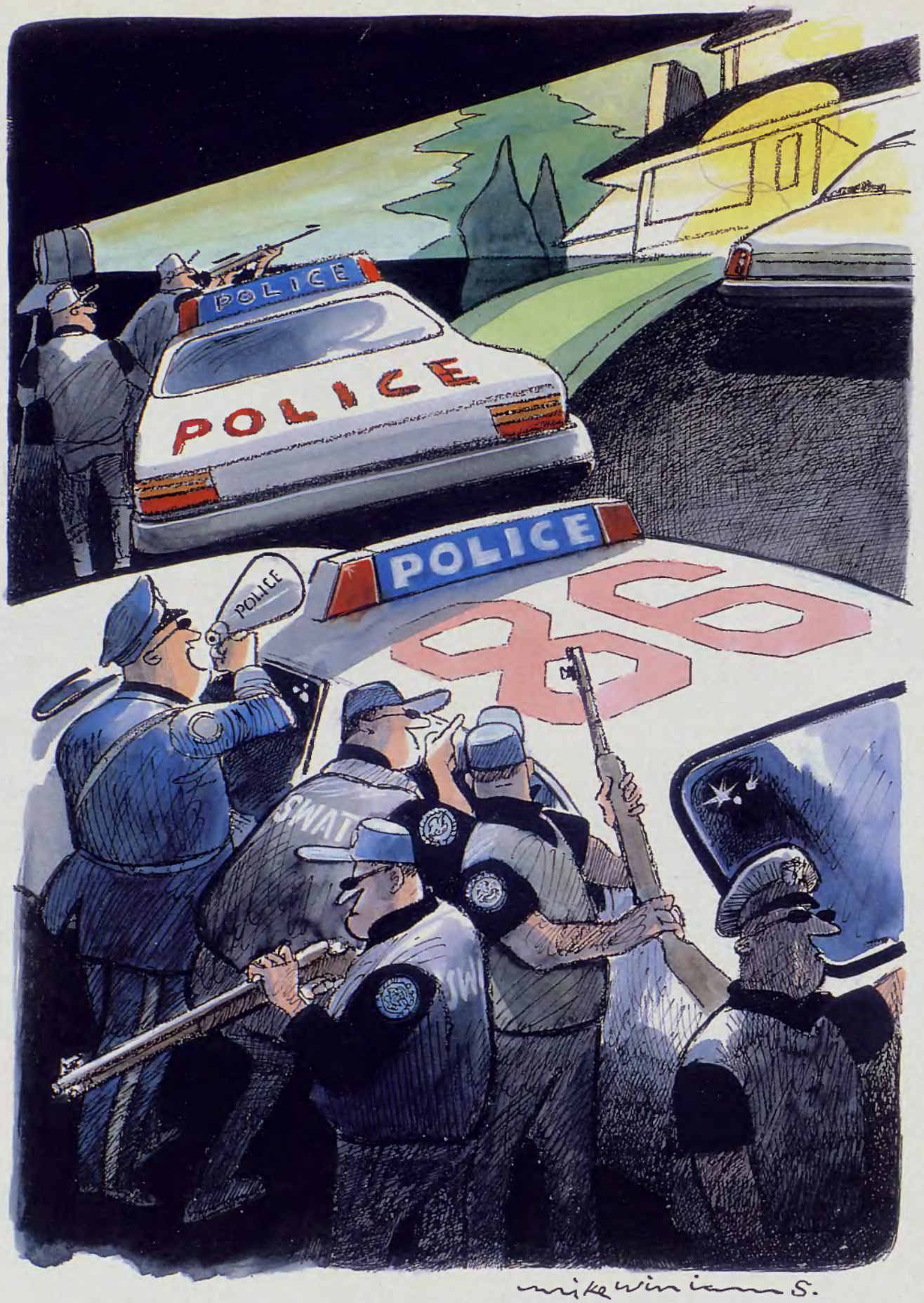
And increasingly, Bogdanov says, Russian gangs look for opportunities abroad. As Willie Sutton once noted, that's where the money is. Ties with the U.S. began with the era of mass emigration from the Soviet Union, which began in the early Seventies and peaked in Gorbachev's last years in power. So far, more than 200,000 former Soviet citizens have come to the U.S. since 1975. "It's easy, when someone has a brother in New York or Los Angeles, to arrange some kind of joint venture," he says.

There is, in Bogdanov's voice, more than a hint of schadenfreude. The KGB, after all, spent the last years of the Cold War listening to American sermons about the need to liberalize emigration, the economy and the criminal justice system. If Americans now come to Moscow with concerns that these liberalizations have led to a new crime problem, one suspects that more than one KGB man is muttering "I told you so" into his vodka.

Bogdanov recounts the case of a Moscow gangster called Delyets, or "the Dealer." He began his career as a thief. Then he formed a gang that specialized in stealing icons and paintings. The Dealer branched out. He created two private businesses that smuggled automotive spare parts out of Russia, bribing customs officials to do so. He controlled prostitution around the Kiev subway station and the adjacent Slavyanskaya Hotel. He had a protection racket going with the truckers who needed a place to park outside the station. Delyets was arrested in February 1992, but after two months in jail, he paid an 800,000 ruble bribe to a prosecutor in return for the opportunity to make bail. Once he was back on the streets, the witnesses against him soon decided to forget whatever they had known about the Dealer's various enterprises.

During those two months, though, other gangs had muscled in on the Dealer's territory, typifying the anarchic nature of the Russian Mob. There is no "family," no structure to protect the business of a man who takes a fall. The Dealer, Bogdanov has heard, decided not to attempt the difficult and potentially bloody task of recapturing his turf. Nor was he interested in buying it back. Instead, rumor has it, he was pulling together the capital and the false documents he needed to go abroad. And Bogdanov has an idea where the Dealer wanted to go. "When he was arrested back in 1992," he says,

(continued on page 130)



"Mrs. Anderson! Mrs. Anderson! Maybe if you could give Mr. Anderson back the remote control we could end this thing without anybody getting hurt!"

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Marianne Gravatte

miss october 1982 returns as a poster girl for family values

MARIANNE GRAVATTE, PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year 1983, doesn't work out at a health club, but she's in terrific shape. "I run around after *them*," says Marianne, smiling at her three thrill-a-minute sons, who tumble and shout around us. She's not complaining. She spent her whole life building up to the title of "Mom." Her first prize—the Playmate crown—was pretty special, too. "I'll look back on it forever," she says, "thinking how lucky I was." She feels this way despite the fact that she got a thorough ribbing on national TV—from David Letterman, no less. Although she preserves her memories, she did have to dispose of the Porsche she won as a Playmate prize: There was no room in it for the kids. Her son Cody was born in 1987, then came Justin and Matthew. To fully enjoy the chaos of home, Marianne quit her modeling career and now, with her husband, Mark, runs a sports bar. She's the sultriest supermom in town.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Marianne was painfully shy before we met her, so shy that "if I didn't know a phone number, I would be too embarrassed to call information." Now 34, a veteran of many modeling assignments, including four for us, she credits PLAYBOY with bringing her out of her shell. "Posing nude, you get over your shyness," she says with a grin.

Great moments in Playmateland: "At an autograph session in a small town when I was Playmate of the Year, one young man just looked at me for hours," says Marianne. "So at the end of the session I went over and gave him a kiss on the cheek." For that young man and all her fans, here's good news: Marianne remembers.

Respect

a physician is responsible for his patients, agreed. but what if the patients are two feuding sicilian dons?

fiction

By T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA

WHEN Santo R. stepped into my little office in Partinico last fall I barely recognized him. He'd been a corpulent boy, one of the few in this dry-as-bones country, and a very heavyset young man. I remembered his parents—peasants, and poor as church mice—and how I'd treated him for the usual childhood ailments—rubella, chicken pox, mumps—and how even then the gentlest pressure of my fingers would leave marks on the distended flesh of his upper arms and legs. But if he'd been heavy then, he was now, at the age of 29, like a pregnant mule, so big around the middle he hardly fit through the door. He was breathing hard, half-choked on the dust of the streets, and he was wet through to the skin with sweat. "Doctor," he wheezed, sinking a thumb into the morass of his left pectoral, just above the heart, "it hurts here." An insuck of breath, a dab at the brow, a wince. I watched his bloated, pale hand sink to cradle the great tub of his abdomen. "And here," he whispered.

Behind him, through the open door, the waiting room was full of shopkeepers, widows and hypochondriacs, who looked on in awe as I motioned my

nurse, Crocifissa, to pull the door closed and leave us. My patients might have been impressed—here was a man of respect who, in the company of his two endomorphic bodyguards, had waddled up the stairs and through the waiting room without waiting for anyone or anything—but for my part, I was only alarmed at the state he was in. The physician and his patient, after all, have a bond that goes far deeper than the world of getting and keeping, of violence and honor and all the mess that goes with them—and from the patient's point of view, self-importance can take you only so far when you come face-to-face with the man who inserts the rectal thermometer.

"Don R.," I said, getting up from the desk and simultaneously fitting the stethoscope to my ears, "I can see that you're suffering. But have no fear, you've come to the right man. Now, let's have a look."

Well, I examined him, and he was as complete and utter a physical wreck as any man under 70 who had ever set foot in my office. The chest pain, extending below the breastbone and down the left arm to the wrist and little finger, was symptomatic of angina, a sign of premature atherosclerosis; his liver and spleen were enlarged; he suffered from hypertension and ulcers; and if he didn't yet have a full-blown case of emphysema, he was well on his way to developing it. At least, this was my preliminary diagnosis—we would know more when the test results came back from the lab.

Crocifissa returned to inform me that Signora Malatesta seemed to be having some sort of attack in the waiting room, and as the door swung shut behind her, I could see one of Santo's bodyguards bent over the old woman, gently patting her on the back. "*Momento*," I called out, and turned to Santo with my gravest expression. "You are a very unwell man, Don R.," I told him, "and I can't help but suspect that your style of living has been a contributing factor. You smoke heavily, do you not?"

A grunt. The blocky fingers patted down the breast pocket of his jacket and he produced an engraved cigarette case. He offered it to me with a gallant sweep of his arm, and when I refused, he lit up one for himself. For a long moment he sat meditating over my question. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders. "Two or three packs a day," he rasped, and appended a little cough.

"And alcohol?"

"What is this, Doctor, the confessional?" he growled, fixing me with a pair of dangerous black eyes. But then he subsided, shrugging again. "A liter of chianti, of Valpolicella with meals—at breakfast, lunch, evening snack and dinner—and maybe two or three *fiaschi* of brandy a day to keep my throat open."

"Coffee?"

"A pot or two in the morning. And in the evening, when I can't sleep. And that's another problem, Doctor. These pills that Bernardi gave me for sleeping? Well, they have no effect on me, nothing. I might as well be swallowing little blue capsules of cat piss. I toss, I turn. My stomach is on fire. And this at four and five in the morning."

"I see, yes," I said, and I pulled at the little Vandyke I've worn for nearly 40 years now to inspire confidence in my patients. "And do you—how shall I put it? Do you exercise regularly?"

Santo looked away. His swollen features seemed to close in on themselves and in that moment he was the pudgy boy again, ready to burst into tears at some real or imagined slight. When he spoke, his voice sank to a whisper. "You mean with the women then, eh?" And before I could answer he went on, his voice so reduced I could barely hear him: "I—I just don't seem to feel the urge anymore. And not only when it comes to my wife, as you might expect after ten years of marriage, but with the young girls, too."

Somehow, we had steered ourselves into dangerous conversational waters, and I saw that these waters foamed with naked shoals and rocky reefs. "No, no," I said, and I almost gasped out the words, "I meant physical exercise—jogging, bicycling, a regular 20-minute walk, perhaps?"

"Ha!" he spat. "Exercise!" And he rose ponderously from the chair, his face as engorged and lopsided as a tomato left out to rot in the sun. "All I do is exercise. My whole frigging life is exercise, morning to night and back to morning again. I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't ball the girls in the brothel and my cigarettes taste like shit. And do you know why? Do you?"

His voice had suddenly risen to a roar and the door popped open so that I could see the burnished faces of the two bodyguards as they clutched their waistbands for the heavy pistols they wore there. "Bastiano!" he bellowed. "Bastiano Frigging C., that's why. That's my problem. Not the cigarettes, not the booze, not the heart or the liver or the guts but that bony, pussy-licking son of a bitch Bastiano!"

•

A week later, in the middle of a consultation with Signora Trombetta about her hot flashes and crying spells, the door to my office burst open, and there, looking like death in a dishpan, stood Bastiano C. I hadn't seen him in more than a year, since I'd last treated him for intestinal worms. As with Santo R., I was stunned by his visible deterioration. Even as a boy he'd been thin, the sullen elder child of the village schoolmaster, all legs and arms, like a spider, but now it was as if the flesh had been painted on his bones. At five feet nine inches tall, he must have weighed less than a hundred pounds. His two bodyguards, expressionless men nearly as emaciated as he, flanked him like slats in a fence. He gave a slight jerk of his neck, barely perceptible, and the widow Trombetta, though she was in her 60s and suffering from arthritis in every joint, scurried out the door as if she'd been set afire.

"Don C.," I said, peering at him through the upper portion of my bifocals, "how good to see you. And how may I help you?"

He said nothing, merely stood in the doorway looking as though a breeze would blow him away if not for the pistols, shivs and cartridges that anchored him to the floor. Another minute gesture, so conservative of energy, the merest flick of the neck, and the two henchmen melted away into the waiting room, the door closing softly behind them.

I cleared my throat. "And what seems to be the matter?" I asked in my most mellifluous, comforting tones, the tones I use on the recalcitrant child, the boy who doesn't like the look of the needle or the girl who won't stick out her tongue for the depressor.

Nothing.

The silence was unlike him. I'd always known him as a choleric personality, quick to speak his mind, exchange insults, fly into a rage—both in the early days of our acquaintance when he was a spoiled boy living at home with his parents, and afterward, when he began to make his mark on the world, first as a *campiere* on the Buschetta estate and later as a man of respect.

I rearranged the things on my desk, took off my glasses and wiped them with my handkerchief. Bastiano C. was 26 or 27 years old, and his medical history had been unremarkable as far as I could recall. Oh, there were the usual doses of clap, the knife and gun wounds, but nothing that could begin to explain the physical shambles that I now saw before me. I listened to the clock in the square toll the hour—it was four P.M. and hotter than even Dante could have imagined it—and then I tried one last time. "So, Don C., you're not feeling well. Would you like to tell me about it?"

(continued on page 142)

"And next time, if there is a next time, I'll thank you not to leave a little Post-it note on me!"

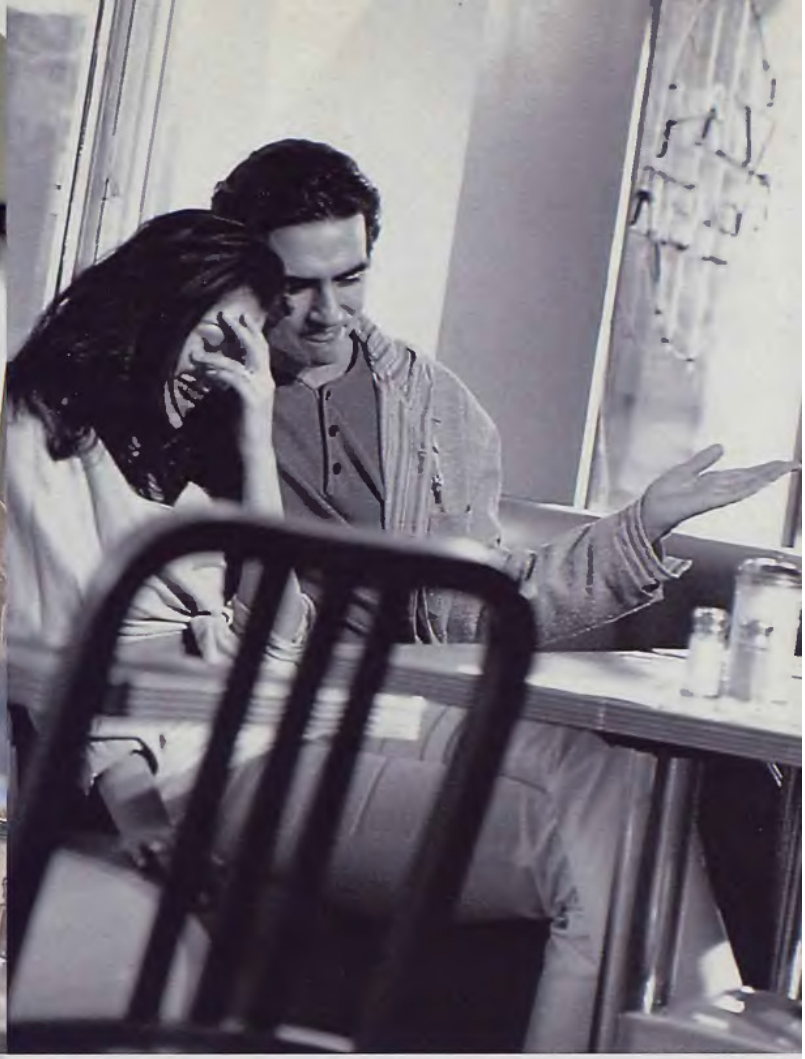
PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

IF YOU followed our advice last spring, then you already own a linen suit. And if you didn't, it's time to take another look—the fabric is still the warm-weather favorite of American and European designers. This season, however, relaxed linen lineups from Calvin Klein, Giorgio Armani, Joseph Abboud and others go beyond suits and sports jackets to include dress and sport shirts, trousers, sweaters, outerwear and shorts. As you can see on these pages, comfort crosses the line between casual and dressy, and colors do, too. The same textured beiges, tans and steel grays that are found in the latest double- and single-breasted suits, for example, turn up in drawstring pants and camp shirts. What's more, ties have gone soft (the top styles are silk knits), the newest shirts feature laid-back pajama-type collars and more adventuresome guys are wearing sandals to work. Sans socks, of course!

When wearing a six-button double-breasted suit, follow David Lettermon's leod ond button it once in the center. Left: This fellow goes about it casuolly in o six-button double-breosted linen suit with double-pleated trousers, obout $840, ond o cotton bonded-collor shirt, obout $60, both from Polo by Ralph Louren; plus colfskin urbon fisherman sandals, by Kenneth Cole, $120. Right: A look worth toosting includes o linen-ond-wool single-breosted suit with notched lapels ond double-pleoted trousers, $750, ond o linen-ond-cotton plaid shirt, $150, both by CK Colvin Klein; plus o mélonge silk knit tie, by Colvin Klein, $75.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BETH BISCHOFF



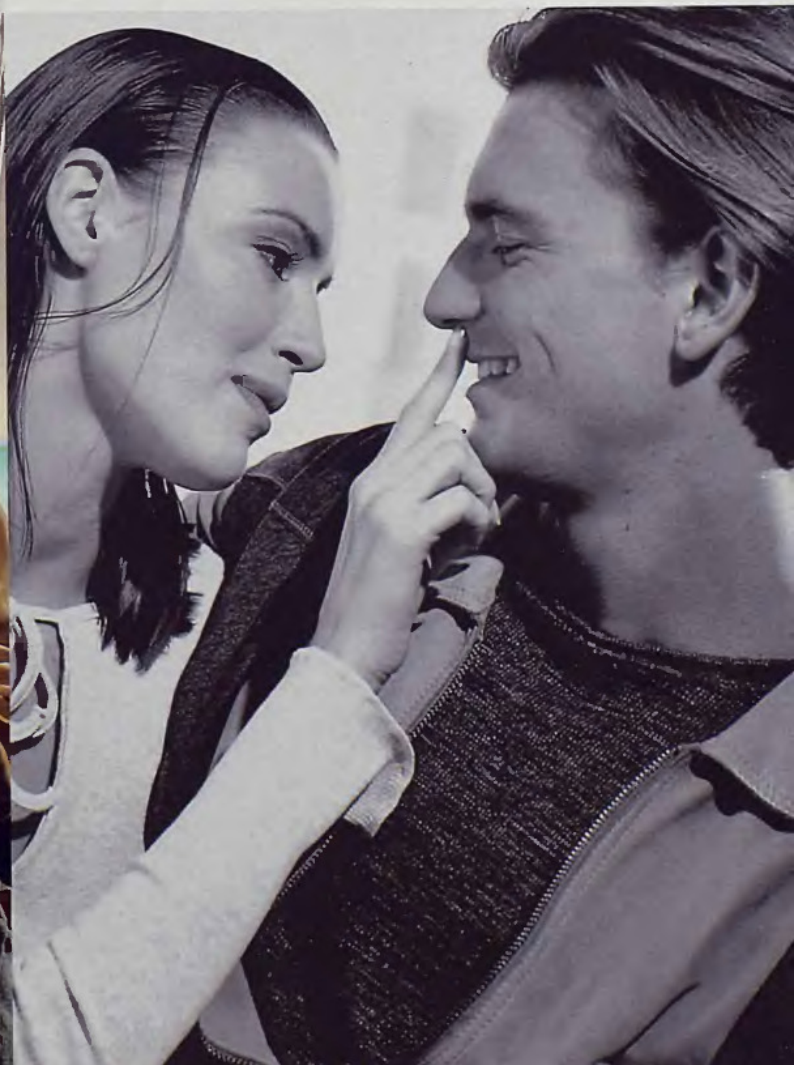
Since linen is a lightweight fabric, you can wear it layered even in the summer without overheating or bulking up. Above and left: One way to keep your cool is in a linen five-button unconstructed shirt jacket with four open-patch pockets, by Michael Kors, about $500; worn over a Moroccan-striped linen-and-cotton hooded shirt with an open-patch chest pocket, about $180, and a linen-and-cotton three-button Henley sweater, $150, both by CK Calvin Klein; plus cotton poplin oversized plain-front khaki pants, by DKNY, $95; and a wide stamped-leather belt with a solid brass nickel-plated buckle, by Daniel Craig, $95. Right: The latest look in shirts—a plaid linen-and-rayon long-sleeved camp shirt with a pajama collar, by Lance Karesh for Basco, about $130; worn with a textured silk-and-cotton three-button single-breasted sports jacket with notched lapels, about $640, and linen-and-nylon double-pleated trousers, about $320, both by Byblos; plus double-bridge sunglasses with antique metal frames and brown lenses, for Colours by Alexander Julian, about $140.

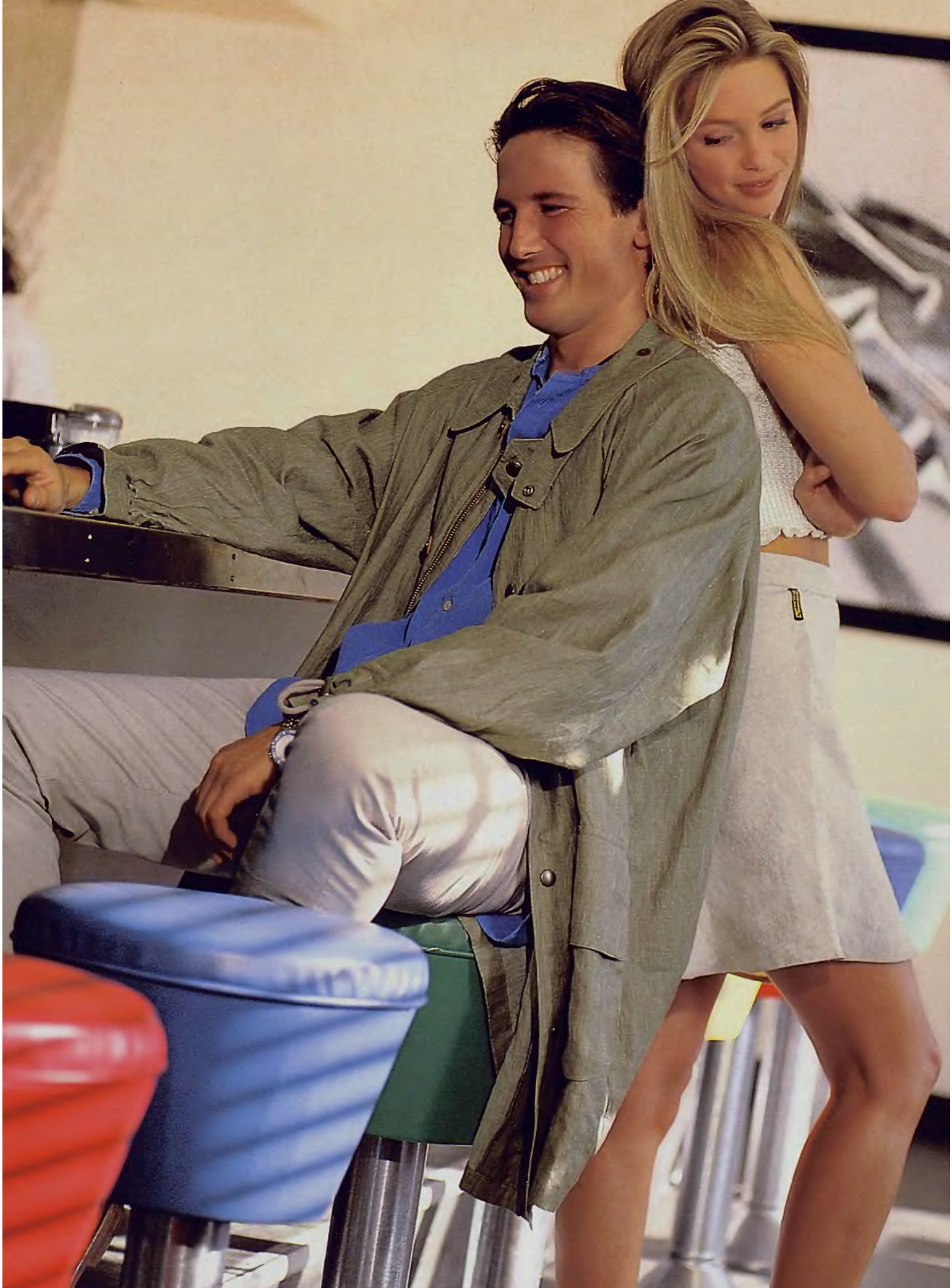
PHOTOGRAPHED AT FELIX BAR & RESTAURANT AND AT THE GOOD DINER, NEW YORK CITY

Vests continue to be one of the most versotile foshion finds. Dressed up at left is a wool-and-linen seven-button style, $280, a linen windowpone-plaid single-breasted sports jacket, $700, linen double-pleoted trousers, $245, ond a linen dress shirt, $95, oll by Joseph Abboud Collection; plus o mélange silk knit tie, by Donna Karon New York, $65. The word on outerwear? Keep it short—35 to 40 inches—as in the rubberized linen short coot, by Vestimento, $495, shown at right. It's teamed with a striped mélange cotton sweater, for PS by Paul Smith, $135; and linen-and-cotton painter's ponts, by KM by Krizia, $75.

Everything about todoy's sportsweor—from reloxed fits to natural colors to soft fobrics—spells comfort. Left ond below: Our guy sports o suede zip-front vintoge-style jacket with bellows pockets, by DKNY, $625; worn with o cotton sweoter, by CK Calvin Klein, obout $100; o rayon jersey long-sleeved T-shirt (droped across shoulders), by Lance Koresh for Bosco, $95; ond cotton French terrycloth drowstring ponts, for J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud, about $100. Right: In cose you're worried thot o linen coot would leove you oll washed up in the rain, note that monufocturers ore now blending linen with o voriety of woter-repellent fobrics. We've paired o rubberized linen short coot with drowstring cuffs, about $600, with a washed-linen banded-collar sport shirt, $150, both by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni; ond cotton ploin-front khoki ponts, by Poul Smith, $200; ond odded o leother thong necklace with a block metal pendont, by Donno Karan New York, $115; ond a stoinless-steel sports chronograph with polished-steel turning bezel ond crown, by TAG Heuer, about $1800.

Where & How to Buy on page 153.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTO ROCCO

NOTTOLI, AU NATUREL

a more intimate view of a billboard goddess

A PHOTOGRAPH SOMETIMES develops a life of its own. Or in this case "magic," to use Roberto Rocco's word. The Italian photographer anticipated nothing magical when a fashion magazine in his home country sent him to shoot Detroit-born Elizabeth Nottoli. It was just another job with a gorgeous model—a bit more exciting than most, perhaps, considering his subject's unusual allure. When they met, though, it was the photographic equivalent of love at first sight. "We agreed to have an open shooting, which meant I could shoot whatever I felt, anything at all," says Rocco in his musically accented English. "Elizabeth was so spontaneous, so comfortable with her body, so beautiful, it just got better and better." Elizabeth (whose surname Nottoli rhymes with *bodily*, almost) felt the same charge in the air. "I got the best vibe from Roberto," she says. "He's a cool guy. No matter what your flaws are, he makes you feel like a beautiful woman." She told him that they might be creating something scandalous: She had just done a major campaign for the nouvelle couture firm Bisou Bisou in which the childless Elizabeth breast-fed a baby. There might be some conflict between that wholesome image and her nudity in these new photos, she said. But it didn't matter; she was equally proud of both incarnations. For his part, Rocco was so delighted that he decided to take the results of his photo session with Elizabeth to Los Angeles, where he showed them to PLAYBOY's West Coast Photo Editor, Marilyn Grabowski. She knew Nottoli from Bisou Bisou's billboards in Los Angeles. "That's where I spotted her," says Grabowski. "She's incredibly striking. Elizabeth is a knockdown gorgeous girl." Such praise will not be news to the readers of *Harper's Bazaar* and the many other magazines in which Elizabeth has appeared, though some may be surprised to see her here. But the element of surprise is part of the story.

Elizabeth paid a price for Bisau Bisou (right). "That little guy really latched an to me. I was sare far days." Then she let her hair down for photographer Raberto Rocco. Her first film, *Brilliant Disguise* with L.A. Law's Corbin Bernsen, apens this spring.

"Elizabeth even made breakfast for us," says the still-amazed Rocco. This is supernaturally unusual: He and his crew showed up for the shoot and their model—presumably a prima donna who might demand extreme pampering—had prepared strawberry-and-cream-cheese bagels and fruit plates for everyone. "I take care of the people I like," says Elizabeth. She then proceeded to prove she was no mere globe-trotting Suzy Homemaker. She is so sensual that Rocco felt he had to find the perfect forum for their work. Now satisfied that he has done so in PLAYBOY, he couldn't be happier. But the last words belong to Elizabeth: The dynamic between photographer and model is "not always perfect," she says with a laugh, "but this time it was magic."

LUST ONLINE

ARTICLE BY MATTHEW CHILDS

MY ADVENTURES IN THE BRAVE NEW WORLD OF CYBERSEX, WHERE EVERYONE IS BEAUTIFUL, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE AND YOU NEED A KEYBOARD INSTEAD OF A CONDOM

THE THOUGHT of having sex with someone and using a computer as an intermediary hadn't entered my mind until I met Pam at a computer privacy conference in Washington, D.C., where she works as a specialist in computer security for the United States Treasury. We struck up a casual conversation, during which she told me about some pretty sexy things happening on computer bulletin boards and online networks. "It's great," she said. "The things you can do are really wild, and the people are amazing." I was interested, in an academic way, of course. I owned a computer and a modem, and I had at least a passing interest in sex. But modem sex? Is it really sex? I decided to find out for myself.

Later I gave Pam a call to find out how I could reach out and touch someone through my modem. She laughed and suggested that I sign on the Whole Earth 'Lectronic Link, more commonly known as the WELL, based in San Francisco. That was simple enough. I plugged its number (415-332-6106) into my software, had my modem dial it up and signed on over the computer. The next step was easy, too: I scanned the conference list for a good title. "Sexuality" looked promising, and within it Text Sex beckoned.

There I found a man confessing to a torrid online affair—with his wife: "My wife and I exchange hot e-mail every day. Sometimes she'll say that she's lubricated, and that she has stretched her legs out under her desk. Then she'll describe how she's sliding her hands inside her panties to rub herself."

Text Sex yielded another respondent with this tale: "I used to talk to a certain Wellite, and sometimes we told each other our erotic fantasies. One night, as I told mine, she became very quiet. When I finished, there was a long pause, and she said, 'Ooh, you sure can tell 'em!' It definitely did something for me. I guess I'd never been complimented before on my ability to describe a fantasy. And it turned out that her silence was just a case of busy fingers." As I continued reading I saw the words "busy fingers" and "one-handed typing" enough to realize that life is hot and heavy on WELL.

The next stop on my tour of this byte-size Bangkok was a WELL conference called Eros.

Eros is full of homespun erotica. In it, authors share their ostensibly real adventures as well as their fantasies to create an erotic experience for others online. One woman, who calls herself Sara, posted a favorite fantasy:

"It's late at night, deserted on the train platform. You're waiting to catch the last train home. It was a long day and you're exhausted.

"The train arrives. You board the last car. It's empty. Good, you think, I can sleep all the way home. You're nodding off already. Just as the train is about to pull out of the station, a young woman boards the car you're on. The train moves along the tracks and you can feel the vibrations of the rails.

"As you begin to feel hot, you feel your cock getting harder and you squirm in your seat trying to get comfortable. You imagine yourself touching the silky fabric of her dress, realizing that it has fallen apart at your touch and you are touching bare skin—everywhere. Your fingers move down her body, absorbing the wonderful sensations. You hear a slight moan in your ear as you near that part of her that is getting hot and wet.

"You pull her up and make her stand facing you between your legs. Wetness is streaming down her legs. She sits on your lap. She moans, shaking her head from side to side. You can tell she is getting close to coming so you stop. Moving your hands lower, one hand strokes her clit, the other holds her tight, moving her up and down on your cock. Your body is beginning to vibrate along with the train on the tracks. She starts coming just as you

DID WE CONNECT?
I ALMOST CRASHED

shoot deeply into her.

"You notice the train begin to slow as it approaches the station. Slowly, you begin to awaken."

The talk in Eros detailed sexual variations from standard heterosexual encounters to S&M, incest and group sex. But is this what Pam meant by online sex? A series of autobiographical vignettes? You don't have a sexual relationship by reading sexual fantasies on a computer. Or do you?

I wasn't the only one wondering. In another WELL conference called Eros, it seemed that everyone was debating whether they'd actually had sex with someone else—a question that's usually been easy to answer in my experience. But when you're alone with a computer and the person you're having sex with is half a continent away, there's room for confusion.

"The idea that folks online, even on the most explicit sex board, are exchanging virtual bodily fluids is a myth," one woman complained. "It doesn't happen." She's seconded by a man who's been on the WELL for years. "Sex per se does not occur. Writing and communicating about sex occurs, but that's not the same thing."

Not everyone agreed. One woman insisted it is sex, even though there's no physical contact. "Computers are almost sexy even when there aren't passionate, thinking, feeling people interconnecting through them," she wrote. "They respond to our touch. Add a human who's lonely and horny and creative, and the effect is tremendously powerful. Add a bunch of fascinating humans, and it's easy to be in love with the whole lot."

Others on the WELL joined in with their own opinions:

- "Computer sex is definitely happening, and people are doing it in ASCII. How do I know? I've done one-handed typing."
- "Modem sex is a far cry from phone sex. It lacks any of the warmth and intimacy that you get with a voice. It does have a certain appeal, though—it can be fairly anonymous."
- "I enjoy a well-written seduction. However, I am very fussy, and only truly literate guys turn me on. It helps if they are poets. Somehow the figurative language helps me imagine what's happening. The first few heated modems are exciting."

•

The media from Los Angeles to Boston agree that sex is a driving force in the computer revolution. Sure, some suits and scientists are traveling the information highway, but according to some studies, more than 50 percent of online communication is sex related, driving users into the one-handed keyboard mode. There are also gifs, the computer equivalent of French postcards—graphic erotic images that cyberlovers scan into their computers to share.

The four most popular online providers in descending order of size are Prodigy, Compuserve, America Online and the WELL; according to *Boardwatch* magazine, there are now more than 46,000 smaller services. Of the major players, only Prodigy (which *The Wall Street Journal* dubbed the family service) censors its bulletin boards. The pretender to the throne, America Online, is a different story. Time and again on the WELL there had been mention of AOL's chat rooms. Chat rooms are unique, because instead of leaving messages on an electronic bulletin board, you can communicate directly with up to 23 people at once, as if you were at a big, digital party. With rooms named Single Again, Romance, Flirting Nook, and Gay and Lesbian, AOL sounded promising.

AOL has both public and private chat rooms. Public rooms are listed, and anyone can join the fun. But because AOL monitors its public rooms, the talk there is tame. When like-minded people meet in a public room they can arrange—often through e-mail—to create a private room where anyone who's invited can go for a smaller, more intimate and uncensored group grope.

That's how it works in theory, but that's not how it worked for me. I was still new to typing at the speed of repartee and more than a little self-conscious. There was something odd about whooping it up with a few daring strangers. Were they executives, secretaries, high schoolers? Whatever, the conversation was more *Animal House* than erotic.

Perhaps because of my inhibitions, I didn't get invited to any private sex parties, but my AOL time was well spent. I was beginning to feel more comfortable in cyberspace. I decided to head back to the WELL to see if I could find a woman who had posted something juicy so I could start an e-mail romance.

Armed with new confidence, I began to share a few reminiscences. And they drew a couple of responses. It was titillating to know that my stories were turning other people on. Maybe that was it: You had to create an on-screen identity so that people knew who you were. I couldn't just lurk behind the anonymity of my keyboard. As if at a cocktail party, I had to chat the chat to walk the walk.

I noticed that a woman from Atlanta kept popping up in topics that I found interesting. In one post she even mentioned that people could contact her for the transcript of a hot e-mail affair she had had. She sounded perfect.

I e-mailed her, asking if I could see the material. I also suggested that we chat since we had similar interests. I struck out, receiving the chilliest e-mail reply ever to land in my computer. I felt like an online outcast.

At least I wasn't alone. In the A Look at Online Relationships topic on the WELL, another man had the same complaint: "This is the first time I've roamed into this neighborhood, and I'm observing varying degrees of real friendship. The question is how a stranger can enter into a conversation without being introduced face-to-face. It's like my walking up to a small group of strangers and saying, 'Hi!'"

The reactions to this query varied from "You just did it" to "The newcomer needs to make a contribution by way of introduction and not just barge in" to "Barging in is the only way." Not much help.

I was alone on AOL and a wallflower on the WELL. Could I perhaps be interesting on the Internet, the forerunner of the famed information superhighway that connects millions of potential users? The Internet is rife with all sorts of alternative news groups (the equivalent of a topic on the WELL). One of the things I knew I could find on the net was anonymity—there was no worry that a co-worker would identify me or my posts.

But I needed more help from Pam, my AAA cybertrip planner, to get me headed in the right direction. "Type 'CSH' at the WELL's OK prompt, then 'tin' for a news-group reader," she said. "Next, enter 'g,' then 'alt.sex.'"

What I discovered in the alternative news groups in alt.sex.bondage, alt.sex.bestiality and alt.sex.stories singed my eyelids and almost melted my keyboard. The stories by these faceless authors were far more explicit than anything else I'd seen on the WELL or AOL.

In a number of alternative news groups, animals from otters to horses became anthropomorphized to have human genitals and psyches. Encounters between animals seemed to be more tender and emotional than the human-to-human episodes—as if donning the skin of an animal allowed the authors more vulnerability: "Kelly smiles at you while snuggling close. You smile and snuggle in as well, relaxing. Kelly rests his head on your shoulder and nuzzles with little licks at your fur. You smile and nuzzle gently into an ear, bringing a giggle. His ear flicks and he chirps warmly. You whuff into the ear and lick its tip. His tail shifts

(continued on page 152)

"It's for position 82."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

THE PLAYER

miss april proves that she's game for anything

HER APPROACH is regal and confident, as if she were breezing down the runway at a beauty pageant. Her release appears flawless. But suddenly, sensing disaster, Becky DelosSantos starts gesturing wildly and shaking her pelvis like Elvis. Unfortunately, Miss April's body language is in vain. Her pink bowling ball spins into the gutter at a North Miami bowling alley. "It's my toe," she pouts. She is not making a lame excuse. Two days earlier the playful Becky broke a toe, sprained a finger and skinned her knee while horsing around with a water gun at a party. Still, she insisted that we go bowling. "I'm addicted to games—canasta, chess, backgammon, Pictionary. You name it, I play it." Becky attributes this infatuation to being an only child and having to entertain herself while growing up in tiny Marshfield, Massachusetts. One of her earliest memories is of playing Go Fish with her grandmother. These days Becky plays games to pass time when she works (modeling swimsuits and lingerie), which is often. "The delay between shots or when the weather's bad can really drag, especially when I'm in an exotic location that I'm dying to explore. When I was in Istanbul and in Phuket, Thailand, I loved haggling in bazaars." Becky now lives in south Florida, but she spent six years modeling throughout Asia and Europe, settling in

"I can be a real klutz," says Becky. "In kindergarten I broke my collarbone falling down the stairs. A few years later I broke my tailbone in a fall. In high school I broke my pinkie trying to catch a Nerf football and needed nine stitches after slamming the library door on my hand. Then in Italy I cut my shin so badly on a metal bench that I almost needed plastic surgery." Funny, she looks pretty good to us.

Milan for the last two. Between assignments, she skied the Alps, ice-skated and learned to speak Italian. But after 14 years of modeling (she landed her first job when she was eight after a photographer was dazzled by her First Communion pictures), Becky is considering a less hectic lifestyle. "In about three years I'd like to retire to New England, but not to Marshfield. My friends there think that going to Boston is a big step and that Massachusetts is the world. I thrive in large cities, though my dream is to live on a remote ranch with horses and my two cats, Stoli and Snow." The closest she gets to New England now is watching the Bruins and Celtics on TV at a hole-in-the-wall Irish pub she frequents in Miami. It's here that Becky guides us to more games. First, there's darts, which she wins handily. Then, in the sexual trivia category of Pitboss Superstar, she

reels off five straight answers before stumbling over "What does the Skene's gland do?" (For all you nongynecologists, it emits lubricant.) Over a few games of eight ball, Becky reflects on her image of the ideal man. "Looks aren't at all important . . . nine ball, side pocket. I want someone who can make me laugh. Someone who doesn't need to be constantly reminded that I love him . . . 14 in the corner. I just like to have fun. My idea of a perfect date is to get dressed up, have an elegant dinner and then play miniature golf." With that, Becky lines up the ten ball and—egad!—misses the shot. "Hey, it's my toe," she jokes. —TOM WOTHERSPOON

As a child, Becky's nickname was "daddy longlegs" because she was skinny and gawky. The summer Becky turned 16, her hormones kicked in and her body filled out into what you see here. "Suddenly, everyone was interested in me. I still demand a lot of attention. Moybe it's a Leo thing."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Becky DeLosSantos

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Becky DelosSantos

BUST: 36C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 130

BIRTH DATE: 8-11-69 BIRTHPLACE: Boston, Massachusetts

AMBITIONS: Find true love, have a big family and a farm with a lot of privacy and animals. Learn the tango!

TURN-ONS: Wearing men's clothes, skinny-dipping, long soft kisses, love handles and people who make me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Small-town gossip, waking up early, snobs, cucumbers and anyone who is inconsiderate or judgmental.

MOST IRRATIONAL FEAR: The dark (Thankbad for night-lights).

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW: Against men in G-strings— There's nothing more sexy than boxers!

THE IDEAL ROMANTIC EVENING: A long candlelight bubble bath for two with incense burning, Frank Sinatra playing and a good bottle of wine chilling- who could resist?

I TRULY BELIEVE: The moment you say "I give up" someone else, seeing the same situation, is saying "what a great opportunity!"

WHEN PIGS FLY: I'll wear fur!

14 and very preppy!

The girls out boating.

upstate NY with Ice.

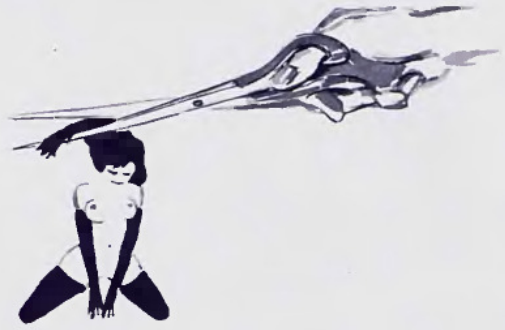
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Doctor," the blonde complained to her gynecologist, "I've been trying to have a baby for months, but nothing's happened."

"Let's see if we can do something about that," he said with a reassuring smile. "Now, just get undressed and lie down on the table."

"All right," she replied with a resigned shrug, "but I'd really prefer to have my husband's baby."

We hear the L.A. police were instructed not to handcuff Heidi Fleiss when they arrested her. It would have cost $500 extra.



Moses got his people as far as the Red Sea, but couldn't figure out how to cross safely to the other side. He called over his engineer. "We could try building a pontoon bridge," the engineer suggested.

"Can it be done in a hurry?"

"No, it would take quite a while."

Moses called in his PR man. "If I were you," the PR man said, "I would climb up there on the bluff, raise my hand, invoke the name of God and part the waters. Then I would lead my people through the path and close the waters on the following Egyptians."

"That sounds great," Moses said, "but do you think I can do it?"

"I'm not sure," replied the PR man, "but if you do, I can get you a page in the Old Testament."

Why do blondes smile when they see lightning? They think that they're getting their pictures taken.

A biker's old lady went to a clairvoyant. "Prepare for widowhood, deary," the seer warned, "because your husband will die very soon."

"Yeah, yeah," the woman prodded impatiently, "but will I be acquitted?"

When a tourist got lost deep within bayou country, he came upon a ramshackle cabin and stopped to ask the two locals sitting on the porch for directions. Before he left, he considered the remote surroundings and then asked, "So, what do you fellows do for fun around these parts?"

"Well," one of the men drawled, "mainly we hunt and fuck."

"What do you hunt?"

"Usually," the other one replied, "something to fuck."

How do you know if a lawyer is well hung? You can't get your finger between his neck and the noose.

The farmer's wife was cooking dinner when there was a knock on the door. She opened it and the man standing there said, "Do you have any pussy?"

"Get out of here," the woman exclaimed, shaking her fist, "and don't come around here no more."

The next night, the same man came to the door, asking the same question. The farmer's wife slammed the door.

When her husband came home that evening, she told him about the two visits. "I'll get that varmint if he comes back tomorrow," he raged. "This time, if he asks you that same question, say yes."

The next night at the sound of a knock, the farmer hid behind the door with his shotgun. His wife answered. "Do you have any pussy?" the man asked.

"Yes, I do," the woman said.

"Well, how's about giving your old man some," he bellowed, "so he'll leave my wife's alone?"

Graffiti spotted on a subway wall: LIFE IS JUST ONE CONTRADICTION AFTER ANOTHER. Underneath, someone had written, NO, IT'S NOT.

What would it cost to trace my family tree?" the man asked a genealogist.

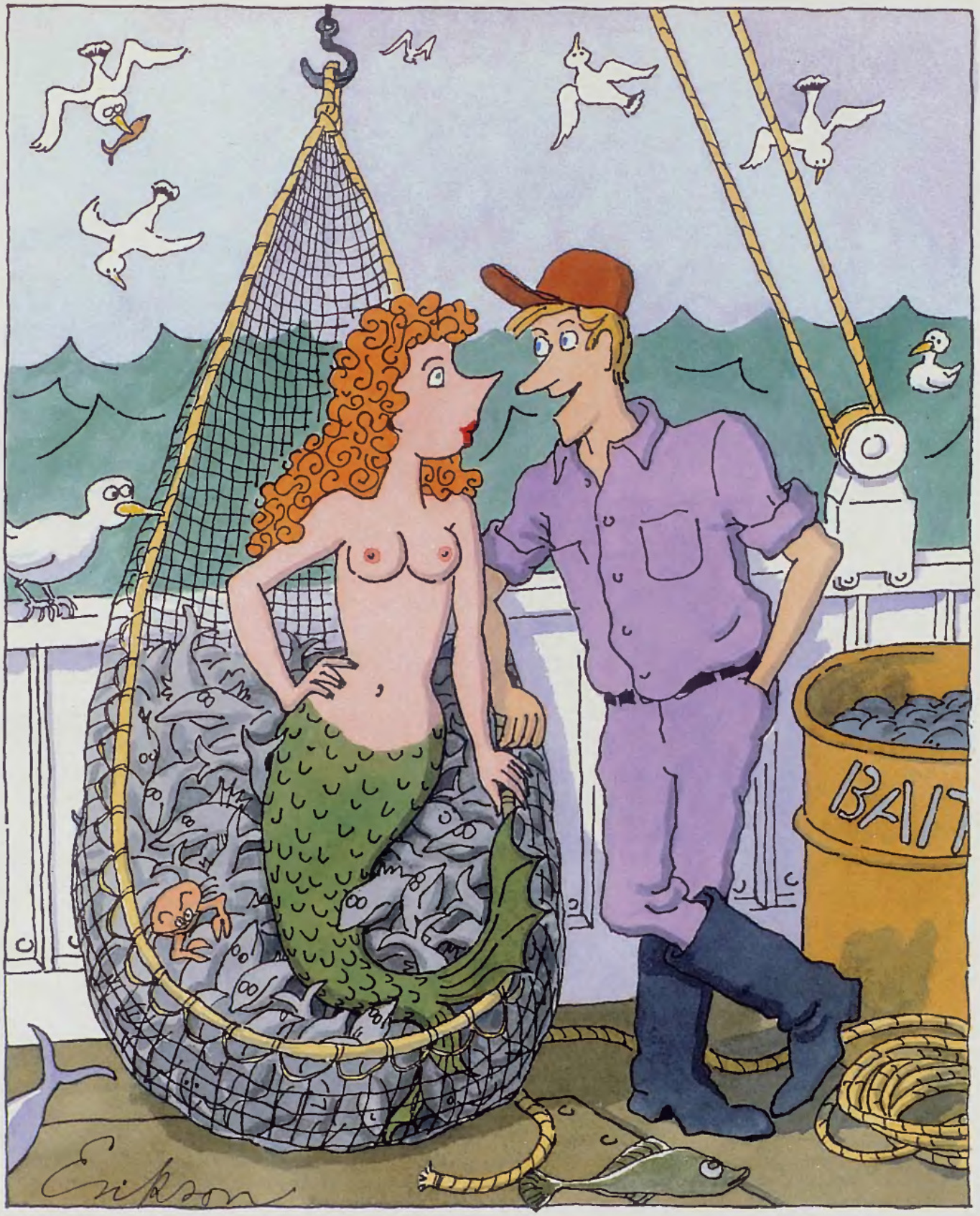
"Several thousand dollars, depending on your lineage," the woman replied.

"I see. Is there a less expensive way?"

The woman smiled. "You might try running for president."

How do you know when your house has been burglarized by a Deadhead? Your thongs are missing.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Got any ID? If you're under 18, I have to throw you back."

BY WILLIAM PRESTON ROBERTSON

PLAYBOY PROFILE

the COEN BROTHERS *made easy*

FILMMAKERS JOEL AND ETHAN COEN HAVE A REPUTATION FOR DAZZLING THE CRITICS AND BAFFLING AUDIENCES. BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW. RIGHT, BOYS? BOYS?

FILM HISTORIAN Leonard Maltin's ass is much bigger than I would have imagined. It's a blinding left hook for me. Not that I've given the size of his keister much thought, but if I had thought about it, I wouldn't have imagined it quite this large. I look across at oddball auteurs Joel and Ethan Coen and try to flag their gazes, to no avail. The brothers stare numbly at the middle of the room, wearing the look of postal workers listening to voices that instruct them to kill their neighbor's dog. Leonard Maltin's ass might as well be a million light years away.

THE BROTHERS SCHMOOZE LEONARD MALTIN

Yes, it's press junket weekend on the set of *The Hudsucker Proxy*, and the brothers Coen are primed for an afternoon of shameless showbiz huckstering. Print and video media from around the world have jetted to the coastal city of Wilmington, North Carolina, where the Coens' fifth cinematic outing is being shot on the soundstages of Carolco Studio. *Entertainment Tonight*, *CBS This Morning* and *HBO: First Look* are here, as are domestic newspaper journalists, the BBC and some French people who are dressed in black.

Through their first four eccentric, critically acclaimed, occasionally inscrutable movies (*Blood Simple*, *Raising Arizona*, *Miller's Crossing* and *Barton Fink*), spanning what is now a decade-long career, the Coens have not exactly established a reputation for backslapping accessibility to the media. Which isn't to say they don't sit down for interviews. On the contrary, the boys are quite generous about it. It's once they've sat down that the accessibility issue comes into play.

Bobbing pitifully in the wake of the Coens' film career is a collection of diatribes by entertainment journalists on just how infuriating they are to interview. The Coens have been described as everything from telepathic space aliens to the identical twins Poto and Cabengo, who developed a secret language that included 14 different words for potato salad.

But that was before. This time, by God, things are going to be different. *The Hudsucker Proxy* is the Coen brothers' biggest, most star-studded, special-effects-mad, happy-go-lucky fat-boy-of-a-movie to date, and they are yanking out the stops.

You want big? Does *Die Hard* producer Joel Silver make you reach for the tape measure? Star-studded? How about Paul Newman, Tim Robbins, Jennifer Jason Leigh and the 1993 Playmate of the Year, Anna Nicole Smith? Special effects? What comes to mind when you hear "flying angels with ukuleles"? And as for the happy-go-lucky fat-boy business, there is simply no better way to describe this slapstick morality play about a Muncie, Indiana imbecile's rise in the Fifties from New York *(continued on page 118)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Proton's NT-339 picture-in-picture stereo monitor and receiver is more than just a pretty face. Behind that sleek, 31-inch flat screen is sophisticated automatic brightness- and contrast-limiting circuitry, plus a video-effects package that includes slow-motion and still-image options, $2400.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Bose is making waves again. The new Wave clock radio combines unique wave-guide technology with AM/FM stereo, dual alarms and a credit-card-size remote. Or plug a CD player, cassette recorder or TV into the Wave for terrific sound, about $350.

American Tombow's Spanish La Nave retractable ballpoint pens combine slick space-age looks with writing comfort. Left to right: the suede-like-finish Oceanic model, $30; easy-grip Mano, $55; brushed-aluminum Titan, $35; and slim España, $40.

No, you haven't had one too many. Baccarat Vertige crystal barware has a new slant on life. Thomas Bastide, design director of Baccarat, created Vertige so that the set can sit flat or at an angle, $2000 for six tumblers and a decanter in a fitted gift box.

Pass the buttered popcorn. The Elite series CLD-97 laser disc player, by Pioneer, features automatic dual-side play and special sound-and-picture-enhancing technology, plus more, for an exceptional home video theater experience, about $2500.

While the tan face with green tritium markings on the Delta watch by Swiss Army Brands looks retro, its Swiss craftsmanship, two o'clock stem and bind-free strap are strictly the Nineties, $300 with a rich leather band; $325 with a stainless-steel bracelet.

Press the capture and print buttons on Sony's CVP-M3 color video printer and it will reproduce a color image from a camcorder, VCR or laser disc player in one minute. Single prints, collages and picture-in-picture effects are possible, $1200.

Where & How to Buy on page 153.

The cult camera of the year, Contax' compact TVS 35mm model features a Carl Zeiss T Vario-Sonnar 28–56mm manual zoom lens, a real-image viewfinder and your choice of standard or panoramic framing, plus more, all housed in a titanium body, about $1700.

COEN BROTHERS *(continued from page 112)*

"The Coens' movies are what Dostoyevski might have concocted had he watched too much TV as a child."

mail-room clerk to corporate president before lunchtime on his very first day of employment.

The Coens are selling this message: Hello, Hollywood! No more lengthy silences. No more monosyllabic responses. No more finishing each others' half sentences. The auteur business can go only so far. Now they need a hit. And they are ready to bow and scrape to get it.

I am here to bear witness.

Some weeks earlier I was on the phone with Ethan discussing the best time for my on-the-set visit. (I'm an old college pal of the boys', so they like to have me around.) The Sons of the Pioneers were yodeling in the background. It is a little-reported fact that Ethan, a former Princeton philosophy scholar and accomplished short-story author, is also a colossal fan of cowboy campfire music.

Ethan had paused in our conversation to ponder something I'd said, and I sat for four minutes with the phone pressed to my ear, listening to cowboys croon against the hiss of long-distance static. As he is wont to do, Ethan had slipped into a reverie, no doubt involving him wearing a Stetson and sitting beneath a starry sky with everyone calling him Li'l Pal. This was confirmed when I heard a Chill Wills–like warble escape his lips. He cleared his throat, and I heard him sit up. "Oh, listen!" he said, as if I had just asked the question. "We've got a great time for you to come out to visit."

My first reaction was one of caution. The last time the boys had suggested a great time to visit, it was for a week of close-ups of wallpaper gum dripping on the set of *Barton Fink*.

"What exactly will be going on?" I said. "Anything, uh, interesting?"

"Press junket weekend," he said.

Silence from my end.

"Paul Newman will be here," he said defensively. "Tim Robbins."

"What about Jennifer Jason Leigh?" I asked.

A pause. "No," he said.

I hedged. "Yeah, well. . . . "

"Leonard Maltin will be here," he blurted.

"Leonard Maltin?"

•

As Leonard Maltin sits down beside the boys in the front row of the screening room, the Coens' gazes shift in the vague recognition that the ante of their social environment has been upped. Maltin, still aglow from his preview of a rough cut of *Hudsucker*, comments on the Fifties corporate-comedy genre and asks what classic movies the boys watched for inspiration.

There is a strained pause. Ethan and Joel look at each other. Ethan turns his glassy eyes back to the emptiness in the middle of the room for further scrutiny.

Joel shrugs and explains that they didn't really watch any Fifties corporate comedies, but they did study *Blade Runner* for the special effects used to create its futuristic cityscape. Only he goes on and on about it, launching into a teeth-grittingly dull, monotone dissertation on blue-screen effects and miniaturizations and f-stops and other technical minutiae calculated to make the average *Entertainment Tonight* viewer salivate with abandon—assuming he drools in his sleep.

Finally, Joel runs out of deadly details. Ethan, for his part, offers a barely perceptible head bob of affirmation. "Yeah," he says.

Ever the ebullient interviewer, Maltin grins in lunatic mimicry of fascination. He shifts in his seat—no small feat, you know, considering—and raises the subject of home movies. "When I was a kid," he begins, "I used to make movies with my friends, as you both did. When you see your movies up on the screen today, is it like you're still making home movies, only with bigger budgets and big-name stars?"

Joel furrows his brow with thought. "Yeah," he says. "What's Paul Newman doing in our home movies?"

The boys wheeze with laughter, then fall quiet. They're speaking that secret language again.

Across the room, a technician darts his eyes at the soundboard, where a solitary red needle spasms as, somewhere within the oppressive, cavernous silence, someone coughs.

THE HUMAN COENDITION

Who the fuck are these guys? you may ask. It's a legitimate question. The Coen brothers' movies are renowned for their intelligent writing, quirkily inventive dialogue, tight plot construction and kinetic, hyperthyroid visual sensibilities. With stories that most often seem to be about beleaguered individuals struggling to establish personal codes of behavior in a violent universe, the Coens' movies are what Dostoyevski might have concocted had he watched too much late-night television as a child.

Well, at any rate, it fooled them in France, because in 1991, *Barton Fink* won the Cannes Film Festival's Palme d'Or awards for best feature, best director and best actor—the first time a single film captured all three awards. For Joel and Ethan, it was the greatest industry validation they had received since 1984, when *Blood Simple* won the U.S.A. Film Festival award for best feature, and Minnesota's governor Rudy Perpich wrote them a congratulatory letter that, to this day, hangs in Joel's bathroom.

To understand how these unlikely careers began—and as a service to Leonard Maltin—we must go back to St. Louis Park, Minnesota in the late Sixties, when that Minneapolis suburb was mostly swampland. Joel and kid brother Ethan were members of a small tribe of skinny Jewish kids with fantastically overgrown hair, lounging on the sofa in Ed and Rena Coen's basement den, bored beyond comprehension. But then an idea occurred to Joel of how to relieve the tedium of their meaningless teenage lives: Super-8 home movies.

The plan was to mow lawns to raise enough capital to purchase a movie camera and film stock. Ron Neter—today a commercial producer based in Los Angeles—was a principal architect of the scheme. Says Neter: "The hardest part was persuading Joel to, you know, get up and mow the lawns. He needed a big pep talk."

Whatever Neter said worked, because eventually they bought a Vivitar camera and some film. Then they had to decide what to film. To find creative stimuli, they headed back to Ed and Rena's basement den.

Their earliest explorations were, to be sure, uninspired, if not disgracefully lazy. First they shot a Raymond Burr jungle movie straight off the screen, then they shot their own feet as they went down a slide at the playground.

Finally, a breakthrough. Again, Ron Neter: "Joel just said, 'I have this idea, where I'm all over the place and I'm just moaning.' We shot all this footage. He'd be, like, sitting here or there, going 'Uouounnhh.'" Neter pauses to reflect. "I seem to remember he was doing that anyway—even before we started filming."

Moaning Joel taught the young filmmakers a valuable lesson: They desperately needed actors. Enter Mark Zimering—a.k.a. Zeimers—with his shock

(continued on page 154)

"If you are what you eat, you must eat some pretty damned exotic stuff!"

PLAYBOY MUSIC

IN EVERYTHING OLD IS NEW AGAIN, RUPAUL BENDS GENDERS, EDDIE VEDDER AND SNOOP DOGGY DOGG RULE

IN CONSIDERING the proliferation of boxed sets, reissues and strong catalog sales, we can say with certainty that there is life after death. The current commercial successes of Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison and Bob Marley attest to it. There is life after sabbaticals, too. Just look at the sales figures for the new Streisand and Sinatra. Even Meat Loaf, who coasted for more than 15 years on steady sales of *Bat Out of Hell*, came back in 1993 with a double-platinum sequel.

It was a year of extremes in musical styles and popular taste. Bill Clinton's Inauguration should have tipped us off—Kenny G and diva Kathleen Battle shared the same stage. On a different stage, dance-music diva RuPaul appeared on the charts and in clubs glamourously bending genders. The confusion was complete when his record company was offered a choice of gender category for a Grammy nomination. Ru opted for male vocalist.

The fate of Michael Jackson took up so much ink in 1993 that his music got lost. Not so for sister Janet, who had the LP and tour of her life. The media devoted whatever time they had left after prying into Michael's personal life to rappers. It was another year of turmoil for rap and its critics. Dr. Dre and Snoop Doggy Dogg emerged victorious to both acclaim and dismay. The question was, and still is, does rap reflect events or create them?

Young rock went looking for its punk roots. Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Guns n' Roses all tipped their musical hats to their predecessors. Established rock unplugged—Neil Young, Eric Clapton and Rod Stewart looked for and found the bare bones of their music. But it was Pete Townshend's return, both with his story poem *Psycho Derelict* and in putting *Tommy* on Broadway to raves and Tony awards, that signaled musical vitality from the old guard.

"When I was 17, it was a very good year."

—Frank Sinatra

"Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose."

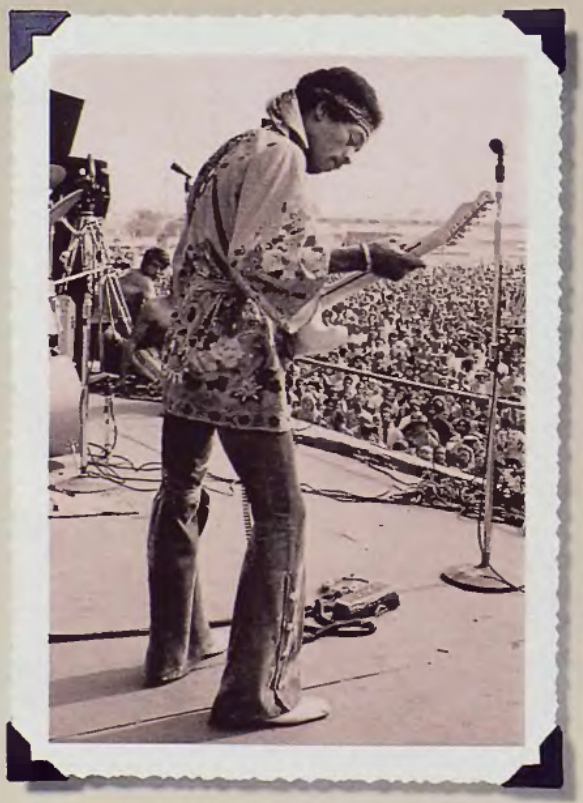
—Janis Joplin

"Glowing like the metal on the edge of a knife."

—Meat Loaf

"Come on baby, light my fire."

—Jim Morrison



"Excuse me while I kiss the sky."

—Jimi Hendrix

"Happy days are here again."

—Barbra Streisand

Seems likely that critical acclaim for Bob Marley's boxed set, coupled with greater audience interest in world music, got him inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame—and PLAYBOY's Hall of Fame.

The advance of country music into the mainstream continues. Garth Brooks, of course, along with Vince Gill, Reba McEntire, Alan Jackson, George Strait and Trisha Yearwood, found pop audiences, and vice versa.

Jazz got a push in 1993 from the two successful *Sleepless in Seattle* soundtracks and from its relationship with rap. Rappers such as Guru and A Tribe Called Quest are either sampling old jazz licks or hiring jazz musicians to play on their LPs. The arrival of Branford Marsalis at *The Tonight Show* has made his kind of jazz accessible to a mainstream nighttime TV audience. And then there's Tony Bennett. Discovered this year by everyone from the Chili Peppers to Porno for Pyros, Bennett showed it was possible to croon with the greats and fool around with the MTV generation.

R&B came back strong in 1993, in part because of singer-songwriters such as Babyface and balladeers Toni Braxton and Aaron Neville. Tony Toni Toné showed how rap and R&B are interrelated, but it was Arrested Development's huge success that began to break down the barriers between musical categories.

The new kids of 1993: Smashing Pumpkins, the Cranberries, Stone Temple Pilots, Gin Blossoms, Blind Melon, Liz Phair and Urge Overkill come from different cities. They don't subscribe to the same fashion trends and they have different stories to tell in their music. They all found an audience.

Then there's Pearl Jam and a certain Eddie Vedder. Here's what they don't want to be: the voice of their generation. Here's what they are: powerful musicians and emotional songwriters whose music has touched a nerve in their listeners. It's an old struggle—breaking through the cult of personality and not getting eaten alive in the process.

Just as rock and roll invaded movies and TV, it has taken advantage of computers. Todd Rundgren, Peter Gabriel and U2's *Zooropa* looked to technology to create an interactive bond with fans at home—something that large stadium concerts no longer provide. What's the future of mass shows? The price stays high and there is no intimacy, but the chestnuts sell out—the Dead, Jimmy Buffett and Billy Joel. The newer groups resort to events such as Lollapalooza III's second stage, exposing fans of the headline acts to the up-and-comers.

In 1993 many social groups solicited funds and created awareness through records, from the Red Hot Organization to *No Alternative* to *Common Threads: The Songs of the Eagles* (helping to fund, respectively, AIDS research, Greenpeace and the conservation of Walden Pond). If credit-card companies can help feed the homeless by donating part of what they collect, rock-and-rollers can, too.

A measure of the new prominence of the blues can be found in Buddy Guy's being the recipient of *Billboard*'s Century Award. Buddy, lionized by his fellow musicians, wrote his autobiography in 1993 and headlined all over the world, playing songs from his recent album, *Damn Right I've Got the Blues*.

Gender-spoofing diva RuPaul arrived on the club scene with his "Supermodel of the World" LP, while lyrical grungsters Smashing Pumpkins went platinum with "Siamese Dream." It was 1993's version of the big music tent.

Another controversy in 1993 involved the issue of used CDs and who could sell them. First, Sony, Time Warner, EMI and MCA announced they would no longer pay for co-op advertising for stores that sold used CDs. Some chain stores, such as Wherehouse, countered by aggressively selling them. Three months after the so-called boycott began, it fizzled out, proving that price-conscious consumers still have the most pull.

Other highlights in 1993 included Mariah Carey's first face-off with an audience. They—Mariah and the audience—both won. Billy Joel extracted himself from legal business and his *River of Dreams* went double platinum. Aerosmith's *Get a Grip* went double platinum, and the band is featured on the *Wayne's World II* soundtrack. Prince changed his name a few times, opened a couple of dance clubs and went on tour. The Joffrey Ballet premiered its new production, *Billboards*, based on Prince's music, bringing new fans to ballet. The Postal Service discovered popular music and sold Elvis stamps to lines of eager people. Later, stamps of Otis Redding, Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, Dinah Washington, Bill Haley and Clyde McPhatter were issued. Ground was finally broken for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland, with an opening planned for the summer of 1995. In recognition of club life, CBGB's in New York celebrated its 20th anniversary. INXS did a ten-city club tour including Metro in Chicago, where on any given night, for little money, you can see the next big thing. Clubs are so successful that Los Angeles' China Club franchised itself to other cities.

Public television went back into popular-music programming in a big way with *Center Stage*, which showcased musicians such as Bruce Hornsby, Sade, Aaron Neville and Keith Richards. Bette Midler had a fabulous concert series, at Radio City Music Hall in New York and across the country, touring for the first time in a decade. If that weren't enough, she brought *Gypsy* to television, proving the power of her crossover demographics.

In short, it was some kind of year. Roll over Beethoven and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Music Poll Results

Our Readers Do The Talking

Music Video
— If —
Janet Jackson

Soundtrack
Sleepless in Seattle

Concert of the Year
Clint Black and Wynonna Judd

VJ
Daisy Fuentes
MTV

Albums of the Year

★

Rock
JANET
Janet Jackson

Country
IT'S YOUR CALL
Reba McEntire

Jazz
BREATHLESS
Kenny G

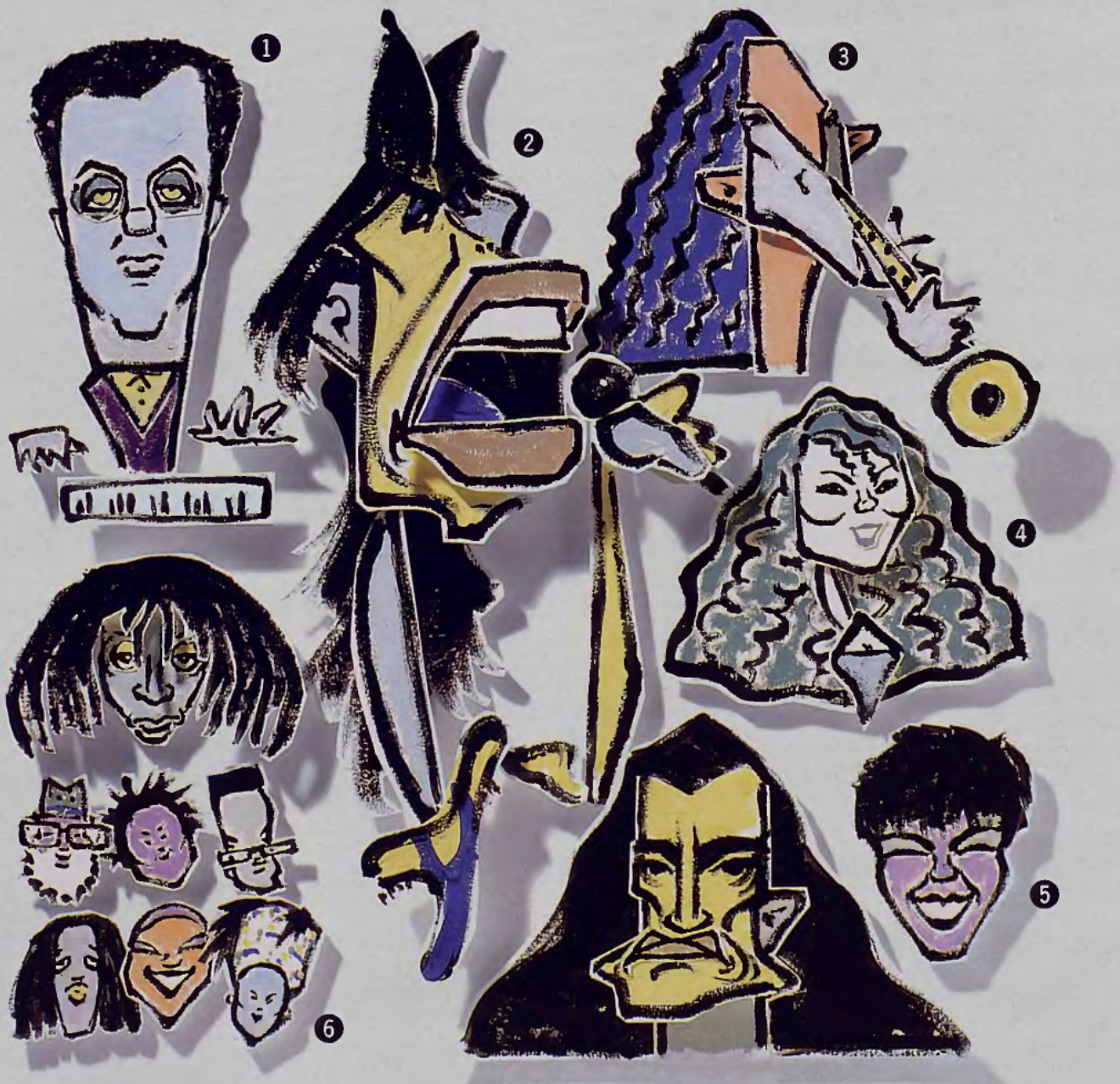
R&B
GRAND TOUR
Aaron Neville

Hall of Fame · Bob Marley

Born Robert Nesta Marley in Jamaica in 1945, the son of a British army captain and a Jamaican woman, Bob became reggae music's international emissary. Anyone lucky enough to attend a performance by Marley and the Wailers experienced the excitement generated by their trademark blend of rock, R&B, soul and Jamaican rhythms. By the mid-Seventies, the king of reggae—already regarded as a national hero in Jamaica—had reached an American audience with his songs of rebellion, love and faith. Before his death from cancer in 1981, Marley hoped reggae would find new leaders. "It's not only one man to carry on," he said. "I just want to play reggae music and give my message." Message received.

SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEONICK

1994 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL WINNERS



❶ BILLY JOEL, MALE VOCALIST/ROCK ❷ AEROSMITH, GROUP/ROCK ❸ KENNY G, INSTRUMENTALIST/JAZZ ❹ MARIAH CAREY, FEMALE VOCALIST/ROCK ❺ NATALIE COLE, FEMALE VOCALIST/JAZZ ❻ ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT, GROUP/R&B ❼ EDDIE VAN HALEN, INSTRUMENTALIST/ROCK ❽ GARTH

BROOKS, MALE VOCALIST/COUNTRY ❾ HARRY CONNICK, JR., MALE VOCALIST/JAZZ ❿ AARON NEVILLE, MALE VOCALIST/R&B ⓫ REBA MC ENTIRE, FEMALE VOCALIST/COUNTRY ⓬ BROOKS & DUNN, GROUP/COUNTRY ⓭ MANHATTAN TRANSFER, GROUP/JAZZ ⓮ TONI BRAXTON, FEMALE VOCALIST/R&B

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE FOURNIER

THE Sound an

By Dave Marsh

Eddie Vedder stood onstage in New Orleans and threw back his arms. He thrust out his chest, a momentary he-man. "I want you to spit on me," he said. The audience obeyed immediately. Gobs flew into the light, and Vedder moved as if he were catching a spring rain on his face. After a minute, he called a halt.

"That's how a real man takes it when you spit on him," he said, referring to his arrest for spitting on a Bourbon Street waiter two nights earlier. Then Pearl Jam crashed into a version of the Who's *Baba O'Riley*. Vedder sang "teenage wasteland" as if Pete Townshend's lyrics prophesied Eddie himself.

A few days later in Los Angeles, Snoop Doggy Dogg boarded a boat for a Chronic Cruise celebrating the release of his first solo album, *Doggystyle*. As the boat pulled away from the dock, partygoers looked back to see the LAPD struggling with Snoop's security personnel. During the two-hour cruise, police helicopters circled above the boat, intermittently beaming spotlights onto the festivities. Back in port, a 70-man riot squad, roadblocks and body searches greeted the ship. On the news the next day, the rapper's revel was presented as a riot.

That's pretty much how 1993 ended for popular music's two most distinctive new voices. Strong as they were, both Vedder and Snoop found themselves virtually buried under the snow resulting from their own achievements. Pearl Jam's second album, *Vs.*, sold just under a million records in its first week. In its debut week, *Doggystyle* sold 800,000 copies, and like *Vs.*, it entered the *Billboard* charts at number one. Snoop had appeared earlier on Dr. Dre's *The Chronic*, one of the longest-running chart toppers of the year, and its lead single, *Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang*, ranks as one of hip-hop's most radical (and most popular) tracks. Vedder spent one night in jail in New Orleans, and months fretting and pouting over the consequences of success. Snoop, vowing to escape the limitations of a ghetto upbringing and gangbanging past, faced a charge of being an accessory to the murder of a man who once placed a gun to the rap star's head.

Nevertheless, Eddie Vedder and Snoop Doggy Dogg are easy choices as the most important voices of 1993. Their music is far more important than their troubles offstage. Snoop transformed rapping by slowing the pace and softening the sound: His low, smooth growls and conversational flow make the competition sound as if its bark lacks bite. His matter-of-fact accounts of the dark side of ghetto existence have a harrowing credibility. When, on one of *Doggystyle*'s between-rap skits, Snoop appears as a child aspiring to be a gangbanger, the absolutely believable innocence of his statement is shocking.

"I can't make the motherfucker go kill nobody. I can't make him stop killing nobody. I just can tell him what I know by letting 'em see there's another way."

Vedder's grumbles and shouts represent less of a stylistic breakthrough: On *Temple of the Dog*, he and Soundgarden's

d THE Furies

Chris Cornell could be brothers. Vedder represents the latest in a line of anthem rockers whose expressions of moral principles make them generational spokesmen. He called Pete Townshend his father figure and didn't fear dissing big brother Bono when Pearl Jam opened for U2 in Europe. He hung in the wings at Bruce Springsteen shows and sang *Masters of War* at Bob Dylan's 30th anniversary celebration concert.

What's going on here is a generational shift, virtually a revolution in pop-music sensibility. The effects of this revolution may prove to be more far-reaching than those of punk's failed insurrection in the mid-Seventies. The biggest punk bands, for all their impact on the music world, never scored as more than also-rans on the charts (at least outside the U.K.). These guys now top the charts. The slow, steady growth of hip-hop from an uptown New York innovation to a mainstream cultural commodity finds a similar acceleration in the persona of Snoop. His desire to escape the ghetto and his inability to abandon its mores and attitudes leap out of every interview: "You can take me out of the ghetto, but you can't take the ghetto out of me," he has said. "No matter where I'm at, I'm still going to be the same person."

Snoop's confidence is serene, while Vedder's is nonexistent. "I guess it was the beatings/Made me wise," Vedder sings in *Rearviewmirror*, one of several songs about suicide and abuse, "But I'm not about to give thanks or apologize." In their bluntness about the limits of patience and attention and their unwillingness to go along with everyday injustice, Vedder and Snoop find common ground—and the sources of their symbolic appeal. You can feel the connection in Pearl Jam's *W.M.A.*, which stands for white male aggression or white male American and was inspired by the killing of Malice Green by two Detroit policemen: "He won the lottery when he was born/Took his mother's white breast to his tongue/Trained like dogs, color and smell/Walks by me to get to him."

As symbols of a generation stymied, polarized and isolated, Vedder and Snoop accept the chaos, fear and frustration and spit it back without false optimism or despair. That Snoop's slow, lubricious grooves and Vedder's panicky resilience don't fall all the way into darkness is at least in part because they are surrounded by collaborators of equal brilliance. Snoop and Eddie's status as spokesmen begins within their own musical organizations. Dr. Dre has upped the ante on hip-hop by grafting the corniest synthesizer samples to the most up-to-date beats. Pearl Jam has two great guitarists—Mike McCready and Stone Gossard—and a fabulous rhythm section in bassist Jeff Ament and drummer Dave Abbruzzese.

"I will swallow poison until I grow immune/I will scream my lungs out until it fills this room/How much difference does it make?/How much difference does it make?"

Don't get me wrong. These unruly characters aren't groping around musically for simple grace and harmless good times. Who knows how deep they can sink and still find ways to let the music soar? But that will be in the future. In 1993 they continually took us way over the top. Those who missed them, missed out.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

MEGA JETTA

WHAT'S a no-compromise, autobahn-bred German sport sedan that won't cost you much more than a Honda Accord? The answer is tearing around this spread. Volkswagen has shoehorned a 172-horsepower V6 into its subtly restyled Jetta III GLX, and the result—*ach du lieber!* It couldn't happen a minute too soon for the company that once dominated America's small-car market. Volkswagen's recent sales slump was largely the result of its focus on emerging markets such as eastern Europe and China rather than on developing new models for the U.S. But that may soon change. The Jetta III GLX is a tough little five-speed runner with power rack-and-pinion steering, gas-filled rear shocks, electronic traction control and four-wheel disc brakes with ABS. The hot V6 under the hood delivers zero to 60 in under seven seconds and has a top end of about 135 miles per hour. The price for all this indecent fun is $19,975—about half the cost of a BMW 540i and $10,000 less than a 325i. And for the money you get an all-leather interior (including a fat, leather-wrapped steering wheel), heated bucket seats, alloy wheels, cruise control, an antitheft system (you'll need it), power sunroof, AM/FM/cassette stereo and power

volkswagen's super screamer of a sport sedan is going to drive its competition up a wall

article by KEN GROSS

seats, doors and windows. In fact, the only two options available are a four-speed automatic transmission and a trunk-mounted CD changer. And there's more: Jetta's bettered its already fine safety record. The GLX boasts dual air bags, improved side-impact protection, bolstered safety-cage construction and a front-end design that progressively diffuses crash energy during frontal impact. If you're in the market for a slightly bigger sedan, Volkswagen already offers a Passat GLX four-door powered by the same V6 engine for about $23,000; a station wagon version costs an additional $425. (A V6-powered Golf should also be arriving in auto showrooms later this year.) Yes, you can still get a new Jetta GL/GLS equipped with a 115-hp four-cylinder engine for less. (The base price starts at about $13,000.) But one ride in a GLX should persuade you to take the rocket route.

The $19,975 Jetta III GLX we drove was black on black—a real stealth car. Red is also available, as are two metallic colors: dusty mauve and Windsor blue. The power train is warranted for ten years or 100,000 miles. (Volkswagen claims that's the industry's best coverage.) You also get an additional two-year, 24,000-mile bumper-to-bumper limited warranty.

COMRADES IN CRIME

(continued from page 72)

"Los Angeles was full of glamourous women unlike any Andrei might have met on Zagrebsky Boulevard."

"the Dealer had a ticket and a visa for the United States."

•

A ticket and a visa—those were the two things Andrei Kuznetsov most wanted when he got out of jail. He began the process of reinventing himself by putting his charm to work in the Leningrad art community. In the late Eighties, Western artists and art dealers began showing up in force in Russia. One of them was Serge Sorokko, a Soviet emigrant who was a co-owner of a chain of art galleries in New York, Beverly Hills and San Francisco. One of Sorokko's artists was another emigrant, Mikhail Shemyakin. In 1989 Sorokko staged an exhibition of Shemyakin's work in Russia. He needed a local factotum, and an ingratiating Andrei volunteered. Andrei then capitalized on the contacts he made through the Shemyakin exhibition. One dealer agreed to invite him to visit the U.S., a necessary requirement in the visa process. At the end of 1989 he left Russia for good.

Once Andrei was in the U.S., Sorokko set him up with a job selling art at his gallery on Rodeo Drive. It is a place where, in addition to Shemyakin's works, Hockneys and Warhols are sold to people who have blank walls and $10,000 or $20,000 to drop on a print. There is even a room of etchings done by Pablo Picasso, though these are from the artist's dirty-old-man period, mainly pictures of women diddling themselves.

A good salesman could earn $5000, even $15,000, in commissions a month. Andrei was a good salesman, particularly with the Shemyakins. "He was a likable guy," his former boss recalls. "Great with people, could smell money and was very persistent."

In the space of a few weeks, Andrei had gone almost as far from Zagrebsky Boulevard as a man could go. The sights and smells of wealth assaulted his brain: leather from Bernini and Bally, perfume from Giorgio, diamonds from Cartier. He could cruise down streets lined with soaring royal palms and mansions so big the gardeners needed assistants. He bought a used BMW and then traded it in on a champagne-colored Mercedes. He rented a little house in West Hollywood, not far from Sunset Boulevard. It wasn't quite Beverly Hills, but it had a fireplace, a deck and a hot tub, and if he craned his neck he could see the tops of the palm trees in Beverly Hills. Andrei had reinvented himself.

Los Angeles was full of glamourous women—both Americans and Soviet émigrés—unlike any Andrei might have met on Zagrebsky Boulevard. Whether Russian or American, the women were equally responsive to a smile and a little poetry, and Andrei pursued them relentlessly. He generally had two or three lithe young women with him at exhibition openings. Frequently, they visited him during the day, hanging out at the gallery.

In the summer of 1991, he married a California girl whom we'll call Michelle. She was a 20-year-old blonde with long, tanned legs and cornflower-blue eyes. She was a saleswoman at Neiman-Marcus when he walked in one day, introduced himself and asked her out. She declined. He got a Russian-American girl who worked at the store to act as a go-between, and Michelle finally consented. On their first date, he took her to his home in West Hollywood, where his mother, Galina Ivanovna Kuznetsov, visiting from St. Petersburg, cooked an enormous Russian supper. When he proposed, Michelle understood that Andrei wanted to marry her because he needed a green card. He was seeing, and would continue to see, other women. She loved him anyway, and she agreed. On their wedding night, he left her alone, going out with other people.

The money Andrei was making at the art gallery soon wasn't enough to attain the lifestyle to which he aspired, and he began to probe for ways to get more. One day the gallery's director got a call from a customer in Texas who had bought a picture with his credit card. The man said he had used the card only once in Los Angeles. But his latest bill had florists' charges on it, all for flowers delivered to women in the Beverly Hills area, including one bouquet to a woman who sold perfume at Giorgio. Andrei denied using the customer's card number, then said that a friend who had visited him in the gallery might have done it.

The gallery started to watch Andrei closely. One evening the phone rang, and a manager picked it up.

"Andrei?" a man asked.

"Yes," the gallery manager said, stringing the man along.

"You were supposed to send me two girls. Where are they?"

That phone call cast a new light on the pretty women who kept visiting Andrei at the gallery. He was fired, with the understanding that the gallery would not prosecute him if he never set foot in it again.

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Andrei was hardly the first Soviet emigrant to the U.S. to dabble in fraud. The Soviet Union had a long tradition of producing grifters. In fact, the Russian language has several synonyms for the term, and the most beloved comic novel of the Soviet era, *The 12 Chairs*, is about a con artist named Ostap Bender. Finding a way to swindle the state was a survival mechanism during the declining years of communism, and no one thought it wrong. It's no surprise that while most Soviet immigrants were looking for an honest path to a better life, some of them—arriving in a country where the police need a court order to tap a telephone and where there are vulnerable institutions such as checking accounts, credit cards, corporations and insurance companies—perceived their new home as a candy store without a proprietor. Fraud became the mainstay of the new class of Soviet-American racketeers.

Much of the fraud is directed against fellow immigrants. Some members of the Russian-speaking community devised new variations on the Ponzi scheme. At the time Andrei arrived in Los Angeles, an immigrant was getting rich by buying a small fleet of used passenger vans from hotels and car rental agencies, repainting them and putting them visibly to work in the streets. He then put out the word that anyone who invested $15,000 would own a van and receive a guaranteed $600 monthly profit. After selling each van a dozen or more times and using the new money to make a couple of $600 payments to his first customers, he sold the van fleet to Mexicans on the other side of Los Angeles and left town. When the victims located the new van owners and demanded their money back, they got only a shrug of shoulders.

Other Russian racketeers were involved in loan-sharking. An émigré might borrow money at 30 percent annual interest but be unable to make his payments. The loan sharks would arrange for the unfortunate businessman to borrow more money from other members of the Russian-speaking community, this time at 60 percent. The sharks would take a commission on the

(continued on page 160)

"Good grief! The bottom has fallen out of the art market!"

HOOTERS
CLAMS
WINGS
SHRIMP
OYSTER ROASTS
HONK
IF YOU
LOVE
HOOTERS

THE GIRLS OF HOOTERS

it's service with a smile, and a whole lot more, at the hottest food joint in america

THE COLOR orange screams for attention. It's one of the brightest, most intense colors in the spectrum. It's almost combustible. Fire is orange. The sun is orange. And orange is the color of the silky, micro gym shorts worn by the Hooters girls. Stare long enough and that orange will burn a hole right through your gray matter. Top off those orange shorts with a tight, white T-shirt (usually knotted in the back to emphasize the chest and bare midriff), and the results are death by Creamsicle. There are worse ways to go.

The Hooters girls flaunt these orange-and-whites at 117 restaurants in the U.S. By the end of this year, that figure could rise to 200. Hooters is fast becoming the McDonald's of wings-and-beer joints, and the Hooters girls are a big part of that success—and not just because of their skimpy outfits.

It's an attitude thing. Walk into any Hooters and you'll be greeted with a smile. The waitresses are so genuinely friendly and energetic, you can't help but perk up. There's one Miss Congeniality after another, mixed with a little innocent tease to whip the crowd into a feeding frenzy. When traffic is slow, which is rare, the waitresses usually pull up a chair and chat. "Here's more Three-Mile Island hot sauce for your chicken wings," says Liz Ann, who works at the Hooters in Boca Raton, Florida. "Don't spill it in your lap or you'll be singing soprano." Shy, these waitresses aren't, and that's half the fun.

Honk if you love the fabulous fivesome parked in front of the original Hooters in Clearwater, Florida: (opposite page, clockwise from the top) Traci McAllister, Sandra Hinzman, Gina Menendez, Dawn Bergquist and Sunday Steward. Short shorts aren't a no-no here. Banking on that "sex sells" strategy, Hooters rapidly grew from this single restaurant into a nationwide chain. Waitresses like Stacy Rucker (right) from Nashville contributed, too. Being down to earth, she's into rock climbing.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

Facing page, clockwise from top left: Chicogo's Nanette DeCosmo would love to own a day-care center, but thinks childish men are a turnoff. Rub-o-dub-dub, the twins in the tub are Little Rock's Cara and Laura Honea, premed students who enjoy reading ond rubber duckies. To moke Cosey Gray's heart beot faster, ask her to donce. You'll find her wearing mile-high doncing shoes wherever they ploy disco in Denver. Cheryl Ash is a hockey nut from Texas, who warns judgmental people that they're skating on thin ice. Jennifer McQuistion of Buffalo, New York (right ond below) aspires to be "Al Bundy's dream girl on *Married With Children*," while (bottom, left to right) Kay Brown, Kym Williams, Lé Toia Francis and shutterbug Cheryl Ash hom it up outside o Dallas Hooters.

Between classes at Old Dominian, horseback riding and playing tennis, Newport News, Virginia's Melissa Brewster (left) is always on the move. Good luck slowing down Kym Williams (right and below top). If she's not working out or playing racquetball, Kym's turning heads in Dallas' social scene. Heidi Mark (below bottom) of West Palm Beach, Florida receives her share of stares, like when she orders her favorite peanut-butter-and-pickle sandwiches.

Michelle Armstrong (abave) is studying to be a dental hygienist in Jacksonville, but she's extremely spantaneous and sometimes gets a baunce out of bungee-jumping. Augusta, Georgia's Renée DeLaparte (right and facing page, bottom) is a little less adventuresame: One af her most daring feats was cutting out PLAYBOY rabbit logos and bringing them to grade school for Easter show-and-tell, where she "got in a lat of trouble." Sunday Steward (apposite page, top) of Clearwater, Florida has seen a few troublemakers herself. An aspiring court reporter, she's shawn here in her Sunday best.

OZMA
Popular Ed
L. FRANK BAUM

Jennifer Gallatin (above left) boasts that her family is "always there" far her. She must mean that literally, because that's Jennifer's grandmother and mother with her (left) at a Baltimare Hooters restaurant. Jazz lover, gourmet coak and avid dancer Lé Toia Francis (above right) also knows a little Latin—carpe diem is the phrase this Texan lives by. Guys who try to play mind games with 19-year-ald Summer Shepard (below right) of Little Rock haven't got a chance. She's a psych major in callege. The oldest of five girls, Norcross, Georgia's Rosario Rubalcava (below left) can do without sports, preferring the quieter pursuits af sewing or reading. Cheryl Bartel (facing page) of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, an the other hand, can't keep still. She water-skis, goes scuba diving and finds time to work out.

Respect *(continued from page 80)*

"He kept the hand in a jar, taking it down at the slightest excuse to show off to his guests."

The man's face was sour, the gift of early handsomeness pressed from it like grappa from the dregs. He scratched his rear casually, then took a seat as if he were stuffed with feathers, and leaned forward. "Pepto-Bismol," he said in moist, high-pitched tones that made it seem as if he were sucking his words like lozenges. "I live Pepto-Bismol. I breathe it, drink it by the quart, it runs through my veins. I even shit pink."

"Ah, it's your stomach, then," I said, rising now, the stethoscope dangling from my neck. He gestured for me to remain seated. He wasn't yet ready to reveal himself, to become intimate with my diagnostic ways.

"I am telling you, Doctor," he said, "I do not eat, drink, smoke, my taste is gone and my pleasure in things is as dead as the black cat we nailed over Miraglia Sciacca's door. I take two bites of pasta with a little butter and grated Romano and it's like they stabbed me in my guts." He looked miserably at the floor and worked the bones of his left wrist till they clicked like dice thrown against a wall. "And do you know why?" he demanded finally.

I didn't know, but I certainly had a suspicion.

"Santo R.," he said, slowing down to inject some real venom into his voice. "The fat-ass bastard."

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That night, over a mutton chop and a bowl of bean soup, I consulted my housekeeper about the situation. Santuzza is an ignorant woman, crammed from her toes to her scalp with the superstitious claptrap that afflicts the Sicilian peasantry like a congenital defect (I once caught her rubbing fox fat on her misshapen feet and saying a *Salve Regina* backward in a low, moaning, singsong voice), but she has an uncanny and all-encompassing knowledge of the spats, feuds and sex scandals not only of Partinico but of the entire Palermo Province. The minute I leave for the office, the telephone receiver becomes glued to the side of her head—she cooks with it in place, sweeps, does the wash and changes the sheets, and all the while the pertinacious voice of the telephone buzzes in her ear. All day it's gossip, gossip, gossip, gossip.

"They had a falling out," Santuzza said, putting a loaf in front of me and refilling my glass from the carafe. "They were both asked to be a go-between in the dispute of Gaspare Pantaleo and Miraglia Sciacca."

"Ah," I murmured, breaking off a crust and wiping it thoughtfully round the rim of my plate, "I should have known."

As Santuzza told it, the disaffection between Pantaleo and Sciacca, tenant farmers on the C. and R. estates, respectively, arose over a question of snails. It had been a dry year following hard on the heels of the driest year anyone could remember, and the snails hadn't appeared in any numbers during the previous fall. But recently we'd had a freak rain, and Gaspare Pantaleo, a poor man who has to do everything in his power to make ends meet, went out to gather snails for a stew to feed his children. He knew a particular spot, high on the riverbank where there was a tumble of stones dumped to prevent erosion, and though it was on private property, the land belonged neither to the C. nor the R. family holdings. Miraglia Sciacca discovered him there. Apparently Sciacca knew of this spot also, a good, damp, protected place where the snails clumped together in bunches in the cracks between the rocks, and he, too, had gone out to collect snails for a stew. His children—there were eight of them and each with an identical cast in the right eye—were hungry, too, always hungry. Like Pantaleo, Sciacca lived close to the bone, hunting snails, frogs, elvers and songbirds, gathering borage and wild asparagus and whatnot to stretch his larder. Well, they had words over the snails, one thing led to another, and when Miraglia Sciacca came to, he was lying in the mud with maybe a thousand snails crushed into his groin.

Two days later he marched up to the Pantaleo household with an antiquated carbine and shot the first two dogs he saw. Gaspare Pantaleo's brother Filippo retaliated by poisoning the Sciacca family's pig, and then Rosario Bontalde, Miraglia Sciacca's uncle by marriage, sent a 15-pound wheel of cheese to the Pantaleos as an apparent peace offering. But the cheese was hexed—remember, this is Santuzza talking—and within the week Girolama Pantaleo, Gaspare's eldest daughter and one of the true and astonishing beauties of the province, lost all her hair. Personally, I suspected ringworm or perhaps a dietary deficiency, but I ate my soup and said nothing.

Things apparently came to a head when Gaspare Pantaleo stormed up the road to the Sciacca place to demand that the hex be lifted. The cheese they'd disposed of, but in such cases, the hex, Santuzza assured me, lingers in all who've eaten of it. At the time, Miraglia Sciacca was out in the yard, not five paces from the public street, splitting olive wood so he could stack it against the fence for the coming winter. "You're a fraud and a pederast," Gaspare Pantaleo accused in a voice the neighbors could hear half a mile away, "and I demand that you take the hex off that cheese."

Miraglia's only response was a crude epithet.

"All right then, you son of a bitch, I'll thrash it out of you," Gaspare roared, and he set his hand down on the fence post to hoist himself over, and that was when Miraglia Sciacca, without so much as a hitch in his stroke, brought down the ax and took Gaspare Pantaleo's right hand off at the wrist. That was bad enough, but it wasn't the worst of it. What really inflamed the entire Pantaleo clan, what drove them to escalate matters by calling in Don Bastiano C. as mediator, was that the Sciaccas wouldn't return the hand. As Santuzza had it from Rosa Giardini, an intimate of the Sciaccas, Miraglia kept the hand preserved in a jar on the mantelpiece, taking it down at the slightest excuse to show off to his guests and boast of his prowess.

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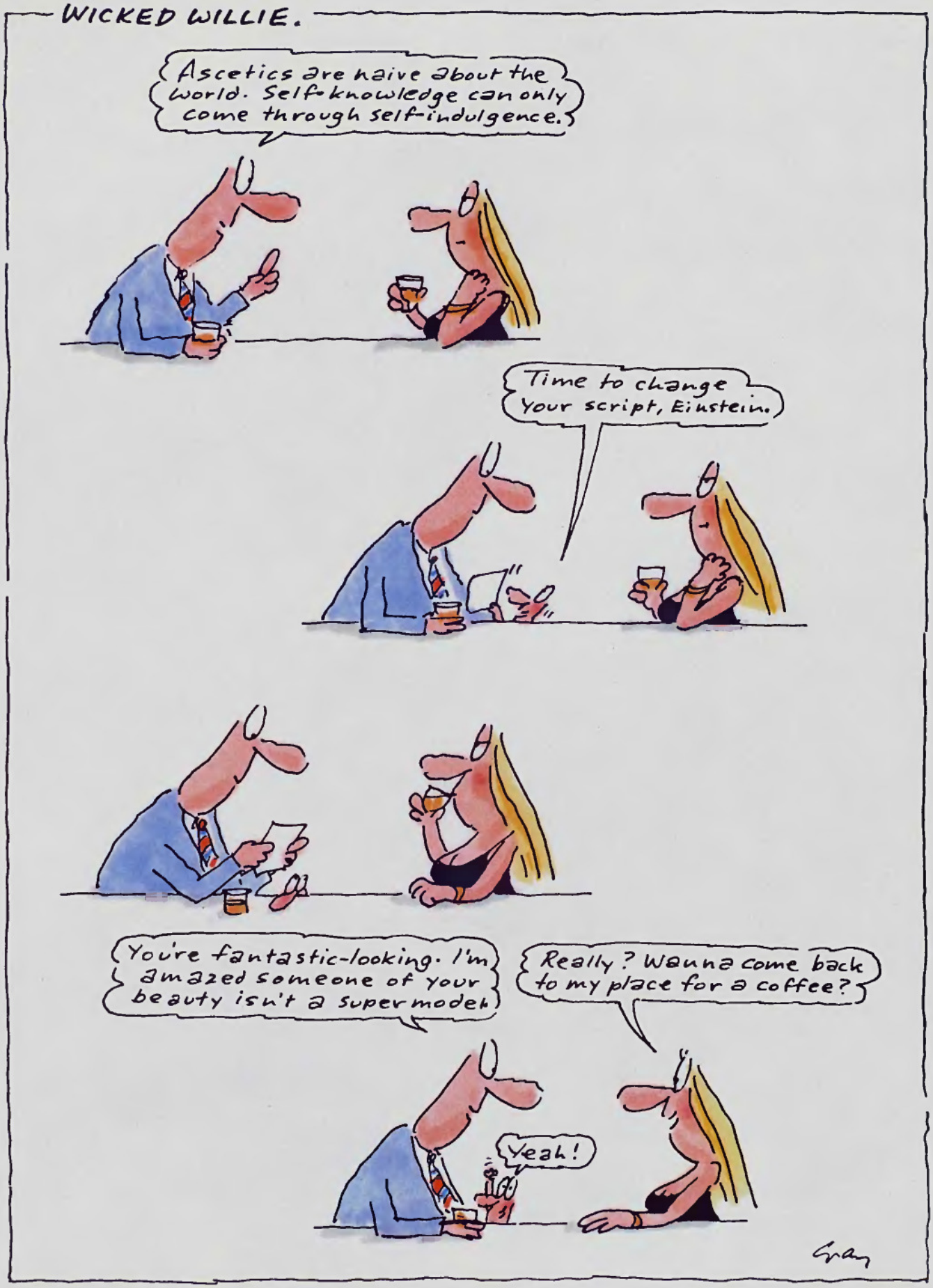
Three weeks passed and the sun held steady in the sky, though by now we should have been well into the rains, and I heard nothing of the feuding parties. I saw Santo R. one evening as I was sitting in the café, but we didn't speak—he was out in the street, along with his two elephantine bodyguards, bending painfully to inspect the underside of his car for explosives before lumbering into the driver's seat, firing up the ignition and roaring away in a cyclone of leaves and whirling trash. It was ironic to think that snails had been the cause of all this misunderstanding and a further burden to the precarious health of the two men of respect, Don Santo R. and Don Bastiano C., because now you couldn't find snails for love or money. Not a trattoria, café or street vendor offered them for sale, and the unseasonable sun burned like a cinder in the sky.

It was a festering hot day toward the *(continued on page 150)*


WICKED WILLIE.
Ascetics are naive about the world. Self-knowledge can only come through self-indulgence.
Time to change your script, Einstein.
You're fantastic-looking. I'm amazed someone of your beauty isn't a supermodel
Really? Wanna come back to my place for a coffee?
Yeah!
Gray

2 0 Q U E S T I O N S

LAURENCE FISHBURNE

The director of "Boyz N the Hood," John Singleton, says Laurence Fishburne reminds him of Omar Sharif. Producer David Burke, who gave the actor his recent Emmy-winning role in the series "Tribeca," sees Fishburne as Spencer Tracy. The 32-year-old actor's range is impressive. After three years on the soap opera "One Life to Live," he landed his second film role—at 14—in Francis Coppola's "Apocalypse Now" and spent his wonder years in the Philippine jungle. He came home burned out and turned on—good practice for his most recent successes: making a human being out of Ike Turner in last year's Tina Turner biopic, "What's Love Got to Do With It," and playing a homeless chess master in "Searching for Bobby Fischer." He is slated to star in the Jimi Hendrix biopic next. There have been many other roles, including Cowboy Curtis on "Pee-wee's Playhouse," the fabulously criminal Jimmy Jump in the cult classic "King of New York" and Sterling in August Wilson's play "Two Trains Running," for which he won a Tony. We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin to Vancouver, B.C., where Fishburne was filming the post–Cold War spy thriller "The Tool Shed" with Ellen Barkin. Said Rensin, "Fishburne, once Larry, is now Laurence. He says he gets more respect. But he still lets close friends call him Fish."

1.

PLAYBOY: As a teenager, you spent almost two years making *Apocalypse Now* in the jungle with Dennis Hopper, Francis Coppola, Robert Duvall, Martin Sheen and Marlon Brando. What did their combined influence produce?

FISHBURNE: I took a bit from each of them. Martin nurtured my spirit. He complimented me often and did everything he could to let me know that not only was I a gifted actor but also a human being worthy of being loved and treated with respect.

acting's versatile prodigy gives the skinny on spike and ike and tells what love's got to do with it

Francis challenged my mind. He always did and said things that I would be forced to think about before I could speak to him—which was unusual because as an adolescent, I didn't usually engage the mind before the mouth opened. It took me a long time to learn that. He always wanted to see what was going on inside my head.

I didn't spend a lot of time with Mr. Duvall. He spent the least time there but always impressed me as the consummate professional.

Dennis was unlike any person I had ever encountered. He was not in the best period of his life. He was reckless; he was wild. I'd never seen a human being behave the way Dennis behaved and get away with it. And I wanted to know how he did it. I followed him around for about five months. His energy, power, sheer audacity and pure guts were things I wanted. I wanted to be Dennis, and after I got back to the States I was for a little while—though I never got as far out as he did.

Brando and I had a couple of brief encounters. The first was at a party. The day before, he had walked onto the set and introduced himself to everyone. The next day he threw a party. There was a Filipino band doing Top 40 tunes, and a magician. Marlon waved me over to him. The magician did a trick—I think he produced a dove, or a rabbit, out of his hat. I was amazed, as a 14-year-old would be. I went, "How did he do that?" And Brando just whispered to me: "It's bullshit."

2.

PLAYBOY: Many lines from *Apocalypse Now* have become classics. Which never leave your head?

FISHBURNE: A few of them. "What do you know about surfing, Major? You're from goddamned New Jersey." And "What are they going to say? He was a kind man? He had wisdom? Wrong." And "The bullshit piled up so high in Vietnam, you needed bat wings to stay above it."

3.

PLAYBOY: We understand that you're not exactly a stranger to drugs. Would you take LSD again today?

FISHBURNE: No. [*Smiles*] But I might do mushrooms, strictly for medicinal purposes. I would use them under proper guidance, of course.

I'm not afraid to open myself up. I've had to all my life. Part of my job is to dig and to dig deeper. And I really enjoy it, because change is constant and is not something you should fight. Accelerated change can be good for you. The more you change, the more you grow. The more you grow, the better for you and those around you.

4.

PLAYBOY: Women don't seem to get *King of New York*. Can you help out the guys and explain its appeal?

FISHBURNE: They don't get *Reservoir Dogs*, either. They won't get Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*. Everything ain't for everybody, so I can't presume to explain that movie to a woman. That's like trying to explain to your woman why you're fucking another woman. You can't explain that and expect them to get it and to go, "Oh, all right. Oh, I see!" They're not going to say, "I agree with you, honey. It's OK." They're not going to do that shit! They're going to be pissed off—and they're not going to get it. Men and women are different. And there's nothing wrong with that. If they were the same, it would be a drag.

I wouldn't have to explain it to a man. You just say, "Yo, man—my man pulled his shit out, and he just iced homeboy." I don't know; all I can tell you is it's a male thing. "You can go downtown and be with them homos if you want to—I'm going to a real party." [*Laughs*] Rites of passage for men include violence.

5.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite Chris Walken story that will explain him to the rest of us?

FISHBURNE: Walken and I went to see some dailies—the scene where I go to his hotel and we meet each other, and there's that sort of standoff. When it was over, Chris came up to me and said, "You know, you really worked hard for your money." And he kissed me and walked out.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've upgraded your name. What does Laurence get that Larry never did?

FISHBURNE: Actually, I haven't upgraded it, I just went back to my given name. Laurence gets courtesy. Now, people think about asking me things before they ask them. It used to be, "Larry, we're gonna. . . . OK?" Now it's,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

"Excuse me, Laurence, we want to. . . . Is that all right?" There's a quality of distance. It's not as familiar. And I enjoy that. People see me in the movies and assume they know me intimately. Of course, they don't. Laurence gives me some breathing room.

7.

PLAYBOY: You played Cowboy Curtis on *Pee-wee's Playhouse*. We remember you sitting around a campfire with Pee-wee, talking about wieners. Clearly, there was a lot of adult fun built into the show. Can you give us a short course on the subtext?

FISHBURNE: Big feet, big boots. You know what they say. [*Laughs*] It was designed that way. At first, Pee-wee's show was adult fun. There's an hour-long episode that sometimes runs on HBO in which he wants to learn to fly. His friend Hammy comes in and they're goofing around in the playhouse. Then Hammy's sister comes in. And they say, "I know! I know! Shoe mirrors!" And they go to this trunk and grab shoe mirrors and put them on their feet. Then they stand on either side of her, looking at their mirrors, trying to look up her dress. And she says, "I'm not *wearing* any underwear!" And they're like, "Awwww!" It was always that way. He just kind of modified it so that kids would get it, too.

8.

PLAYBOY: Before doing *The Tool Shed* with Ellen Barkin, which of her movies did you watch to get ready for her?

FISHBURNE: *This Boy's Life*. And not even to check her out. Ellen is a magnificent actor. Powerful and true. I haven't seen her do anything false. And she always looks great. I loved her in *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai*. And *Sea of Love*. I still want to see *Siesta*, but the one copy in my video store is always rented. Another film I can never find is *The Cool World*, with Clarence Williams III. I don't even think this movie's on video, though. It's an old movie, made in the Sixties sometime. It's not to be confused with the Kim Basinger and Gabriel Byrne film that came out a couple of years ago. This is about a street gang in Harlem.

9.

PLAYBOY: If *What's Love Got to Do With It* had been about Ike, would you have played him differently?

FISHBURNE: I went out of my way to make him a real character anyway, but I would have played him more thoroughly. I would have liked the opportunity to show that Ike was violent with everybody, not just women. And when I say violent with everybody, I don't mean that Ike went around kicking people's asses at will, but that Ike could be violent with men if he didn't feel things were going his way. I also would have liked to be more specific about his decline. I could have shown what happens to somebody who's ambitious and driven and strong-willed, under the effects of drugs that deteriorate the mind, the body and the spirit. There is probably another movie to be made here.

"Now for the bad news, Senator. Licking the new commemorative stamp caused lower sperm counts in rats."

10.

PLAYBOY: Ike's been given no quarter as the stone-cold villain. You seem sympathetic. Are you?

FISHBURNE: I love Ike. Just man to man, I love Ike. No Ike, no Tina. From 1956 to 1958, Ike had long money—he had a big band, he had talent, he had vision. He was one of the first men to put a woman out in front of his band, playing that type of music. Ike was the bad guy in the movie. And a lot of times he was the bad guy in their relationship. But that don't mean all of it was on him. A relationship is 50-50. I doubt that Tina hates him. I think Tina still loves Ike and he loves her. But I think their love for each other is exactly what they have always maintained it is: They are brother and sister. Only a brother and sister could fight like they fought. That scene in the limo is probably the most accurate thing in the film. It's like two little kids.

11.

PLAYBOY: You once said you were the black Jodie Foster. Did she respond?

FISHBURNE: She read that and wrote me a note saying she looked forward to the day we could hook up, and in the meantime, could she be the white Laurence Fishburne. That really surprised me.

12.

PLAYBOY: White people get in trouble when they criticize Spike Lee. You know him from *School Daze*. If he were disposed to really listen to you, what would your best advice be?

FISHBURNE: Black people get in trouble, too. I once criticized Spike on a radio show, and five hours later I heard about it from the press: "You said what?" I had to apologize publicly. The bottom line is that Spike is who he is, and he does what he does. And to be fair, I need to give him my criticisms directly.

13.

PLAYBOY: You are one of the few actors to turn down working with him a second time, passing on the role of Radio Raheem in *Do the Right Thing*. Why?

FISHBURNE: I had already had the experience of working with one director—Francis Coppola—in a number of films. I'd done that. That's what Spike was doing. If you look at his movies, you see the same faces in most of them. I wanted to be his actor. I'd figured, he's from Brooklyn, I'm from Brooklyn. He's black, I'm black. He makes movies about Brooklyn. I naturally have within me stuff that would be relevant to the stories he was telling about that place. But our points of view are completely different. And Spike's a little older than me and eventually we didn't see eye to eye. His brother David and I are the same age and seem to

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click better. Spike's trip is different. It wouldn't have worked out for us.

14.

PLAYBOY: Your dad left home when you were about three years old, but you maintained contact. Did he use his job as a corrections officer at a juvenile facility to keep you in line?

FISHBURNE: He didn't have to do anything. He just told me what he did. But once, after I'd made *Cornbread, Earl and Me*—I was 12—he came to me and he said, "You know, I took my boys down to see your movie, and they liked it. They liked it a lot. They have a message for you." I said, "Oh, yeah, Dad? What's that?" He said, "Well, they wanted to tell you that you really got something good going. You have something worthwhile happening for you. And that if you ever fuck up and wind up in the joint, they will kick your motherfucking ass." I said, "No problem."

15.

PLAYBOY: *The Tool Shed* is about, among other things, redefining espionage and that community's role in the post–Cold War world. What should we do with all the spies?

FISHBURNE: Good question. You can't make musicians out of them. You can't make them into garbagemen. Give them government jobs. Maybe make them law enforcement people.

16.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone you'd like to spy on?

FISHBURNE: I'd like to spy on women doing whatever it is they do when they're by themselves. They're foreign to me, as a man, and therefore interesting. Their stories and their feelings and emotions have not been told in a way that is accurate, according to them. So I would like to spy on them and to know. It's like what we were talking about before—how can you explain *King of New York* or *Reservoir Dogs* to a woman? You can't. How can a woman explain some female stuff to me? For instance, a woman comes over to your house and leaves things. Women leave earrings—or pairs of panties or shoes—to mark their territory. How do you explain that shit?

17.

PLAYBOY: Is it to mark their territory, or to give them an excuse to come back?

FISHBURNE: I don't know what it is. Either way, I don't get it. Why would a woman come to your place and leave a bra hanging on the door? Another woman will come by, see it, walk by it four or five times—*will not touch it!* Do you understand that? I sure as fuck don't. Why doesn't she pick it up and ask, "Whose is this?" I know damn well if I went to a woman's house and saw another man's tie hanging on the door, I'd go, "Whose is this?" I'd want to know—even if I had no proprietary right to this woman. It's not about that. It's, Do I have to worry about this motherfucker coming through the window while we're in here getting busy?

Men probably can't understand this stuff without actually being women, but it would be nice to get the inside dope on them.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an opinion on the white suburban appropriation of black urban style?

FISHBURNE: It's been going on since black people got to this country. Musical style. Style of dress. Attitude, dance, slang. All these trends that white youth have identified with as rebellious come out of black America. And why? Blacks have been in the position of having to rebel since day one. It's only natural. Black people are the lowest on the totem pole. When kids reach adolescence that's often how they feel. They feel like they are adults, but they're not treated that way. Blacks are this country's perpetual adolescents.

But it's not just that the dominant culture has enforced adolescence on the black culture. America is an adolescent. America is a fucking teenager, man. We're still obsessed with volume, we're still obsessed with speed. We still giggle and get embarrassed when breasts show up on TV. It's the whole country. One day we're all going to wake up and realize that this is not about black America and white America and red America and yellow America and brown America. Why? Look at television. The most popular thing isn't *60 Minutes*. It's MTV. That's what the little ones are looking at. And they see everybody. Chinese, Jewish, black, white—the kids see themselves. It's great. Reality is not what we've been told it is—everything separate. Never has been.

19.

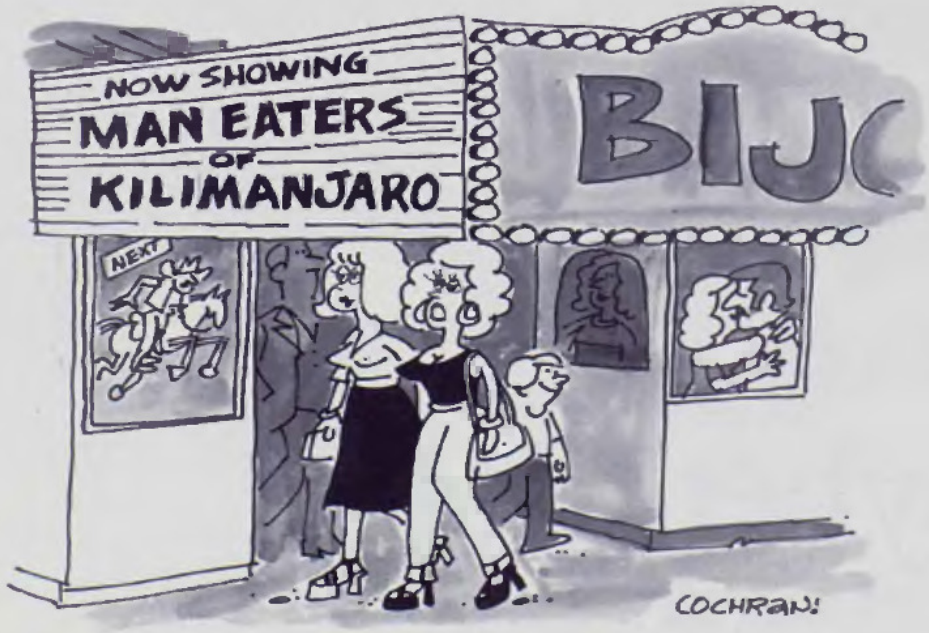
PLAYBOY: Were you more of a fun date during *King of New York* or *What's Love Got to Do With It*?

FISHBURNE: *What's Love Got to Do With It*. When I did *King of New York*, I had lots of anger in my personal life, in particular about where my career was going. By the time I made *What's Love Got to Do With It*, I had put all that aside. A lot of it had to do with getting the *King of New York* job. The role was captivating. It was powerful. It was fun. It is extremely watchable. It's the kind of stuff I used to love seeing at the movies. It's a classic badman. It's a classic two-gun kid, American gangster style. I had it in me to do that kind of character and that kind of work a long time ago, but *King* was the first opportunity to do it.

20.

PLAYBOY: While working 12 hours a day on your Emmy-winning role in *Tribeca*, you were doing eight shows a week of the August Wilson play *Two Trains Running*. When did you rest?

FISHBURNE: The first three days were like Zen. I got up at 5:30 in the morning. I went to work on *Tribeca* and acted all day. And then, at 6:30 in the evening, they put me in a van and took me uptown so I'd get to the theater at 7:15. I was onstage from 8:00 to 11:00. I existed on acting. I didn't have a lot to eat or drink. My whole body was tingling. I felt strong because I was doing what I love to do all day long.



"I didn't know it was going to be about lions!"

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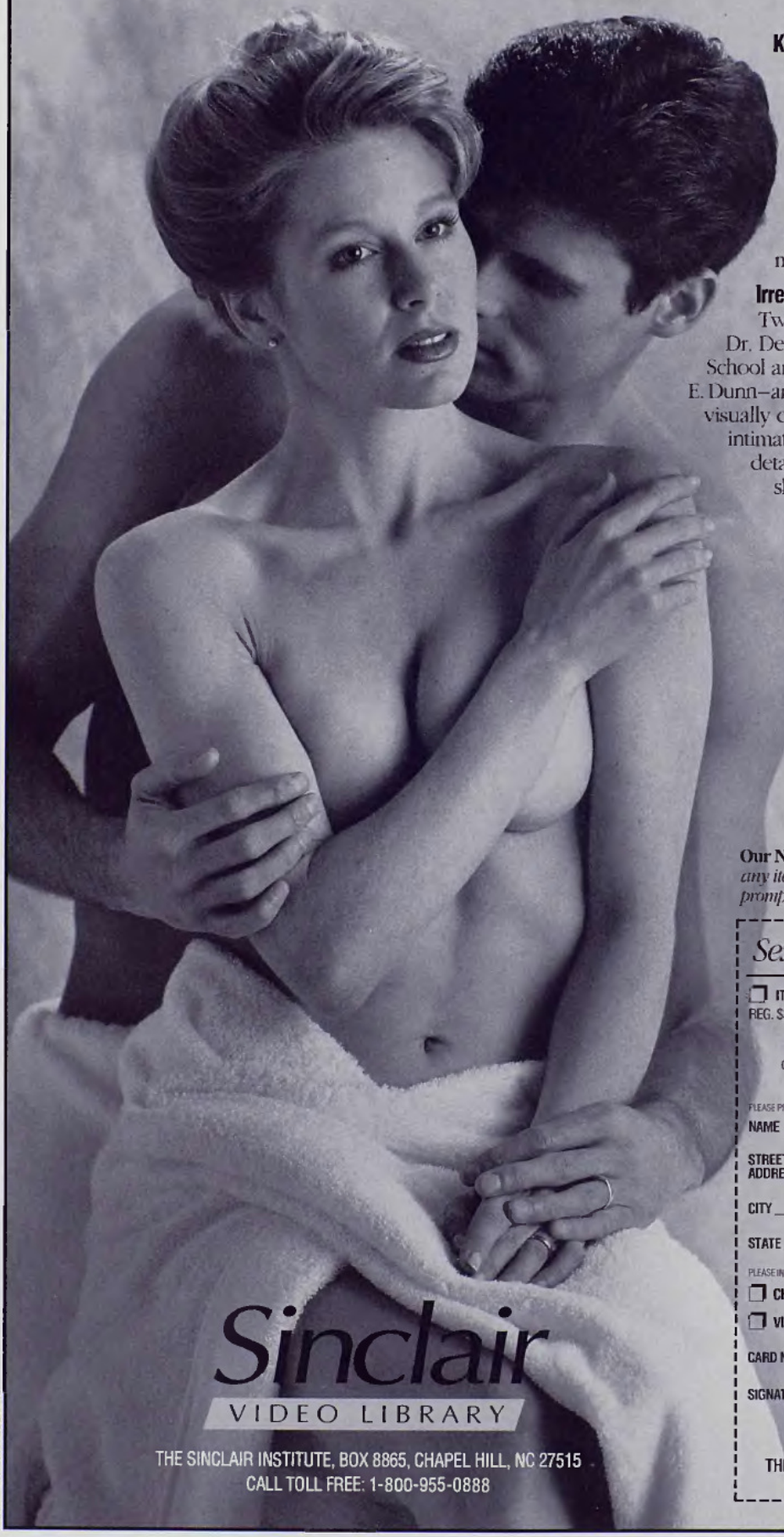

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY D.R. GOFF

Respect *(continued from page 142)*

"With a swiftness that astonished me, he was up from the chair, the pistol clenched in his hand."

end of November, no rain in sight and the sirocco tearing relentlessly at the withered branches of the trees, when Santo R. next showed up at my office. Business was slow—the season of croup and bronchitis, head colds and flu depended upon the rains as much as the snails did—and I was gazing out the window at a pair of buzzards spiraling over the slaughterhouse when he announced himself with a delicate little cough. "Don R.," I said, rising to greet him with a smile, but the smile must have frozen on my face—I was shocked at the sight of him. If he'd looked bad a month ago, bloated and pale and on the verge of collapse, now he was so swollen I could think of nothing so much as a sausage ready to burst its skin on the grill.

"Doctor," he rasped, and his face was like chalk beside the ruddy beef of the bodyguard who supported him, "I don't feel so good." Through the open door I could see Crocifissa making the sign of the cross. The second bodyguard was nowhere to be seen.

Alarmed, I hurried out from behind the desk and helped the remaining henchman settle Don R. in the chair. Don R.'s fingers were so puffed up as to be featureless, and I saw that he'd removed the laces of his shoes to ease the swelling of his feet. This was no mere obesity but a sign that something was desperately wrong. Generalized edema, difficulty breathing, cardiac arrhythmia—the man was a walking time bomb. "Don R.," I said, bending forward to listen to the fitful thump and wheeze of his heart, "you've been taking your medication, haven't you?" I'd prescribed nitroglycerin for the angina, a diuretic and Aldomet for hypertension, and strictly warned him against salt, alcohol, tobacco and saturated fats.

Santo's eyes were closed. He opened them with a grunt of command, made eye contact with the bodyguard and ordered him from the room. When the door had closed he let out a deep, world-weary sigh. "A good man, Francesco," he said. "He's about all I have left. I had to send my wife and kids away till this blows over, and Guido, my other man, well"—he lifted his hand and let it drop like a guillotine—"no one lives forever."

"Listen to me, Don R.," I said, stern now, my patience at an end. "You haven't been taking your medication, have you?"

"Promise not to jog where you'll cause traffic accidents."

No reaction. I might as well have been addressing a stump, a post in the ground.

"And the alcohol, the cigarettes, the pastries and all the rest?"

A shrug of the shoulders. "I'm tired, Doctor," he said.

"Tired?" I was outraged. "I should think you'd be tired. Your system is depleted. You're a mess. You're taking your life in your hands just to mount a flight of stairs. But you didn't come here for lectures, and I'm not going to give you one. No, I'm going to lift up that telephone receiver on the desk and call the hospital. You're checking in this afternoon."

The eyes, which had fallen shut, blinked open again. "No, Doctor," he rasped, and his words came in a slow steady procession, "you're not going to touch that telephone. Do you know how long I'd last in a hospital? Were you born yesterday? Bastiano would have me strung up like a side of beef before the night was out."

"But your blood pressure is through the roof, you, you——"

"Fuck blood pressure."

There was a silence. The sirocco, so late for the season, rattled the panes of the window. The overhead fan creaked on its bearings. After a moment he spoke, and his voice was thick with emotion. "Doctor," he began, "you've known me all my life—I'm not 30 yet and I feel like I'm a hundred. Do you know what it takes to be a man of respect in this country?" His voice broke. "All the beatings, the muggings, the threats and kidnappings, cutting off the heads of dogs and horses, nailing cats to the walls . . . I tell you, Doctor, I tell you: It takes a toll on a man."

He was about to go on when a noise from the outer room froze him—it was barely audible above the wind, the least gurgle in the throat, but it was enough. With a swiftness that astonished me, he was up from the chair, the pistol clenched in his hand. I heard Crocifissa suddenly, a truncated cry, and then the door flew open and there stood Bastiano C., one hand clutching a silver, snub-nosed revolver, the other pinned to his gut.

That was the longest moment of my life. It seemed to play out over the course of an hour, but in reality, it took no more than a minute or two. Behind Bastiano I could make out the sad collapsed form of Santo's bodyguard, stretched out like a sea lion on the beach, a wire garrote sunk into the folds of his throat. Beneath him, barely visible, lay the expiring, sticklike shadow of Bastiano's remaining bodyguard. Bastiano, too, as it turned out, had lost one to the exigencies of war. Crocifissa, wide-eyed and with a fist clamped to her mouth, sat at her desk in shock.

And Bastiano—he stood there in the

doorway nearly doubled over with abdominal pain, more wasted even than he'd been three weeks earlier, if that was possible. The pistol was leveled on Santo, who stood rigid at the back of the room, heaving for breath like a cart horse going up the side of Mt. Etna. Santo's pistol, a thing the size of a small cannon, was aimed unflinchingly at his antagonist. "Son of a whore," Bastiano breathed in his wet, slurping tones. There was no flesh to his face, none at all, and his eyes were glittering specks sunk like screws in his head.

"*Puttana!*" Santo spat, and he changed color twice—from parchment white to royal pomodoro—with the rush of blood surging through his congested arteries.

"Now I am going to kill you," Bastiano whispered, even as he clutched at the place where his ulcers had eaten through the lining of his stomach and where the surrounding vessels were quietly filling his body cavity with blood.

"In a pig's eye," Santo growled, and it was the last thing he ever said, because in that moment, even as he wrapped his bloated finger round the trigger and attempted to squeeze, his poor, congested, fat-clogged heart gave out and he died before my eyes of a massive coronary.

I went to him, of course, my own heart pounding as if it would burst, but even as I bent over him I was distracted by a noise from Bastiano—a delicate little sigh that might have come from a schoolgirl surprised by love—and I glanced up in confusion to see his eyes fall shut as he pitched face-forward onto the linoleum. Although I tried with all my power, I couldn't revive him, and he died that night in a heavily guarded room at the *Ospedale Regionale*.

•

I don't know what it was, and I don't like to speculate, being a man of science, but the rains came three days later. Santuzza claimed it was a question of propitiating the gods, of bloodletting, of settling otherworldly accounts, but the hidebound and ignorant will have their say. At any rate, a good portion of the district turned out for the funerals, held on the same day and at the same cemetery, while the rain drove down as if heaven and earth had been reversed. Don Bastiano C.'s family and retainers were careful not to mingle with Don Santo R.'s, and the occasion was without incident. The snails turned out, though, great, snaking, slippery chains of them, mounting the tombstones and fearlessly sailing the high seas of the greening grass. The village priest intoned the immortal words, the widows wept, the children huddled beneath their umbrellas, and we buried both men, if not with pomp and circumstance, then at least with a great deal of respect.

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LUST ONLINE

(continued from page 96)

and rubs against you while he softly churrs. His paws ruffle the fur on your thighs as he turns against you. You run your paws over his back, stirring up the fur in random swirls and lines."

I read more. Even though it was exciting to view someone else's fantasy life, my fantasy life was getting nowhere. Modem sex was still eluding me. I went back to the WELL and found a private conference, Erospri.

Something had begun there that gave me a clue as to what I was missing. Under the topic Duchess and Ann Flirt in Public, two women were indulging their S&M desires for all to witness.

Having an audience was important to Ann's sexuality. Really important. Listen to one of her fantasies: "I love to put clothespins on my cunt lips and fuck myself hard with a dildo. I like doing it just how I want it, with my own rhythm. I imagine being forced to do this in front of a classroom, on the teacher's desk: The teacher drones on in an academic tone of voice, using her pointer to describe the action: *Notice how quickly she gets wet. And watch how she uses just two fingers here, on the most sensitive spot.* I can feel everyone's eyes on me. I can see my daddy in the back of the classroom watching and smiling to herself [yes, she has changed her father's gender] and I imagine her reaching down and stroking her cock as it gets harder and harder. *See how she tugs on her clit ring. Her breathing is getting faster.* I use the clothespins to spread my cunt lips wider. My nipples are so hard they hurt. I reach up and put my fingers in my mouth just to taste myself. I love the smell and taste of my own wetness. The teacher's pointer grazes my sore nipples. *And see these welts on the insides of her thighs, from the caning she received earlier today.*"

When I read this I realized why these stories might qualify as some sort of sexual experience: This was a fantasy that others could vicariously participate in, and it could never happen anywhere else with such immediacy. There is no other medium in which Ann could change her father's gender and have an audience witness the transformation so quickly. There is something about computers that allowed me to accept the gender change without question. After all, anything is possible in cyberspace. The trick is freeing the imagination. This sort of sexuality is simply an X-rated Dungeons and Dragons.

Which raises the most enticing and provocative aspect of modem sex: the freedom it allows users to test-drive their fantasies with other people while still preserving their anonymity. With that facelessness comes the freedom to try different sexual personas. Many on the WELL agree:

- "Sex in cyberspace happens in a very surreal landscape. The phenomenon of males masquerading as females is widespread, but oddly enough, it is not necessarily an indication of gay preference. I introduced my male officemate, a shy man with a bit of an inferiority complex, to CB on Compuserve. He found that since he wasn't a verbally skilled person, he had difficulty making friends or finding conversation partners. On a whim, he changed into a female and was suddenly popular. In this case the female persona was like Dumbo's magic feather: If he was adept enough to be a convincing female, then surely he had enough moxie to merely be himself."
- "In the wretched, bombed-out apocalypse of the Santa Barbara bulletin-board scene, where everybody goes by an anonymous handle and has more than one account on every BBS in town, people assume female personas every so often. I've done it. Sometimes it's just to prove a point; you assume a female role to make a rhetorical argument carry more weight. The bulletin board scene there thrives with about 100 hard-core users, of which only about five percent are women. So you can understand why that kind of thing happens."
- "In Austin we developed a special term for those who disguise their gender for the purpose of posting to a bulletin board: transpostite."
- "Things sometimes get real weird on AOL with people arguing over someone's true gender. The other night a woman was accused by another woman of not being a woman. She thought the woman in question was too aggressive to be a woman. The woman in question gave her phone number to several people so that they could call to hear her voice. After doing so, a man verified that she sounded like a female. The woman who raised the allegations was not impressed. She said that lots of transvestites sound like women. Someone then asked her how we were to know that *she* was a woman. She said that there were images of her available for downloading. She thought this evidence was somehow more solid than the other person's phone voice. She said she could also fax photos of herself to people."

•

Clearly, to find what I was looking for I had to project myself into new environments and sexualities. One Wellbeing, as they often call themselves, explained the danger and seduction of computer projection: "The person who exists as sagittal slices in time across your computer screen becomes a focal point in your imagination. It is easy to project onto this person because you know nothing about him or her. The person becomes the repository of all your lurching

romanticism."

Since I didn't have the hang of projection yet, I thought I had better try to get more information about real-time chat—the stuff I flirted with briefly on AOL. But I didn't know where to find it. Once again I turned to Pam.

I told Pam that I didn't think I had found sex online, certainly not the sex she'd been so heated by. She made it easy. "Get back to the Internet," she said, "type 'IRC,' then '/join #hotsex.' It's really good, but only in the evening. The rest of the time it's just kids."

Amid the background chatter of the large group gathered there, I finally found what Pam had been talking about: the creation and consummation of an online affair. Try to imagine, if you will, a virtual Plato's Retreat, where off in one corner Nikki and Priapus are meeting and mating:

PRIAPUS: Hello, Nikki.

NIKKI: Hello there.

PRIAPUS: You have been wandering around for a while—not finding what you want?

NIKKI: Yeah, there's sort of a chill in the ether. I'm bored with people not having fun.

PRIAPUS: Perhaps I could be what you're looking for?

NIKKI: Well, what would you have to offer?

PRIAPUS: An intense, erotic, uninhibited interlude.

NIKKI: You have my attention.

PRIAPUS: Tell me about yourself.

NIKKI: I'm not interested in the mundane—more exotic than that. And you?

PRIAPUS: I'm interested in the extreme and the unusual. Here, I'll do anything.

NIKKI: I guess I'm ready for anything, too. Why don't you lie down and get comfortable?

PRIAPUS: Lying down and comfortable. Very comfortable.

NIKKI: For now, I'm feeling a bit full and need to relieve myself.

PRIAPUS: Oh, yes. Straddle me, move up my body and lower your pussy to my face.

NIKKI: I'm seeing you lying in a tub, naked and aroused.

PRIAPUS: I'm as hard as a rock, and panting eagerly.

NIKKI: Yes, I'm hovering, holding myself and waiting for your hand to move over yourself.

PRIAPUS: I take my hard cock in my hand and stroke it slowly. I stare at your pussy, waiting for the first drops.

NIKKI: That's good. I let a bit, a small drop or two, fall into your mouth.

PRIAPUS: Please, I say. Please, now.

NIKKI: Now I'm ready for you to please me as I grind myself down on your mouth.

PRIAPUS: My tongue lashes out at your clit, licking furiously.

NIKKI: Lick me! Hard, long, from

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 31, 82-89, 114-117 and 165, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

STYLE

Page 26: "The Short of It": **Coat** by *Sanyo*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Toggle coat** by *The Weatherproof Garment Co.*, at select Barneys New York stores. **Jacket** by *Drizzle*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. **Parka** by *Arrowhead Trading Co.*, at Bloomingdale's. **Hooded parka** by *Issey Miyake Wind Coat*, at I. Magnin, 135 Stockton St., San Francisco. **Jacket** by *Burberrys*, 800-284-8480. "Lauren's Latest": Merchandise can be found at the Polo Sport Store, 888 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. "Dry Ideas": By *Uncle Sam Umbrella Co.*, available at Uncle Sam Umbrellas Shop, 161 W. 57th St., N.Y.C. By *Totes*, available at A&S. By *Nicole Miller*, available at *Nicole Miller* boutiques nationwide. By *Francesco Maglia*, available at Uncle Sam Umbrellas Shop.

WIRED

Page 31: "Virtual Fun and Games": **Virtual reality entertainment games** by *Visions of Reality*, 800-487-6634. "Screening Your Calls": **Screen phones** by *Philips*, 800-284-2428. "Home Theater Made Easy": **Home theater systems:** By *Sony*, 800-342-5721. By *Panasonic/Technics*, 201-348-9090. By *Atlantic Technology*, 617-762-6300. By *Bose*, 800-358-BOSE. By *B&W*, 617-784-4400. By *RCA*, 800-447-1700. By *Pioneer*, 800-421-1404. By *NHT*, 800-648-9993. By *Infinity*, 818-407-0228. By *JBL*, 800-336-4525. "Wild Things": **Computers:** By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Apple*, 800-767-2775. **Business card scanner** by *Pacific Crest Technologies*, 800-870-3391. **Commercial brake device** by *Arista Technologies*, 800-5-ARISTA.

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

Page 82: **Suit** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, 444 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills. **Shirt** from *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren, 867 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. **Sandals** by *Kenneth Cole*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Page 83: **Suit** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Macy's West. **Sport shirt** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's. **Tie** by *Calvin Klein*, at Ron Ross, 12930 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, CA. Page 84: **Shirt jacket** by *Michael Kors*, at Bloomingdale's. **Sweater and shirt** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Calvin Klein Boutique, South Coast Plaza, Ste. 2206, Costa Mesa, CA. **Pants** by *DKNY*. **Buckle** by *Daniel Craig*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Page 85: **Camp shirt** by *Basco*, at Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. **Sports jacket and trousers** by *Byblos*, at select Marshall Field's stores. **Sunglasses** by *Alexander Julian*, at fine optical stores, 800-645-1300. Page 86: **Vest, sports jacket, trousers and shirt** by *Joseph Abboud Collection*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT and 1335 Fifth Ave., Seattle. **Tie** by *Donna Karan New York*, at select Barneys New York stores. Page 87: **Coat** by *Vestimenta*, at Louis, Boston, 800-225-5135. **Sweater for PS** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. **Pants by KM** by *Krizia*. Page 88: **Jacket** by *DKNY*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. **Sweater** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's. **T-shirt** by *Basco*, at Barneys New York stores. **Drawstring pants for** *J.O.E.*, at Joseph Abboud. Page 89: **Water-repellent coat** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. **Sport shirt** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Bloomingdale's. **Pants** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. **Necklace** by *Donna Karan New York*, at Charivari, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C. **Watch** by *TAG Heuer*, at fine jewelers.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Pages 114-117: **TV** by *Proton*, 800-404-2222. **Clock radio** by *Bose*, 800-358-BOSE. **Pens** by *American Tombow*, 800-835-3232. **Tumblers and decanter** by *Baccarat*, 800-777-0100. **Laser disc player** by *Pioneer*, 800-421-1404. **Watch** by *Swiss Army Brands*, 800-442-2706. **Color video printer** by *Sony*, 800-342-5721. **Camera** by *Contax*, 800-526-0266.

ON THE SCENE

Page 165: **Portable CD players:** By *Sony*, 800-342-5721. By *Panasonic*, 210-348-9090. By *Sharp*, 800-BE-SHARP.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 PATTY BEAUDET, GERN BLANSTON, STEVE CONWAY, ANDREW GOLDMAN, BARBARA KRETZSCHMAR, RON MESAROS (2), KERI PICKETT, ROB RICH (2), LONI SPECTER, JOHN WHITMAN; P. 10 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 17 RALPH NELSON/HOLLYWOOD PICTURES; P. 24 BRETON LITTLEHALES/GIANNINI TALENT; P. 26 CONWAY, NEW YORK YANKEES; P. 39 GEORGE GEORGIOU; PP. 120-121 PHOTOFEST; P. 122 OUTLINE; P. 127 OUTLINE; P. 132 DAVID CHAN; P. 135 CHAN, JENNIFER MCDUISTION; P. 136 KIM MIZUNO, CHAN; P. 138 RENEE DELAPORTE; P. 140 RANDY L. DONATELLI; P. 144 MICHAEL GRECCO; P. 165 GAMMA LIAISON/GREG GORMAN; P. 168, STEVE CONWAY. PP. 82-89 WOMEN'S STYLING BY BASIA ZAMORSKA FOR MAREK, NY. MEN'S GROOMING BY LOSI FOR PIERRE MICHEL AT THE PLAZA, NY. WOMEN'S MAKEUP BY CINDY JOSEPH FOR JEAN OWEN, NY. WOMEN'S HAIR BY GABRIEL SABA, JOHN SAHAG WORKSHOP; P. 115 ANTIDUE VENICE OPERA POSTER COURTESY COLLETTI GALLERY, 67 E. OAK ST., CHICAGO, 312-664-6767; P. 144 STYLING XAVIER CABRERA/GROOMING WENDY ANN ROSEN FOR CLOUTIER.

front to back.

PRIAPUS: I taste your mingled juices, and my hand runs up and down my cock. Long swipes of my tongue, from your clit back over the lips of your pussy.

NIKKI: My lips graze your cock, lick its tip, taste the salt.

PRIAPUS: I thrust up my hips, seeking to enter your mouth.

NIKKI: I can't wait any longer and swallow you whole, my lips stretched around your fullness.

PRIAPUS: My tongue thrusts into you so I can reach far in.

NIKKI: Now, I want you to come now, as my cunt begins to contract.

PRIAPUS: My fingers reach between your legs, finding your clit to stroke it. I thrust hard up into your mouth. My cock quivers, pulses.

NIKKI: Oh, goddess, yes, come in my mouth, spill into my mouth.

PRIAPUS: Exploding into you.

NIKKI: Yes, fuck my mouth as I drain myself into you.

PRIAPUS: My come spurting, spurting, filling you.

NIKKI: It drips down my chin as I try to swallow it all. Goddess, give me more.

PRIAPUS: More, dear? You want more? Mmm.

NIKKI: Now I'm ready for the evening—thanks! Bye for now.

PRIAPUS: I hope we talk again soon.

NIKKI: This was delightful. Truly delightful.

PRIAPUS: Mmm. Me too.

Watching this did prove, to me at least, that there was a live-sex scene that involved the spilling of digital bodily fluids—and probably real bodily fluids as well. It was fascinating to watch this exchange flit across my computer screen and imagine all those others variously aware and unaware of what was going on in this electronic enclave of hedonism.

"Here, I'll do anything," writes Priapus to Nikki. And that's the point. Going for it is the attraction of the computer-sex scene. The virtual city allows you to experiment with your boldest fantasy: try on handcuffs, be part of the leather crowd and still have the safest of safe sex. To paraphrase Lisa Palac, editor of *Future Sex* magazine, virtual-reality sex is only as interesting as our real-life sexual imagination. In order to enjoy modem sex, I had to learn to supply imagination and desire—which, of course, is what good real sex requires as well.

However, the hardest aspect of computer sex for me was not imagination—and certainly not desire—but getting used to the digital environment. When I figured out the technology, it felt liberating to be able to act out sexually and not worry about the ramifications. Will it ever replace real sex? No, but neither will phone sex. But that doesn't mean it's not an entertaining addition to the sweaty, smelly, great thing that is face-to-face sex.

"Grandpa, what's our lore on drawing to fill an inside straight?"

COEN BROTHERS

(continued from page 118)

of dark, wiry hair, orthodontic braces, shit-eating grin and, most important, eagerness to leap enthusiastically before the camera at a moment's notice. Says Joel: "Zimering was the De Niro to our Scorsese in terms of our early efforts."

Says Dr. Mark Zimering, today an endocrinology research physician at a VA hospital in New Jersey, "I don't know. I guess I was probably the one with the most enthusiasm."

Among the best of his vehicles is *Zeimers in Zambezi*, a remake of the 1966 Cornel Wilde movie *The Naked Prey*. Zeimers, fully clothed and sporting a fuzzy winter hat with earflaps, plays the Cornel Wilde surrogate, while Ethan is the angrily bellowing native who, waving a spear and sporting Buddy Holly glasses, pursues Zeimers in a relentless cat-and-mouse chase that is full of camera shots pushing through brush and gags lifted without apology from popular Loony Tunes cartoons.

Also worthy of mention is *Ed . . . a Dog*, a remake of the 1943 tearjerker *Lassie Come Home* that mirrors the rebelliousness of the Sixties. Zeimers, bedecked in an undersized Cub Scout uniform and a yarmulke, meets and bonds with Ed, a dog. Returning home, Zeimers approaches his parents in their basement den and asks if he can keep the pooch. He is met with blustery rejection from both the newspaper-reading father, played by Ron Neter, and the mother, who is played by Ethan, shown sitting on the sofa, wearing his sister Debbie's tutu and inexplicably banging on a drum set. Zeimers promptly lifts Ethan and hurls him across the room. At the sight of this violent act, Neter cowers pitiably and acquiesces to his son's demands. The film ends on an upbeat note, with Zeimers turning toward the camera and delivering his trademark metallic grin.

A film that has taken on mythic proportions among its participants—in part because it is lost and thus impossible to assess honestly—is the Coens' remake of Otto Preminger's 1962 political drama *Advise and Consent*.

The project was a departure from the Coens' other remakes in that no one had actually seen the original movie. Zeimers, however, had read the novel. As they went along, he relayed to the others the complex, adult machinations of Allen Drury's plot. What everyone seems to remember most is a sequence in which Senator Zeimers opens a letter from his mistress and has an absurdly symbolic sexual reverie involving flowers bobbing in the wind and dew dripping from branches, as well as, one can imagine, a lot of shit-eating grinning from Zeimers. That the scene as portrayed in Drury's novel actually depicted

a closet homosexual government representative receiving a blackmail note seems lost on the St. Louis Park naïfs, even today.

Whatever its actual merit, *Advise and Consent* demonstrated to the Coens the intellectual possibilities of film. They began to mature as artists, moving on to such titles as *My Pits Smell Sublime, Would That I Could Circumambulate* and *Henry Kissinger: Man on the Move*.

But the pinnacle of the Coens' Super-8 years—the film that weaves together the comedy, tragedy, violence and esthetic esoterica that would make such a strong impression on the Cannes Film Festival jury years later with *Barton Fink*—is a little masterpiece called *The Banana Film*. Shot in a verité style and originally intended to be viewed with musical accompaniment excerpted from Frank Zappa's *Hot Rats* album, *The Banana Film* was one of the Coens' last Zeimers films.

Now showing his age but no longer his braces, Zeimers plays a hip, happy-go-lucky wandering Samaritan with a consuming passion for bananas. After a brief opening sequence in which these various traits are established, the story shifts to Ethan. Attired for the last time onscreen in Debbie's tutu, Ethan is shown hurled out the front door of his house into the snow, a shovel following close behind. Ethan staggers to his feet, begins slavishly shoveling the walk and soon has a heart attack and dies. Zeimers comes across Ethan's lifeless body. Lifting Ethan, he staggers bravely through the snow until, drained and exhausted, he dumps the body and falls to his knees in a wrenching display of biblical angst. Then he smells something. Rifling the fallen shoveler's pockets, Zeimers uncovers a banana, which he eats.

At this point the film makes a hairpin turn into destiny. Zeimers stops in his tracks, clutches his stomach, gazes alarmedly into the camera and introduces a theme that has appeared in virtually every Coen movie since.

Dr. Zimering explains: "We, uh, went into Joel's refrigerator and mixed up the most disgusting . . . well, you know . . . like ketchup and bananas and all this garbage."

"It was in a bowl," Ron Neter states flatly. "They put a lot of care into mixing the different ingredients. And then they showed him from behind, retching. It poured from the bowl onto the ground so quickly, it was just a blur. But Joel and Ethan liked the consistency of it, so we did this long, lingering close-up."

Neter pauses to reflect on what the scene represents to the Coens' body of work. "They really have had an affinity for vomit in their films, I guess. In *Miller's Crossing*, I remember a lot of discussion, particularly with the special effects department, about the fact that Tom didn't eat much, he just drank a lot, so his vomit had to be very runny. I think they were ultimately disappointed with the results. But Joel and Ethan entertained these kinds of conversations with a lot of attention."

•

Eventually, Joel left Minnesota for Simon's Rock, a private college in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, then NYU film school. Ethan was left to experiment alone. He conceived of a film called *Froggy Went a Courtin'*. It would be an artful montage of toads squashed by various means, with a recording of Odetta singing the title song in the background. But Ethan could find no squashed toads. After several weeks spent shambling along the frontage roads of St. Louis Park by himself, carting around the Vivitar, he gave up. Soon, he, too, left Minnesota for Simon's Rock, then Princeton, where he studied philosophy under Walter Kaufmann.

He would not pick up a camera again until *Blood Simple*.

THE RAIN PELTETH THE ASPHALT

During the summer of 1983 I stopped to visit Joel and Ethan in New York while driving home from graduate school in a beat-up Honda sagging with every one of my earthly possessions. It was during this visit that I got my first close-up look at the Coen brothers' extraordinary filmmaking skills in action.

Joel and Ethan were in the editing stages of a movie that we all felt was the first important step in what would eventually become a career making feature films for some of the more remote drive-in-theater markets in Mississippi. The movie was called *Blood Simple*, though at the time the boys knew this would have to be changed, since no movie executive in his right mind would tolerate such an idiotic title.

I'd been hearing about *Blood Simple* in one manifestation or another for eight and a half of the nine years I'd known them. During Ethan's year at Simon's Rock (the year Ethan and I met and became friends), older brother Joel would travel up from NYU for occasional weekend visits. During the tenderest moments of these visits—which is to say, after the boys had been bonding osmotically by sitting around and staring vacantly into space for an hour or so—Joel would bug Ethan once again with his scheme of squandering the recent inheritances from their grandparents' sale of land in Israel on funding for an independent movie they had yet to write.

Now, here they were, editing the finished product. The boys were excited to see me, of course—but doubly excited that I had come by automobile. It seemed they needed one more piece of film to complete the complex puzzle they had crafted in *Blood Simple*: a

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moving shot of rain pelting an asphalt road at night.

So it was that I found myself crammed in the backseat of my Honda on a moonless night, riding along the country roads outside of New York City, with Ethan soaking wet and shivering like an abandoned puppy beside me and lanky Joel folded behind the steering wheel in the front. Beside Joel, then cinematographer (today *Addams Family* director) Barry Sonnenfeld, dressed in a plastic poncho, was pinching together a faulty cable release connected to a huge 35mm movie camera mounted to the Honda's front bumper. We were in search of a thunderstorm.

Did I mention that the windows were fogged?

The day had started early, with a wake-up call from Barry relaying a radio forecast for rain by nightfall. It took the rest of the day to empty my Honda, then drive around New York to find film stock and a 35mm movie camera on short notice. By four o'clock, Ethan and Barry were affixing the camera to the front of the car. As they wrestled with rope and two-by-fours, the rain began to pour. Barry stood in his poncho, Ethan in just a T-shirt and jeans. I stood with Joel in a nearby doorway and watched. Joel smoked cigarettes, now and then calling out helpful suggestions. "Hey, Eeth. Why don't you tie the rope around the . . . yeah," he would say.

The instant the camera was attached and we scrambled into the Honda and headed for the country, the downpour stopped. We did not see rain again until around ten o'clock that night—the same moment that Barry discovered the faulty cable release.

And so we drove on, into the unlit hills of New York, far from the city lights. Who knew where we were? Time itself seemed to stop. I believe I dozed once or twice.

At one point the topic of Barry's daily vomiting ritual—bad case of nerves—on the set of *Blood Simple* was discussed at great length, and I remember half wondering if this tendency was part of the reason Joel and Ethan had been drawn to Barry as a cinematographer.

An all-night diner appeared, ablaze with neon. "Maybe we should stop and think about this," Barry suggested.

"I wouldn't mind a cup of coffee," Ethan said, trembling.

"Yeah, coffee sounds good," Joel said resignedly.

He pulled into the diner's parking lot and shut off the engine. We sat quietly for a moment. "Hey, maybe we should ask if they've heard of any thunderstorms in the area," Joel said.

Everyone perked up at this.

Reinvigorated, we scrambled from the car and schlepped toward the diner lights.

Inside, the waitress poured coffee. "Have you, uh, heard about any thunderstorms in the area?" Barry asked.

We all looked up at her and waited. "No," she sneered, like we were idiots. Then she walked away.

We all looked down at our coffee in silence.

I remember thinking, My God, the boys are going to be famous.

"Just pray that the rain stops before the mating season begins!"

SILENT RAGE

The press junket now over, Joel and Ethan and I walk across the muddy Carolco Studio grounds to a soundstage to take a look at a *Hudsucker* set still under construction. The boys are palpably relieved. While there is not exactly a bounce to their gaits, their legs shuffle a bit faster as they walk, heads bowed, hands deep in their pockets. To the experienced eye, this is an indicator that the Coens are experiencing borderline manic highs.

And, of course, now that it is no longer expected of them, they are considerably gabbier, too. As we walk, the master storytellers regale me with the saga of their journey into the Himalayas, and the night of Ethan's silent rage.

"Ethan had a silent rage," Joel says.

"Yeah, I had a silent rage," Ethan says proudly.

"A silent rage?" I ask.

"Yeah, it was a silent rage," Ethan says.

"It was horrible," Joel says, laughing.

It was November 1991. *Barton Fink* had opened Stateside. After the disappointing box-office showing of the critically acclaimed *Miller's Crossing* the year before, the critically acclaimed *Barton Fink* was doing only a little better. Joel and Ethan decided to get away, to

unwind and contemplate their next career move.

It was cold in Nepal. In Kathmandu, the boys rented ratty parkas and sleeping bags. At least 150 years old and never washed, the equipment retained the stench of all the hundreds of thousands of trekkers who had rented the gear before them. But what do you expect at $1.50 for three weeks? It's a long way to the dry cleaner's.

From Kathmandu, the boys took a day-long bus ride up into Langtang Valley, to an elevation of 6000 feet, and from there continued on foot with Woody, a former Peace Corps volunteer who served as their guide, and a group of Sherpas who carried their belongings. The Coens climbed up steep, rocky trails, past Buddhist shrines and yak herds, into the Himalayas, until finally they reached an elevation of 16,000 feet. There they learned an important lesson: When you're at those kinds of elevations, everybody gets sick.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Altitude sickness," Joel says darkly.

Ethan nods. "Yeah, altitude sickness."

The first sign of trouble came when a Sherpa from another trek came running like a madman down the trail lugging upon his shoulders another Sherpa with a horribly swollen head. Altitude sickness, they were told.

"The weird thing about altitude sickness is, it affects everybody differently," Joel says. "Some people get fluid in their lungs or bad colds. I got blinding headaches, but they didn't really bother me because I get migraines all the time, so I'm used to it."

But altitude sickness can also affect you emotionally, Joel says. It can make you funny in the head. That's what happened to Ethan.

"He fell into this constant rage. But he wouldn't say anything—he'd just walk around with burning hate in his eyes, gnashing his teeth." There is a tremulous note of horror in Joel's voice.

It is an amazing image: Ethan quietly shuffling about with his head bowed, seething with homicidal psychosis. Joel and I stare at Ethan. He looks up at us and sheepishly snorts.

The episode came to a head, Joel continues, one cold, dark evening in the middle of a lecture delivered by Woody the guide. Every night of the trek, the party would eat dinner together in a tent, and afterward Woody would open a tattered spiral notebook and give talks on such topics as snow leopards and the Dalai Lama's flight from Tibet. On this special night, Woody spoke of the life of Buddha. He spoke for a long time, and everyone sat and listened—sick, tired and stinking of trekkers past.

As things began to wind down and everyone, especially the mute, wrathful Ethan, was preparing to go back to his own tent, Joel asked Woody one final question about Buddha. No one, not even Joel, remembers the question. But they all remember that the answer lasted 45 minutes.

"Ethan was really pissed," Joel says.

"What happened?" I ask, a grin of anticipation on my face.

"Nothing," Joel says. "Ethan just sat there in a silent rage, gnashing his teeth, his eyes full of hate." Joel and Ethan deliver brief, asthmatic chuckles in unison at the memory; it's a good one. Then they fall silent.

I look from one to the other, waiting for the denouement. "That's the story?" I say. I turn to Ethan. "That's the whole story? You just sat there, pissed off, and you didn't say anything?"

Ethan seems mildly surprised at my irritation. "Well, yeah," he says, shrugging. "What do you think silent rage *is*?"

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

The *Hudsucker* set that Joel and Ethan need to look at is a miniature of New York City—at least as the city exists in the movie's gooney, retro fantasy world—a gaggle of ten-foot-tall, streamlined skyscrapers at the end of the soundstage, with a black backdrop to mimic nightfall and carefully directed kliegs that give the buildings a sleek, urban glow. From way up high, millions of tiny white particles drift downward in a mock snowfall.

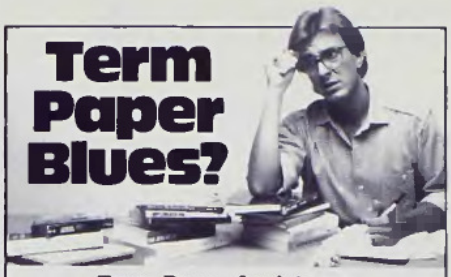
The word miniature is a misnomer. While the set is a miniature city, it is also imposing enough in its size to feel like a gigantic toy metropolis. Throw a couple of Coens into this landscape and you have a really disturbing image.

As they wander through the set, Joel and Ethan could be two waifs lost in FAO Schwarz. It is as if Japan's Toho Productions had gone nuts and made a monster movie especially for Leonard Maltin about two giant, skinny Jewish brothers who trudge through the financial district of a city, terrifying people with their unemotive behavior and obscure jokes.

I stand in the darkness, breathing through a dust mask to prevent the fake snow from entering my lungs and killing me. I watch the two repressed, passive-aggressive Coenzillas wander through New York. They pause beside a building. The one with the ponytail points. The other, younger one bobs his head in agreement. The snow gradually turns their hair white.

I think about *The Hudsucker Proxy*. A struggle between good and evil. A Midwestern chucklehead's entry into the halls of the mighty through bizarre coincidence and happenstance, and despite his every foolish, slap-happy, self-defeating impulse.

Where, you may ask, just where in the hell do the Coen brothers come up with such wacky ideas?



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HOWARD STERN *(continued from page 68)*

"I'm not interested in seeing guys getting blow jobs. It's almost, like, homosexual to watch that."

should be shot at.

PLAYBOY: You also got a lot of angry responses for saying that Magic Johnson was the victim of his own reckless behavior, while the media canonized him after he admitted that he was HIV-positive.

STERN: It turned out that I was right. Whenever I say something, I say it right at the moment I'm thinking it. As soon as I saw the Magic Johnson press conference, I said, "It's bullshit. Why are you idolizing a guy who's a tremendous womanizer? He's running around having unprotected sex in a day and age when he should know better. You shouldn't treat him as a hero."

I got a call from the program director of my Los Angeles radio station telling me to shut the fuck up about it. They'd never seen so many angry phone calls. I said, "I don't give a fuck. This is ridiculous and I'm going to talk about it. I'm going to talk about it right now, you pricks." I hung up and went on the air and I started talking about it. And then two days later everyone was saying the same thing I was saying.

PLAYBOY: Do you think most guys feel the way you do about women?

STERN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STERN: I'm a guy and I've grown up around men. I've spent a lot of time in conversations with men. I have yet to find guys who talk differently than I do. I represent maybe the crudest form of a man's sense of humor, but that's what guys like. That's what they laugh at.

PLAYBOY: What's the thing that women have the hardest time understanding about men?

STERN: That we'd rather be with each other. I think men really enjoy other men for conversation and hanging out. But we're so into that pussy. What women have between their legs is unreal. They have such a hold on us. So the idea of the sensitive, caring man doesn't exist. It's just not there.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone with whom you feel comfortable enough to kick back and not worry about who you are or whether you're being evaluated?

STERN: My wife.

PLAYBOY: Besides your wife.

STERN: No.

PLAYBOY: Does that bother you?

STERN: No. I think that's normal. I can't imagine trusting anybody, because anybody I've ever trusted has always blown that trust. You know, I don't—I can't imagine a person I would do that with other than Alison.

PLAYBOY: You don't have close friends?

STERN: No. I don't. And I don't miss it. My wife misses the socializing and all that kind of shit, but I don't want to do it. I'm completely antisocial.

There were a couple of years in our marriage when my wife said, "For me, you have to start going out with other couples. I've got to have friends." And I said, "OK, I'll do it." And we would sit at a dinner table and the guy would start talking about what went on in his day and then I'd have to start talking about the radio show. And everyone's smiling. Drinking wine. It just bored the fucking piss out of me. I would just fantasize about being home, watching TV.

PLAYBOY: You just turned 40. How does that feel?

STERN: I didn't think that would freak me out, but it has.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STERN: I think I feel like it's coming to a close. I mean, 40 seems old to me. I kind of feel like, Wow, is that it? I'm 40. Oh, shit. Then you go through that crisis like, My God! I haven't fucked anyone different in 20 years. I've never lived on my own, really. What have I done in my career and what else could I have done? And do I even give a shit anymore?

PLAYBOY: Are you the same kind of father your father was?

STERN: No. I definitely think I'm better at it than he was. I shouldn't say better. Who knows? I mean, he was involved. You know what I mean? In a weird way. But I've never yelled at my kids. I've never had to hit them. I check in with them every once in a while and ask them if they're having fun—if their life is good, if they love being kids and if they have a really good self-image.

PLAYBOY: What aspect of fatherhood still spooks you?

STERN: I guess it's the whole idea of my daughters actually starting to date. Emily came to me and she has a boyfriend, some boy at school she likes. And I said to my wife, "Oh, that's going to be my nightmare." You know, when they start bringing home boys.

PLAYBOY: How are you going to deal with their sexuality?

STERN: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: You're a guy. You know what guys are after.

STERN: Yeah. I have often said on the air that I hope that my daughters grow up to be lesbians. I could deal better with that. They're probably going to meet guys who are like I was, who just want to get fucked. And the thought of that really sucks. I'm going to try to warn them about guys, and I guess they're going to learn on their own. I think guys are scumbags for the most part. [*Laughs*] I don't know.

I would rip the fucking guy's nuts out if he hurt my daughters. I just hope they meet some nice guys. I don't know if there are any out there.

PLAYBOY: What if one of your daughters winds up in a radio studio someplace, showing her breasts to a disc jockey, just like women do with you?

STERN: Oh, fuck, man! You're really killing me today. You're killing me, bro. I don't think I'd like that. But, if that's the way they grew up, I would accept it. I don't think my kids are going to do that. See, there's that weird little thing. You know, I love strippers and shit—girls who come down to the radio station and take their tops off. Party girls. But would I want my daughters to do that? Probably not. I want my daughters to be nuns.

PLAYBOY: While we are on the subject, let's talk about your sex life. Let's start with the big question: How small is your penis?

STERN: It's very small. It's tiny.

PLAYBOY: How big is it when fully erect?

STERN: Well, I grow to tremendous heights. I'd say I'm at least average, five to six inches. But every guy I see is bigger than me. Flaccid, I'm in a sorry state.

PLAYBOY: Has this shortcoming shaped your whole view of life?

STERN: Yeah. It's shaped a lot of things. I know that I would be the type of guy who would be in public showers if I had a big cock. Growing up as a kid, I never participated in sports because I didn't want to take showers and have guys see my penis. Even a simple thing like going to a urinal. I do not like my penis exposed, so I go to a fucking toilet like a woman. It has definitely shaped my life. I think I would be a different kind of guy if I had a big penis. I would like to have a big penis.

PLAYBOY: When you went on the Letterman show to promote your book, you reminded him that the secret to your success is, was and always has been lesbians. Why do men love lesbians?

STERN: I picture myself in bed with two girls at the same time. These lesbians would be hungering for cock, and they would come to me for it.

PLAYBOY: But they're lesbians. They like other women.

STERN: Yeah, they're lesbians, but most guys believe that, hey, they have to be aching for something inside of them. Or maybe they'll just take pity on me and take me in. Even if worst comes to worst, I'd get to stare at two girls making love. Just seeing two girls eating each other out is beyond belief in terms of excitement level.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STERN: Visually it's a turn-on—perhaps the most erotic thing one could watch.

PLAYBOY: What would it be like for you to be single at this point in your career?

STERN: I think it would be phenomenal, one of the most exciting propositions in the world. I'd probably be dead from AIDS or something, but I have my whole single life worked out.

In my mind, I would meet a girl, I would take her to this doctor, and he would check her—just go in there with a mining helmet. I don't want to get herpes or AIDS or syphilis or anything. Because I'm a celebrity, I'm sure it would be easy to get them to go to the doctor to get checked out. And after that, I would fuck them. All the time.

PLAYBOY: Say your wife just died. Who's the first person you'd call for a date?

STERN: There are a couple of girls who come to mind: Amy Lynn Baxter, a *Penthouse* Pet I know real well, who has a phenomenal body. I'd probably fuck Jessica Hahn, just for fun. Patty Smythe, the singer—her for sure. She's really sexy. There aren't many girls I wouldn't fuck. And I wouldn't stop for a minute. I'd be with somebody every night.

PLAYBOY: Would you remarry?

STERN: No. I would not. I would just fuck. Like a dog.

PLAYBOY: Who taught you about sex?

STERN: Nobody ever sat down and explained the facts of life. There was no real sex education. In fact, I wish I had porno movies back then, because I think they are the best sex education in the world. The fact that you can sit there and watch what guys do to girls and how they fuck them—if I had known that, I would have been much better with women. I needed a demonstration.

PLAYBOY: On the radio you discuss the fact that you masturbate almost daily.

STERN: Nightly.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've convinced your wife that you don't?

STERN: That's correct.

PLAYBOY: How? Why?

STERN: I tell her I don't. I say, "That's radio, I'm acting." I tell her that because I'm embarrassed to admit it to her. As a person on the radio, I feel I can confess to anything and be totally honest with my audience. In real life, I'm a maggot who is kind of wormy. Who wants to admit to his wife that he beats off all the time? And my wife's never caught me, so she can only wonder.

PLAYBOY: So what do you actually do?

STERN: I wait until my wife and kids leave the house. Then I run downstairs. There's a porno movie with Heather Hunter—it's an all-girl film, with three lesbians getting it on throughout the whole fucking film. So I watch that. And I watch it in ten-second spurts because it takes me ten seconds to shoot off.

I'm not interested in seeing guys getting blow jobs. It's almost, like, homosexual to watch that. I don't enjoy seeing a guy's cock in a porno film. I don't mind watching a girl get fucked, but I don't want to see some guy getting a blow job. It really turns me off. My theory is that most porno films are made by homosexuals. They concentrate on so much cock. Only a gay male would make these films.

PLAYBOY: What turns you on most about women?

STERN: I am so turned on by women. I mean, I am just so fucking in love with women. Mostly I'm a vagina man. You know, some guys are leg guys, some guys are butt guys. I love the vagina.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STERN: It feels incredible. I can't stay in a vagina more than 15 seconds before I come. It's terrible.

PLAYBOY: And that's the sexiest part of a woman?

STERN: Her vagina. Yes. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: What haven't you done sexually that you wish you could talk your wife into?

STERN: I haven't had anal sex with her, but I'll tell you something: I haven't had anal sex with anybody. I picture anal sex with a young, 19-year-old girl. A 20-year-old girl.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STERN: It's invading a nice, young, clean asshole. At this point, I know my wife too well. I've seen too much shit come out of that asshole. I don't want to go in it. And I know she would hate it. To me, the biggest power one person can have—

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once they get to a point where they're well-known—is the power over women. Yet I don't even partake in those benefits, which really sucks. That really bugs me. I mean, the thought that you could fuck just about anyone you meet is a childhood fantasy. But I don't want to fuck up my relationship with my wife. I don't want to fuck up my relationship with my wife. I chant that like a mantra.

I'll tell you how thick this guilt complex becomes. Whenever I have dreams about having sex—and I have a lot of them—with one of the girls from the show, whether it's Jessica Hahn or someone, it goes like this:

I walk into a room, they're naked, we're about to get it on—and then all of a sudden the whole dream stops. Because I'm married. I never consummate. I don't even make out with these women in my dreams. That's how thick the fucking guilt complex gets. You know, it surrounds you, it envelops you.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand——

STERN: I have three children who are very important to me. And I have a woman who's stood by me. No matter how many women I would fuck, I don't think I could find one who was as good a friend to me as Alison has been. And I would hate to give that up. She's a rare individual, a rare find.

PLAYBOY: How do you define cheating?

STERN: Cheating is when you stick your dick into a vagina. Or when you get a hand job or a blow job—that's cheating. There was a DJ who, when I was working in another city early in my career, said to me, "I got an incredible blow job at the Journey concert the other night."

I said, "Aren't you married?" That's how naive I was.

He goes, "Yeah."

"And you got a blow job? What about your wife?"

He says to me, "Stern, a blow job isn't sex. I would never fuck another girl. But a blow job isn't sex." So everybody has his own way of looking at what sex is. People say to me that there's nothing wrong with having sex with other women and also being married—people I respect have said that to me. Well, maybe I'm old-fashioned, but it just seems wrong.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances could you see yourself saying, "I have enough. I'm going to stop and take it easy." Or, "That's it, I'm fed up. I quit"?

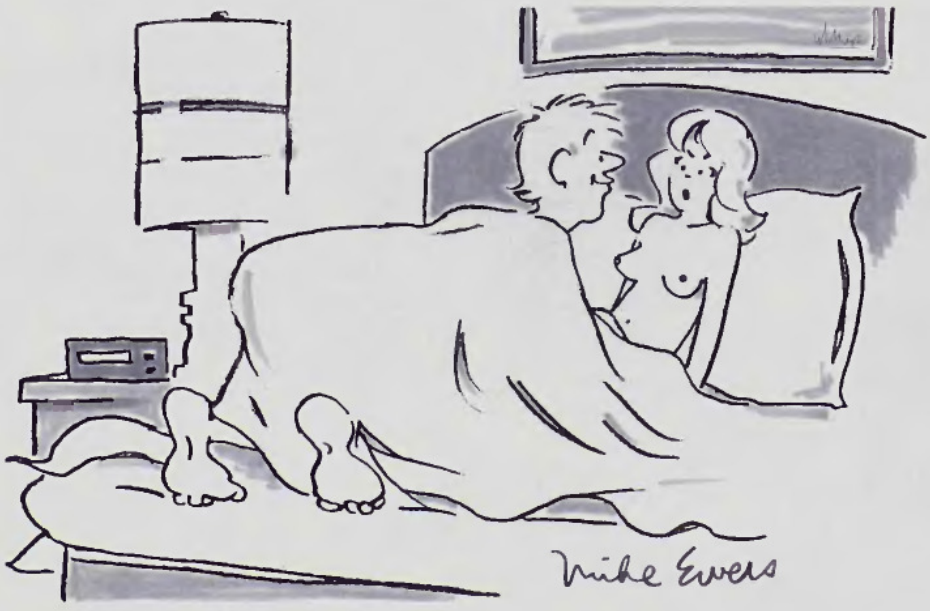
STERN: I debate that every day. I came in to work today and wanted to fucking quit. There's so much shit going on around me every day, I'm always running in and out of here. It's been a whole career of that. There are times I get real tired and take a week off. And before long I go, "What the fuck am I doing? I'm just sitting around the house."

I have said to my wife for the whole time we've been married, "We should pack it in and sell everything. Then we'd have enough money to live in Iowa." It's always been Iowa; there's a big transcendental meditation center in Iowa. So I've said, "We'll go live around there. We'll meet a lot of people who are real mellow." And in Iowa, you could probably get 300 acres for ten cents.

So that's my fantasy. And I firmly believe that I'd be happy doing that.

PLAYBOY: Then why don't you do it?

STERN: I don't know. I think I'm afraid to do it. I've always been someone who needs to have a job. I need to go to work for somebody. I'm insecure.



"Look, there's no point talking dirty to me if you're going to use your Donald Duck voice."

COMRADES IN CRIME

(continued from page 130)

new loan, get their original money back and act as collection agents for the new loans. Typically, the borrower wound up hopelessly in debt to a wide range of people. When they had wrung all the money they could from the borrower, the loan sharks would settle the debt by taking over his business.

But the Ponzi schemes and loansharking are nothing compared with the fraud engineered in southern California by the Smushkevich brothers, David and Michael. Using pliant physicians and mobile clinics, the Smushkeviches offered free physical examinations. To keep the clinics full, they used telemarketing to find patients or, in some cases, went out on the streets to round up volunteers among the homeless. Once they got a patient into their clinic, they hooked him up to a few electrodes and diagnosed him with ailments ranging from heart disease to diabetes, even if the patient were healthy.

They billed insurance companies, Medicaid and the California medical system an average of $8000 per patient for treatments the patients neither needed nor, in many cases, received. When the Smushkeviches pleaded guilty in spring 1993 to charges of mail fraud and money laundering, among other crimes, their prosecutors estimated that the brothers had bilked American government agencies and insurance companies of at least $80 million.

In the New York area, the other U.S. center of Soviet immigration, the federal government has allegedly become the dupe in schemes involving gasoline taxes. Under the law, distribution companies known as producers can buy and sell gasoline among themselves without paying the federal excise tax. When the gasoline finally goes to a retailer, the tax must be paid. According to an indictment handed down in New Jersey last May, racketeers from the former Soviet Union set up dummy corporations, including one known as the burn company. They shuffled the gasoline among dummy corporations, leaving the tax liability on the burn company. When the government came to collect the unpaid taxes, the burn company disappeared, along with the entire chain of dummy corporations that led to it.

According to the U.S. attorney for New Jersey, various permutations of this scheme have cost the federal government as much as $2 billion annually. The New Jersey indictment involved about $60 million in unpaid taxes. It named Victor Zilber, who emigrated from the Soviet Union in 1979, as the man operating many of the dummy companies. And it revealed a link between the Russian racketeers and the Mafia. According to the indictment, the Russians had been

in partnership with the Gambino family in the tax-fraud business.

Comrades, they must have been asking themselves, is this a great country or what?

•

By the time Andrei Kuznetsov left the art gallery, he was ready to set up his own racket. A co-worker recalled that Andrei had long been fascinated by checking accounts. The idea that he could sign his name to a piece of paper and actually buy things with it intrigued him. How did the banks handle the paper? How long did it take them? What happened if there was no money to cover the check? He made it his business to learn and exploit the answers to those questions.

He soon found several weaknesses in the checking system. A merchant might call a bank to make sure that a customer presenting a check had the funds to cover it. But after the merchant accepted the check, it might take a day or so for it to arrive at the bank. If the bank delayed the processing for a day or two more, there would be time for a determined swindler to use the same money to write checks in dozens of stores. The banks and the police would eventually come after him. But what could they do if the swindler had gone back to Russia?

Of course, Andrei did not want to leave Los Angeles. But back in St. Petersburg there was an almost unlimited supply of people who would like nothing more than to come to California, shop for a week or so, take a small cut of the proceeds and return to Russia. They could be his foot soldiers.

Now he needed allies in the major banks, so he worked hard to meet women in the check-clearing departments. Soon, he was boasting to associates that his checks would linger in the bank for days before being presented for payment.

He needed customers. That was easy. He put out the word that he could get virtually anything for his friends at half price. "He was quite open and arrogant about it," recalls one Los Angeles woman to whom Andrei offered a $9000 Cartier watch for $4500. "He said that if I ever saw something in a store that I wanted, I shouldn't buy it. I should tell him and he'd get it for me."

Once Andrei's operation was up and running, it worked simply. He usually had a couple of shoppers working for him in Los Angeles and two more in training. He would rise early in the morning and go over his books and his orders. Then, promptly at 10 A.M., he, the shoppers and a driver would hit the streets in the Mercedes. Andrei would stay in the car and tell the shoppers precisely where to go and what to buy. They shopped steadily, all over Los Angeles, from the time the stores opened until they closed. As time went on, he found computer equipment to be a particularly lucrative specialty, but he also bought and sold rugs, antiques, cameras and jewelry.

His shoppers' checking accounts had fake addresses and names, but they had money in them while the checks were being written. And Andrei never let them spend more in a single store visit than the account held. So, if a store manager telephoned the bank to verify that the funds were on deposit, he would be told that they were. But by the time the checks were presented for payment, perhaps after being stopped or delayed for a couple of days by one of Andrei's helpful friends, he had withdrawn the money. And by the time the police started looking for the shoppers, they were back in Russia, their usefulness over after no more than two weeks.

In the meantime, Andrei had been training new shoppers in the proper ways to speak, dress and sign their names in an American store. He told associates he was netting as much as $50,000 per month from this racket. He was talking, according to police sources, of branching out by expanding his occasional pimping into a full-fledged escort service using Soviet émigrés.

He spent his money as fast as he made it, living what a Leningrad boy might imagine to be the exotic and glamourous life of a Hollywood man-about-town. He cruised at Bar One and Roxbury on Sunset Boulevard. He entertained lavishly. The champagne at Andrei's was chilled and abundant. He sent Michelle to New York, saying he didn't want her to be involved with the business he was doing in the house. He began dating another California girl, whom we will call Amanda. She became pregnant and told him she wanted to have his baby.

By then, Andrei was touching the fringes of Hollywood celebrity. He dated skier Suzy Chaffee. On the night of January 26, 1992, he was planning to attend a party at Bar One for Brigitte Nielsen, then midway between Sly Stallone and oblivion, but a movie star nonetheless. He was going to the party with Randy Webster, a Hollywood guy with a gold chain around his neck, a chiropractor who had left that profession in favor of more interesting enterprises: a modeling agency, a private investigation service and the inevitable film production company. Webster had found that going to bars with Andrei was a sure way to meet women.

But Andrei had miscalculated the temper of his new assistants, Sergei Ivanov and Aleksandr Nikolayev. Like Andrei, Ivanov and Nikolayev came from the Leningrad black market, where they

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had worked as a waiter and a bartender in tourist hotels and speculated in currency on the side. Each had emigrated to New York and knocked around in menial jobs for a year or so until they heard via the Russian grapevine that Andrei Kuznetsov was willing to pay good money for short stints of work in California.

They arrived in California late in 1991 and lived in Andrei's house for two months. Nikolayev made himself useful by cooking and cleaning house. Ivanov served as Andrei's chauffeur. They trained for their shopping spree, working on their English and their penmanship. But they chafed at being treated like servants while Andrei entertained his American friends and his women.

The precise motivation for what happened in Andrei's house on the afternoon of January 26, 1992, is a matter of dispute. Ivanov maintains that he and Nikolayev decided they did not want to shop for Andrei but were told they had no choice, because, among other things, he had their passports. Detective Dirk Edmundson of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department believes that they simply wanted to take over Andrei's business. Within Los Angeles' Russian émigré community, rumors swirled that Andrei had run into trouble for not passing on a percentage of his profits to the right people.

Whatever the motive, late that afternoon, Andrei returned from an expedition to an antique show. Ivanov and Nikolayev were ready. They had left the house earlier that day and bought surgical gloves at a Rexall store on Santa Monica Boulevard in preparation for Andrei's elimination. Ivanov waited until Andrei was heading for his bedroom, then pulled out a new Beretta .380 pistol, purchased a couple of weeks before at a store called Gun Heaven. He shot Andrei once in the back. Andrei turned, stumbled and fell to the floor. Then, as Andrei lay dying, Ivanov finished the job by putting a bullet into his chest and another through his handsome head.

Ivanov and Nikolayev cracked a bottle of champagne to celebrate. Then they donned the surgical gloves and, using a kitchen knife, cut off Andrei's fingertips and stuffed them into an empty beer bottle. They thought that the body, if found, would be harder to identify and trace without its fingerprints.

Ivanov and Nikolayev were caught, by pure chance, five hours later. While they waited for late night, when it would be easier to dispose of the body without being seen, they left a car in the driveway with the engine running. A neighbor called the sheriff's office, which sent two deputies to check on the car. When they knocked, Ivanov answered the door. The deputies noticed blood on his hands and asked him about it, and shortly thereafter, Ivanov pulled out his gun. After a short struggle, he and Nikolayev surrendered. The police found Andrei Kuznetsov's mutilated body, half covered with plastic garbage bags, awaiting interment.

The police carted away the remnants of Andrei's American career: five computers, four printers, four photocopiers, assorted rugs, watches, jewelry, telephones and cameras, a case of Moët & Chandon and 22 checkbooks. They found six messages from different women on the answering machine. Michelle, now a widow, came back to California for the funeral but decided to return to New York. Andrei's mother flew in from St. Petersburg and took her son's ashes home. She buried them next to his grandmother in a village called Ropshe, not far from Zagrebsky Boulevard. She reports that a young woman named Irina, whom Andrei knew, has collected some of the poems he wrote before he emigrated and hopes to publish them. Galina Ivanovna returned to Los Angeles in 1993 to visit Amanda, who went ahead and had the baby she was carrying when Andrei was killed. It was a boy, and she named him for his father.

•

Andrei Kuznetsov's murder, and the subsequent statements by Ivanov and Nikolayev, helped the police in Los Angeles fill in their picture of what is often misleadingly referred to as the Russian Mafia. Firsthand testimony about Russian rackets is hard to come by. Like all immigrant communities, Russian-Americans protect their own. Only because they were facing the death penalty did Ivanov and Nikolayev speak freely about their erstwhile boss' business. The picture that emerges suggests several major differences between the Russian gangs and their predecessors.

Unlike La Cosa Nostra, the Russians have yet to develop a disciplined hierarchy of families, captains and bosses. The Russian Mob is, for the moment, truly a mob—leaderless. No links have been found between Andrei Kuznetsov and the Smushkevich brothers, or to any of the other Russian gangs known to police in southern California. After they were caught, Ivanov and Nikolayev were

"You will meet a man with a high cholesterol level but acceptable blood pressure."

entirely on their own, represented by court-appointed attorneys. And Andrei's lifestyle suggests a criminal subculture in which every man is responsible for his own discipline, or lack of it.

Still, some law enforcement experts think it is only a matter of time before the ex-Soviets catch up to the Italian-American Mafia in discipline and organization. "They're now like the Mafia was back in the Twenties and Thirties. But I think that they'll far surpass it," says Detective Terry Minton of the organized crime intelligence division of the LAPD. "They're more ruthless and they'll learn from the mistakes that La Cosa Nostra made." Minton is particularly fearful that the Russian gangs will make a connection to the desperate Russian armaments industry, and that he will soon be seeing AK-47s and heavier weapons on the streets in Los Angeles.

But the ex-Soviets have to overcome some major disadvantages before they rival La Cosa Nostra. Prohibition and the profits from bootleg liquor turned Italian gangs from neighborhood thugs to entrenched and powerful American organizations. Drugs are the analogous source of money and power for organized crime in the Nineties. Russian gangs have entered the drug business in a small way by becoming middlemen in shipment schemes designed to fool customs agents not trained to think of eastern Europe as a point of origin for dope. But Russia does not have the climate to be a major drug producer and lacks the hard currency to become a major market. And Russian gangs will have to displace entrenched black and Hispanic gangs if they want a big share of the business.

The Italian gangs established themselves on these shores on the crest of an enormous wave of virtually free, legal immigration around the turn of the century. That wave provided a pool of recruits and a substantial base of businesses in which to launder money. Immigrants from the former Soviet republics have to compete for places in the immigration queue and their numbers will remain comparatively small. Of those who do come, there will be many who are educated and want only a chance to compete for a legitimate role in the American economy.

But there will inevitably be more people like Andrei Kuznetsov. They will be graduates of the tough school of rackets in Russia. They will see America as a soft touch, a land of golden, illicit opportunity. And their careers will reflect all the chaos and cruelty, the romance and greed of the culture that produced them.

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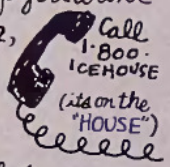

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

MORE BOOM FOR YOUR BUCK

Don't let the name fool you: There's a lot more than just boom in today's boom boxes. Many of the newest models offer the kind of state-of-the-art technology formerly found only in home stereo systems. For example, Sharp's portable CD player, shown below, will provide you with at least eight hours of traveling music. Digital technology has enabled manufacturers to make boom boxes programmable, meaning you can instruct the machines to play compact disc tracks randomly or in any chosen order. (The Sharp model has 32-track programmability.) And if you spend a lot of summer downtime at the shore, Sony offers a sporty CD/radio/cassette player in hot yellow that's virtually impervious to the elements. Hit the beach!

JAMES IMBROGNO

Top left group: Sony's weather-resistant CFD-970 Sports Series portable stereo features an AM/FM tuner and auto-reverse cassette deck, plus a CD player with 34-track programmability, $345. Right group: Panasonic's RX-DT707 combines an AM/FM tuner, a 36-track programmable CD player, an auto-reverse dual cassette deck, four built-in speakers, a remote control and a motorized LCD panel that lists menu options and playback information, $450. Bottom left group: Sharp's WQ-CH600 AM/FM tuner/CD/dual cassette deck includes a six-disc CD changer, $250.

Where & How to Buy on page 153.

Let's Get Physical

PAMELA PAULSHOCK was a national winner in the Bikini Open Number Two. She took her obvious bikini skills directly to TV's *Baywatch*, where she honed them for numerous starring roles in calendar art.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

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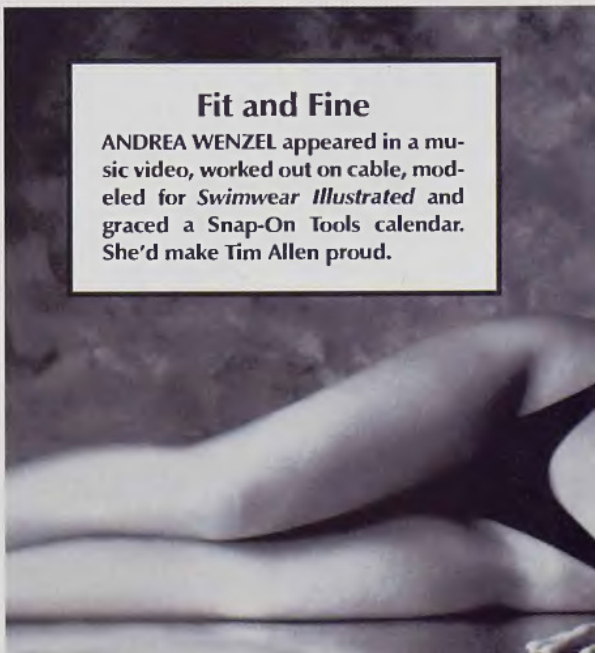
It's Sheer, They're Clear and We Love It

JULIANNE PHILLIPS made a fine transition from object of gossip to TV actress. Her show *Sisters* steams up the tube on Saturdays. Other nights, Julianne does her steaming solo.



Fit and Fine

ANDREA WENZEL appeared in a music video, worked out on cable, modeled for *Swimwear Illustrated* and graced a Snap-On Tools calendar. She'd make Tim Allen proud.

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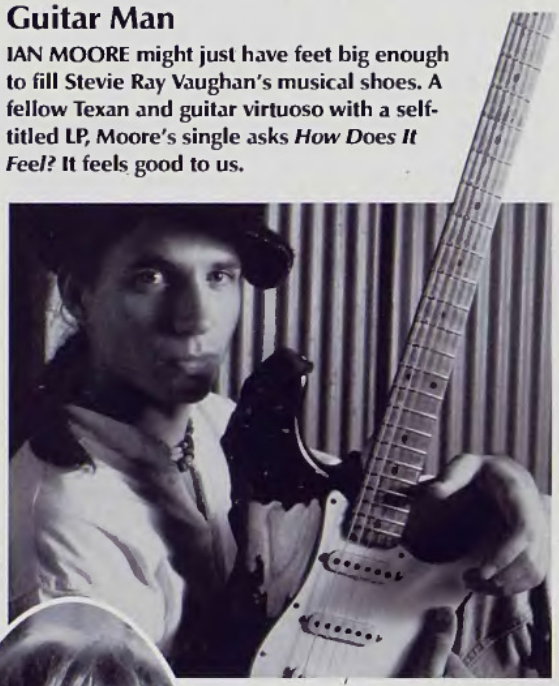
Soul Serenade

TONY TONI TONÉ is popping up everywhere, from Janet Jackson's tour to a *Saturday Night Live* gig to a hit single, *Anniversary*, to a platinum LP, *Sons of Soul*. Tony times three equals the jackpot.

Guitar Man

IAN MOORE might just have feet big enough to fill Stevie Ray Vaughan's musical shoes. A fellow Texan and guitar virtuoso with a self-titled LP, Moore's single asks *How Does It Feel?* It feels good to us.



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Hill Top

Country singer FAITH HILL, heir to Reba McEntire, is burning up the country charts with *Take Me As I Am*. We do, and so will you when you hear her.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

ANDY PEARLMAN

Fair Hair Wonder

REBECCA RYIZ is beautiful, that's obvious. She's talented, too. Did you see her on TV in *Baywatch* or *Townsend Television*? Did you see her on the big screen in *Blue Chips* or *Hot Shots*? We know you've seen her pitching Lady Godiva Liqueur. *Salud!*

INDIAN COUNTRY

The Indian Motorcycle Co. stopped making bikes years ago. But the legend lives on thanks to various companies that continue to produce Indian-inspired garb and accessories. The Iron Horse Clothing Co., for example, at 243 Ogden Avenue, Downers Grove, Illinois 60515, sells the antique-finished glove leather Indian Super Chief motorcycle jacket pictured here in men's sizes M through XXXL for $595. (An Indian Four style as well as ones for B.S.A., Triumph and Vincent are also available.) The emblem on the back is chenille, of course. Orders are also taken at 800-784-8401. And while you're calling, order a catalog for five bucks more.The sexy 1902 Indian sunglasses that our model is wearing are available for $325 from Sign Language Eyewear, Inc. in Torrance, California. Call 310-320-3233 to locate a retailer in your area.

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The Kooler Klub resembles a number-three wood. But when you and your golfing buddies develop a powerful thirst out on the links, all you do is flip open a spigot in the Klub's head and pump a little handle to dispense up to 48 ounces of the hot or cold beverage stocked in its shaft. The Klub's $59.95 postpaid price is way less than a round at Pebble Beach. Call 800-359-0551 to order.

JOHN SCHMELZER

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Ellipsis Arts in Roslyn, New York has released *Voices of Forgotten Worlds*, a two-CD set with accompanying 96-page book "highlighting the history, traditions and essence of 28 distinct cultures by tracing their musical heritage." Tuvan throat singing, Bolivian panpipes, aboriginal didgeridoo and clapstick wedding music, Wodaabe herdsmen clicking their teeth as part of a mating ritual and the haunting "om" of Tibetan monks chanting are just some of the many exotic sounds captured by Ellipsis' engineers. Not your everyday music fare. Price: $38.50, postpaid, for the CDs; $33.50 for cassettes. Also from Ellipsis are two four-volume CD or cassette sets titled *Global Meditation* and *Global Celebration* containing additional recordings. (Price: $48.50 for CDs; $33.50 for cassettes.) Call 800-788-6670 for more info and to order.

JANE FISHER

YES, WE REMEMBER THEM WELL

Men's magazine historians consider the early Fifties to 1967 as the "golden age of men's magazines" when more than 50 publications with names such as *Rogue*, *Dude*, *Gent*, *Nugget*, *Escapade*, *Modern Man*, *Adam* and *Cavalier* attempted to compete with PLAYBOY. Almost all of the others are gone now, but examples of their covers and a brief description of their contents (Jack Kerouac had a column in *Escapade*) are contained in Alan Betrock's black-and-white softcover, *Pin-Up Mania*. It's available for $14.45, postpaid, from Shake Books, 449 12th Street, #2-R, Brooklyn, New York 11215.

BEA PAUL

GLENN APPLEGATE

SILVERSEA FUTURES

The latest luxury cruise ship to hit the high seas is Silverseas' Silver Cloud, an Italian-registered, 296-passenger vessel with all-outside suites (75 percent have verandas), a strict no-tipping policy and—get this—open bar throughout the voyage. (Yes, you drink for free in your stateroom, at dinner and in the salons.) Seven- and 14-day spring cruises will include Greece, Turkey and the eastern Mediterranean. The Caribbean will be added in the fall. Air and sea fares begin at $4195 per person. Call 800-722-9055 for more info, or see your travel agent.

A TOUCH OF CLASS

In the 18th century, a proper English gentleman wore a velvet smoking jacket and tasseled hat when settling back with a fine cigar or a pipe. Now Nat Sherman, the Manhattan tobacconist at 500 Fifth Avenue, is offering a classic English-made burgundy velvet jacket with black silk trim in sizes medium through extra large for $395. (The matching hat is $72.50 in sizes small through extra large.) Sherman's phone number is 800-221-1690.

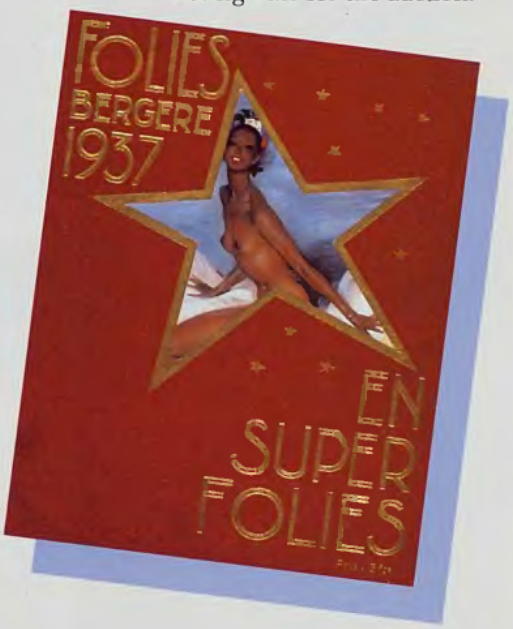
KELLY JACKSON

CASTLES OF YOUR DREAM

Philip Castle, the airbrush artist who created a number of illustrations for PLAYBOY, has teamed glamourous actresses from the Forties with World War Two bombers in a limited edition (350) offering of four signed-and-numbered 34″ x 25″ lithographs collectively titled *Castles in the Air*. Pictured here is *Gilda's Flypast*, with Rita Hayworth. The price: $184 per print, postpaid, from Pacific Wave Publishing in San Francisco, 415-389-WAVE.

GLAMOUR UNDER THE HAMMER

Hake's Americana, P.O. Box 14444, York, Pennsylvania 17405, is currently conducting a mail and phone bid auction of about 500 lots of vintage pinup and glamour ephemera including Marilyn Monroe items, sexy calendars, card decks, novelty objects, programs such as the Josephine Baker one pictured here and back issues of PLAYBOY. Call 717-848-1333 to order an $8 catalog or to place a bid. May 18th is the closing date for the auction.



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According to the National Commission on Sleep Disorders, at least 70 million Americans have trouble sleeping each night. That was before the Marpac Corp. in Wilmington, North Carolina introduced the Marsona 1250, the ultimate sound machine. It reproduces the sound of surf (sea gulls optional), crickets, a waterfall, rain and a babbling brook, plus more. The price for instant tranquility is $155, postpaid, when you call 800-999-6962.

STEVE BOSWICK

NEXT MONTH

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DIRTY PICTURES

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BUNNY'S BABES

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HOW DIRTY PICTURES CHANGED MY LIFE—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A WHITE-BREAD KID FINDS A SEXUAL WONDERLAND? TALES OF THE TRIP FROM ANTIPORN FEMINIST TO EROTICA CONNOISSEUR—BY **LISA PALAC**

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DENIS LEARY—THE PRINCE OF RAWBONED COMEDY TALKS ABOUT HOCKEY AS A MALE-BONDING RITUAL AND RED MEAT AND TOBACCO AS NATIONAL TREASURES, IN A RIOTOUSLY WRY 20 QUESTIONS

BARELY THERE—THE FASHION RUNWAY HAS BECOME A PEEP SHOW. **CLAUDIA SCHIFFER, NAOMI CAMPBELL** AND A BEVY OF COUTURE BEAUTIES TAKE THE MINIMALIST APPROACH TO DRESSING

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